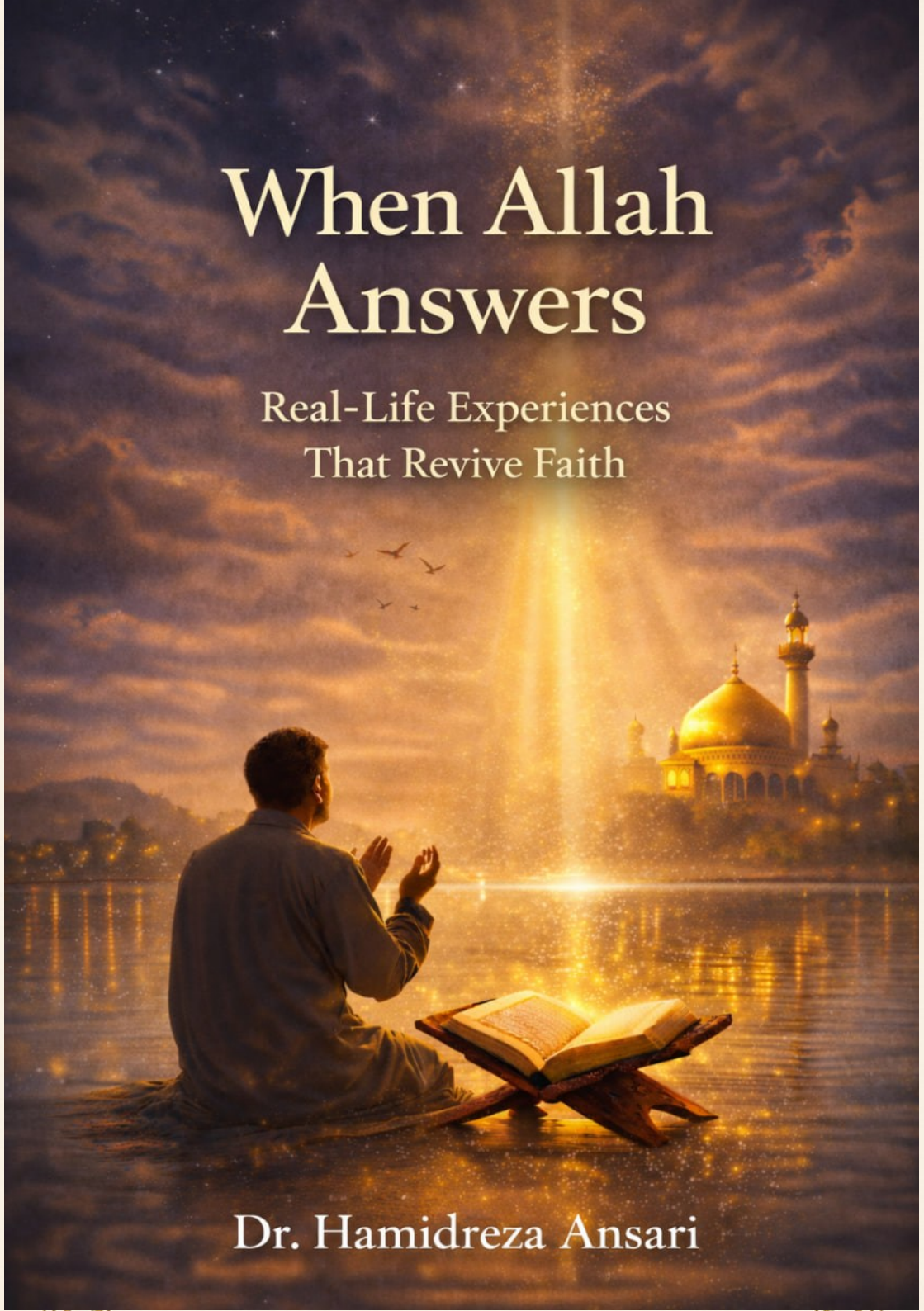
When Allah Answers

Real-Life Experiences That Revive Faith



Dr. Hamidreza Ansari

Legal Notice and Terms of Public Use

This book has been made freely available to the public by the free and conscious will of its author, with the intention of spreading knowledge and facilitating open access to awareness and understanding, without any material compensation or commercial motive.

All use of this work is subject to the following terms and conditions:

1. Intellectual Property and License

This work is licensed under the international license:

Creative Commons (CC BY-NC-ND 4.0)

In accordance with international copyright laws and intellectual property regulations, all moral rights of this work belong exclusively to the author. Any misuse of the author's name, misrepresentation of the content, or violation of the conditions stated herein shall be considered a legal infringement and may result in legal accountability.

2. Conditions for Sharing and Free Distribution

a. Attribution Required:

In every instance of sharing, publishing, or redistribution, the full name of the author and the complete title of the book must be clearly and explicitly stated, without omission or alteration.

b. No Modifications Allowed:

Any form of editing, summarizing, adaptation, alteration, distortion, or transformation of the text is strictly prohibited.

The book must be shared and distributed in its entirety, exactly as originally published, without any addition, deletion, or modification.

3. Commercial Restrictions and Printing Rights

a. Prohibition of Sale and Commercial Use:

This book is provided entirely free of charge. It is religiously and legally forbidden to sell it, charge for

access to it, or obtain any direct or indirect financial benefit from its distribution, reproduction, or mediation.

b. Exclusive Rights for Physical Printing:

This license applies exclusively to the electronic version of the book.

Any form of physical printing, paper publication, or material distribution requires prior explicit written authorization from the author.

4. Official Source and Verification of Authenticity

To ensure access to the original, authorized, and most up-to-date version of this work, please rely exclusively on the author's official channel:

Official Telegram Channel:

https://t.me/Toward_thelight

Any violation of the terms stated in this notice shall be deemed an infringement of the author's legal and intellectual rights. The author reserves the full and unrestricted right to pursue all necessary legal actions through the appropriate authorities to protect this work and preserve its integrity, authenticity, and intended purpose.

Introduction

Between the human heart and truth, there is no distance;
sometimes a single experience is enough to remove that distance.

Along the course of life, a person encounters moments that appear simple on the surface, yet carry a profound meaning within. At times, a prayer, a sudden opening, or an honest confrontation with oneself draws aside a veil from before the heart's eye and reveals that truth is not as distant or unattainable as we had imagined. This book is an attempt to narrate such moments—moments that arise from real life and

transform one's view of Allah, prayer, and meaning.

What you read in these pages is neither fictional storytelling nor a narrative of unreachable matters. These are reports of lived experiences: some belonging to the author, and others narrated by individuals whose sincerity, purity of intention, and truthfulness have been clear and trustworthy to him. These narratives have taken shape within the context of everyday life—among ordinary people, with real concerns, fears, hopes, and needs. Precisely where one least expects the divine, a

sign sometimes appears that illuminates the path of the heart.

A significant portion of these narratives is related within the milieu of the Qadiri Kasnazani path—a spiritual path that bases its wayfaring on adherence to the Sacred Law, remembrance (dhikr), purification of the self, and spiritual cultivation. In its precise meaning, a spiritual path (Tariqa) is a way and method for conscious movement toward Allah Almighty, a way rooted in the Noble Qur'an and the Sunnah of the Noble Messenger ﷺ. The Qur'an states:

"And if they were to remain steadfast upon the path, We would

surely provide them with abundant water." (Qur'an 72:16)

The Qadiri Kasnazani is one of the great Sufi paths in the Islamic world, whose chain of spiritual transmission reaches the Noble Messenger ﷺ through spiritual masters. In the Kurdish language, Kasnazan means "no one knows." Those who read this book will come to understand why the venerable sheikhs chose this name for the path. The present Sheikh of this path, Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan Qadiri Husseini, may his secret be sanctified (Q), is a descendant of Imam Hussein ibn Ali

(PBUH), and the successor of his noble father, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). Many of the accounts in this book relate to the followers and deputies (Khalifas) of these two noble figures and reflect their spiritual wayfaring, prayers, reliance upon Allah, and lived experiences on the path toward Him. (A Khalifa is a disciple who has received authorization from the spiritual master to guide others and to administer a takiya. A takiya refers to a place where followers of the path gather for collective remembrance and the performance of the path's rites.)

Along this journey, one sometimes encounters a phenomenon that Islamic mysticism refers to as karamah—an occurrence or state beyond the ordinary that manifests for certain chosen servants of Allah. Yet karamah is never the goal of the seeker. The goal is nearness to Allah, sincerity in servitude, and the pleasure of the Lord. Karamah is merely a sign along the path, not a destination at which to stop. What is narrated in this book belongs to this very category: signs for hearts, not spectacles for the pursuit of astonishment.

The purpose of gathering these accounts is neither to prove the rank of individuals nor to invite excitement or wonder. The aim is simply to remind us of a simple yet profound truth: the path of Allah is living and ongoing, and the signs of His mercy continue to appear in human lives—sometimes gently, sometimes quietly, and sometimes in the simplest possible forms.

This book is written for those who still preserve within their hearts a space for reflection, sincerity, and the search for meaning; for those who wish to listen and contemplate before passing judgment. If even one of

these narratives can open a new window toward hope, trust, and a return to Allah in the heart of the reader, then this work has fulfilled its purpose.

A Few Points Before These Narratives

1) These are narratives, not general rulings

What you read in this book are personal, lived experiences. None of these accounts is intended to serve as a universal law, a repeatable formula, or a standard by which others should be judged. Each experience occurred within its own specific context of time, circumstances, intention, and inner state, and should not be regarded as a definitive model for everyone.

2) The aim of the book is not to create wonder

In some narratives, you may encounter events that appear “beyond the ordinary.” These accounts are not presented for entertainment, excitement, or the stimulation of astonishment, but to draw attention to meaning, trust in Allah, prayer, and the presence of divine mercy in human life. The essence is the path of servitude itself, not the extraordinary nature of events.

3) Keep conceptual boundaries in mind

Within the religious tradition, there are clear distinctions among these concepts:

a miracle (*mujiza*) is exclusive to the prophets of Allah;
a *karamah* is a sign of the authenticity of the spiritual path followed by Allah's righteous servants;

and *maunah* is the hidden assistance of Allah granted to ordinary servants, frequently associated with their spiritual connection to Allah's righteous servants, and manifested through prayer, supplication, and divine grace.

What is presented in this book largely falls within the realm of *karamah* and *maunah* and should never be confused with the rank of miracles.

4) *Karamah* is not the goal; it is a sign

In the mystical path, the primary aim is nearness to Allah, sincerity in servitude, purification of the self, and the pleasure of the Lord. If *karamah* occurs, it is merely a sign of the soundness of the path, not a destination to stop at or a means for self-superiority. Excessive focus on *karamah* can itself become an obstacle to spiritual growth.

5) The possibility of misinterpretation always exists

There is always the possibility that a person may err in interpreting events or may regard something as divine

that has another origin. For this reason, these narratives should be read with a calm mind, a measured perspective, and an avoidance of absolutism. Hastiness in judgment—whether in acceptance or rejection—is not in harmony with the spirit of this book.

6) The ultimate criterion is the formative effect of the narratives

If a narrative leads you toward sincerity, trust in Allah, inner peace, hope, noble character, and greater closeness to Allah, it has achieved its purpose. If it merely draws the mind toward excitement, argument, or

fruitless curiosity, it has moved away from the spirit of this book.

7) This book is an invitation to listen and reflect

It is neither a call to unquestioning acceptance nor an appeal to hasty denial. These pages offer a space for pause, contemplation, and the opening of a small window within the heart—perhaps truth, in a simple and unassuming form, may reveal itself to the human soul.

Table of content

Introduction 5
A Few Points Before These Narratives.....13
Narrative 1 – An Awakening.....27
Narrative 2 – Healing of a Hand Marked for Amputation .. 43
Narrative 3 – The Light That Showed the Way.....50
Narrative 4 – The Return of Faith Through Remembering Forgotten Graces.....57
Narrative 5 – The Day Death Found No Way 65
Narrative 6 – Healing on the Threshold of a Journey 74
Narrative 7 – An Image of Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani 80
Narrative 8 – A Gift from the Ghawth al-Azam..... 85
Narrative 9 – The Takbir That Awakened the Heart 96
Narrative 10 – The Promise of the Return of Light..... 99
Narrative 11 – The Light of the Path.....106
Narrative 12 – Unintelligible Words on a Computer Monitor 111
Narrative 13 – The Angel's Answer to a Doubting Heart 118
Narrative 14 – Guardian Angels 121
Narrative 15 – Angels Bearing Banners.....125
Narrative 16 – Renewal of the Pledge..... 128
Narrative 17 – The Chain of Seeking Help 135
Narrative 18 – Singing at the Moment of the Pledge 139
Narrative 19 – The Healing of a Child's Cancer.....143
Narrative 20 – In the Presence of Akram al-Akramin 147
Narrative 21 – Deliverance from a Spiritual Crisis 150
Narrative 22 – The Line of Paradise.....158

Narrative 23 – A Luminous Encounter: Confirmation of the Path 166
Narrative 24 – Recognizing the Pole of the Age at the Shrine of Imam Hussein 174
Narrative 25 – A House That Was a Trust 182
Narrative 26 – A Path Opened Amid the Crowd 189
Narrative 27 – The Glass of Milk That Came Before the Question 193
Narrative 28 – When Reverence Was Broken 197
Narrative 29 – The Seal Between the Eyes 203
Narrative 30 – A Farewell in Tranquility 208
Narrative 31 – Return from the Threshold 212
Narrative 32 – The Healing of Breast Cancer 225
Narrative 33 – Directions to Healing from Cancer 232
Narrative 34 – The Question of the First Night in the Grave 236
Narrative 35 – The Blessed Handkerchief 244
Narrative 36 – The Child Who Was Run Over, Yet Was Not Harmed 251
Narrative 37 – A Bone Fusing in a Matter of Moments 255
Narrative 38 – An Encounter Between Fear and Hope 258
Narrative 39 – From Childlike Fear to the Healing of a Family 265
Narrative 40 – The Qur'an Playing from a Silent Car 271
Narrative 41 – The Reiki Master Who Lost Consciousness 276
Narrative 42 – The Invitation of an African Sheikh in the World of Dreams 281
Narrative 43 – Changing the Path Through a Dream 286
Narrative 44 – Build a Takiya in My Name 292
Narrative 45 – Dhul-Fiqar of Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH) 296

Narrative 46 – The Banner of the Prophet's Representation ﷺ 304
Narrative 47 – The Hand That Reached Karbala 315
Narrative 48 – Visiting the Messenger of Allah ﷺ 319
Narrative 49 – Seeking Help from the Master of the Tariqa 327
Narrative 50 – The Ever-Present Companionship of the Spiritual Masters 332
Narrative 51 – Seeking Help from Sheikh of the Tariqa by an American Physician 335
Narrative 52 — The Deception of Satan 354
Narrative 53 — Rescue Through Divine Support 366
Narrative 54 — The Dentists Who Came to Faith 374
Narrative 55 — Ablution with Boiling Water 381
Narrative 56 — The Dagger in the Stone 388
Narrative 57 — Frozen Within the Fire 397
Narrative 58 — Divine Confirmation of the Rank of the Awliya 406
Narrative 59 — The Animal of Rank 412
Narrative 60 — Not Being Burned by Fire 421
Narrative 61 – Deliverance from the Tunnel of Darkness 425
Narrative 62 — The Fragrance of the Prophet's Mosque 436
Narrative 63 — A Familiar Fragrance 440
Narrative 64 — The Khalifa Whose Breath Carried Fragrance 447
Narrative 65 —Entering the Tariqa through an appeal to Imam Hussein ibn Ali 453
Narrative 66 – The Mentally Disabled Child *or: The Friend of Allah* 473
Narrative 67 – The Judgment of the Day of Resurrection 483
Narrative 68 – The Number Written from the Sky 489

Narrative 69 – The Vision of the “Lahuti Unseen Realms” 494
Narrative 70 – The Seal Beneath the Decree of Khilafah ..506
Narrative 71 – The Treatment of Phobia (Severe Fear Disorder)..... 510
Narrative 72 – A Bottle in the Refrigerator of the Heart 514
Narrative 73 – When Hardship Becomes a Means of Mercy 520
Narrative 74 – The Light That Descended..... 526
Narrative 75 – A Meeting on the Night of Qadr..... 529
Narrative 76 – The Banner of Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) 532
Narrative 77 – Reviving a Non-Functional Computer 544
Narrative 78 – The Healing of a Hair Loss Disease 548
Narrative 79 – A Stain on the Shirt, a Light in the Heart ... 553
Narrative 80 – The Greeting of a Flower That Was Heard 557
Narrative 81 – A Healing That Occurred in Silence.....560
Narrative 82 – The Inner Perspective on Lawful (Halal) Provision 566
Narrative 83 – The Healing of Cataract at the Moment of Bay‘ah 574
Narrative 84 – Deliverance from Possession at the Moment of Bay‘ah 577
Narrative 85 – Deliverance from Nightmares 585
Narrative 86 – Saved from the Severing of the Fingers 592
Narrative 87 – Returning to the Path..... 595
Narrative 88 – The Acid Splash..... 600
Narrative 89 – The Healing of a Severe Headache through the Grace of Hadrat Sheikh 603
Narrative 90 – The Dream of Uways al-Qarani (Q) 608
Narrative 91 – The Elderly Woman Who Returned Her Tariqa 612

Narrative 92 – The Dervish's Freedom on the First Night in the Grave 619
Narrative 93 – The Dance of Particles in the Air 624
Narrative 94 – The Cry That Was Heard 632
Narrative 95 – Rescue from the Smugglers 640
Narrative 96 – Healing of Back Pain 643
Narrative 97 – The Shaving of the Khalifa's Hair, One Day Before His Passing 646
Narrative 98 – Guidance Through the Qur'an 653
Narrative 99 – The Importance of the Descriptive Salawat 661
Narrative 100 – If You Have Questions, Ask... 666
Narrative 101 – The Staff of "Man Tashā'" 674
Narrative 102 – A Sermon in the Rain 682
Narrative 103 – The Vision of Lady Fatima (PBUH) 689
Narrative 104 – A Poem for Lady Fatimah (PBUH) 709
Narrative 105 – A Sword for the Men of Allah 715
Narrative 106 – Balls of Fire and a Warning Before a Fall 722
Narrative 107 – When the Master's Heart Trembles 726
Narrative 108 – The Meaning of "Dā'im–Dā'im" Dhikr 734
Narrative 109 – The Dervish's Turning During Dhikr 739
Narrative 110 – Turning in the Sky 744
Narrative 111 – The Manifestation of Light 749
Narrative 112 – Resistance to Accepting the Path 756
Narrative 113 – The Crown Placed Before Its Time 758
Narrative 114 – The Return of Faith through a Child 765
Narrative 115 – Caring for the Family 769
Narrative 116 – A Story of Intention and Destiny 777
Narrative 117 – The Fragrance of Presence 781
Narrative 118 – The Gaze of the Sheikh of the Tariqa 786

Narrative 119 – A Flower Reciting Dhikr in the Takiya 792
Narrative 120 – Water Droplets Reciting Dhikr 798
Narrative 121 – The Reappearance of the Prayer Beads.... 802
Narration 122 – The Ark of Salvation 806
Narration 123 — The Breaking of the Prayer Beads..... 809
Narration 124 — The Breaking of the Prayer Bead Clasp ...814
Narration 125 — The Prayer Beads That Revealed the Rights of Fifteen People.....818
Narration 126 — Money Earned Through Usury 822
Narration 127 — The Eye That Was Not Healed.....829
Narration 128 — The Ring That Remained in Trust 832
Narrative 129 — The Glasses That Came from the Unseen 837
Narrative 130 — "Give Me Back My Rank" 840
Narrative 131 — Help in a Foreign City 847
Narrative 132 — We Take the Harm Upon Ourselves 851
Narrative 133 — The Remembrance of God Flowing Everywhere..... 854
Narrative 134 — A Spiritual Visitation.....859
Narrative 135 — Calm After the Storm 863
Narrative 136 — Taught by a Three-Year-Old Child 871
Narrative 137 — The Grandfather's Dream 875
Narrative 138 – The Grace of Restored Sight 877
Narrative 139 – The Flight of the Soul..... 879
Narrative 140 – The Rosary That Reminded of Courtesy .882
Narrative 141 – The Rosary That Revealed the Intention of the Heart..... 887
Narrative 142 — A Sign of Remaining in the Embrace of Mercy.....892
Narrative 143 — An Invitation from the Unseen Realm.....895

Narrative 144 — Friday Healing with Black Grapes 900
Narrative 145 — The Blessing of Obedience: Provision Granted in Ten Minutes 904
Narrative 146 — Freedom from Stuttering: A Healing That Began with Initiation 908
Narrative 147 — Healing from Psoriasis 912
Narrative 148 — Healing from an Autoimmune Hair-Loss Disorder 915
Narrative 149 — Healing from an Autoimmune Skin Disease 917
Narrative 150 — The Glad Tidings of Light and a Destined Hospitality 920
Narrative 151 — A Sign That Lifted the Veil 923
Narrative 152 — The Complaint of the Snakes 928
Narrative 153 – The Fragrance That Rose from the Water 934
Narrative 154 – Poetry in the Circle of Dhikr and the Vision of the Scale 937
Narrative 155 – The Aura in Which All Existence Was Absorbed 945
Narrative 156 – Between Two Fires, the Seeker's Heart Cannot Endure 950
Narrative 157 – A Fragrance from Unseen Purity 956
Narrative 158 – A Sign for Repentance 959
Narrative 159 – When the Rooster's Call Became Dhikr 963
Narrative 160 – The Seal of Dervishhood 967
Narrative 161 – The Dawn Qur'an 971
Narrative 162 – When the Flowers Turned Toward the Dhikr 974
Narrative 163 – The Passage of Light Through Hearts 978
Narrative 164 – From Opposition to Awakening 982
Narrative 165 – The Switch That Kept Turning Off 987

Narrative 166 – An Unseen Response and an All-Encompassing Gaze 992
Narrative 167 – A Sign Before the Journey 996
Narrative 168 – Reading Hearts 1001
Narrative 169 – A Reply Without a Letter 1005
Narrative 170 – A Sign for a Hesitant Heart 1009
Narrative 171 – The Gray Falcon 1012
Narrative 172 – The Three Blessed Chocolates 1015
Narrative 173 – The Bird's Dhikr 1025
Narrative 174 – Fuel at the Moment of Need 1030
Narrative 175 – The Hidden Fragrance of Service 1033
Narrative 176 – Rescue on the Downward Slope 1038
Narrative 177 – The Lasso of Guidance 1041
Narrative 178 – Sheikh Shamsuddin Nahro, the Light of All the Sheikhs 1045
Narrative 179 – A Warning from the Sheikh of the Tariqa 1047
Narrative 180 – A Disciple in the Fire of Hell 1050
Narrative 181 — The Reality of the Seven Heavens 1054
Narrative 182 – The Search for an Unknown Master 1056
Narrative 183 – The Unexpected Return of the Laptop 1062
Narrative 184 – The Verse That Found Its Place 1065
Narrative 185 – The Return of the Lights 1069
Final Appendix of the Book On How to Read, Attribute, and Ethically Approach the Narratives 1074

Narrative 1 – An Awakening

A narrative from a female physician (Obstetrics and Gynecology Specialist)

I was born into a relatively religious family. From my teenage years, my questions and concerns about God, meaning, and the purpose of life went beyond what I found in my family's teachings. I read religious books and attended every religious gathering I heard about; but to be honest, I often returned with a feeling that my time had been wasted.

I was left with a multitude of questions, unknowns, and at times misunderstandings.

When I entered university, my path changed. I found God in the wonders of the respiratory system, in blood circulation, in digestion, in the cell and the molecule. This scientific understanding filled part of my inner emptiness. Upon entering my specialty training, I saw God at the moment of childbirth—at that astonishing boundary between nonexistence and existence.

Everything was going well until my twenty-six-year-old brother passed away.

And I was left with an overwhelming sense of ingratitude…

Left with heavy grief, and a feeling of

estrangement from God.
Left with a bereaved mother, surrounded by handfuls of psychiatric medications.

We lived on, exhausted by everything and resentful toward God—if it can even be called living. Breathing itself was painful for us. There was no hope of returning to a normal life.

Due to not eating, not drinking, and complete inactivity, my mother developed a blood clot in her leg and was hospitalized for nearly a month in extremely critical condition in the intensive care unit. The clot would not resolve at all, and the fear that it

might travel to her heart or brain wore all of us down.

My mother longed for death, and I longed to see her stand upright again.

After several months, I returned to my workplace; but I was present only physically. I could not even speak with patients. I was incapable of doing anything useful.

Eight years later, entirely by chance, I saw one of my closest friends from high school and university at the hospital. She was unaware of my situation. I told her everything. When I think about it today, it feels as though she was our guardian angel.

When I heard her suggestion, I replied:
“I personally do not accept such places and see no need for them, but for my mother… out of sheer desperation, I will take her. Perhaps some help—however small—can be found.”

For my mother, I was willing to give up everything I had, just so I would no longer hear her bitter cries.

At last, the long-awaited day arrived, and I took my mother—by force—to an introductory gathering of the Qadiri Kasnazani path. The words were simple—perhaps far simpler than everything I had read

and heard over the years. Yet this time, I did not feel that my time was being wasted. Tears flowed from my eyes involuntarily, although I attributed them to my own depression.

When we returned home, for the first time, my mother felt better—better than on all the occasions I had taken her to psychiatrists, whose effects never lasted more than a few hours.

This time, hope took root in my heart.

Gradually, under the pretext of accompanying my mother, I myself and other members of our family

began attending these gatherings as well. My mother's depression slowly subsided, her medications were discontinued, and a sense of calm settled within her—one that the passage of time itself had never been able to grant her.

And this was only the beginning of the journey…

Although the tranquility that had taken shape within my mother was astonishing to me, I still carried a hidden resistance within myself. My ever-cautious intellect was unwilling to surrender easily. Yet something in my mother's behavior, in her gaze, in the way she breathed, was gradually

drawing me toward this path—without my willing it, without my having made any decision.

But further trials still lay ahead.

Not long afterward, an ordeal more severe than before struck our family. An extremely heavy object, weighing several tons, fell onto my father's foot. The bones of his toes were nearly crushed; no intact vein, nerve, tendon, or muscle remained. Surgery was performed, but when the cast was removed, the toes had turned black.

We consulted several highly skilled physicians. All were unanimous in their conclusion:

Amputation of the toes.

As a physician, I knew the risk of infection was high, and that if the amputation was not performed today, we might be forced to amputate at a higher level tomorrow. Yet I did not consent—by no means. Not out of stubbornness, but from something deeper within. An inner feeling told me that there was still another way.

This time, it was no longer only for my mother;
I myself, with less doubt than before, went to the place that had been drawing me for some time. I attended the dhikr gathering. My heart told me: do not doubt—this is where you are meant to be.

And my father's foot…
In a strange way, and contrary to all medical predictions, it healed. No infection developed, and there was no need for amputation of the toes. This event was the second serious awakening—a jolt that I could no longer pass by so easily.

Gradually, my husband also began attending these gatherings with me. At first, he was unwilling, but he came at my insistence. Some time later, he underwent routine checkups. The results were unbelievable:

The tests were normal.

For years, he had suffered from autoimmune thyroid disease

(Hashimoto's) and had been on medication—a condition that, medically speaking, does not resolve. This was the third medical miracle in our family.

It was as though God wanted to awaken me—
but in my own language, in a way I could understand.

And it was as though I myself had been sunk in a deep sleep for years.

Some time later, one of our closest relatives—a fourteen-year-old girl—underwent tests as part of a routine checkup.

One of her blood markers was elevated, a worrying sign. Further

evaluations and a CT scan raised the possibility of liposarcoma:
a soft-tissue cancer in the chest—an illness that responds neither to chemotherapy nor to radiotherapy.

The mass had involved nearly her entire chest.

Seeing her face and her mother's brought tears to my eyes involuntarily.
I said to myself: O God, what wisdom is this? How can so many calamities occur in my life?

This time, I was truly exhausted.

And once again, my heart led me to the same place:
prayer, supplication, and pleading.

The attending surgeon—one of the most distinguished specialists in this field—was hesitant. He said, “I don’t know whether it is operable or not.” Seeing my condition and that of the child’s mother, and after much pleading, he decided to proceed with the surgery.

On the day of the operation, I sought intercession through the Sheikh of the path. I pleaded from the depths of my heart. We no longer had the strength to endure another wave of stress.

The mass weighed three and a half kilograms. The surgery was extremely difficult and prolonged.

The surgeon later told my husband that throughout his entire medical career, he had never performed an operation this demanding.

During the surgery, the left phrenic nerve was severed, and the nerve on the right side was damaged. This meant a high likelihood that the child would become permanently dependent on a ventilator. For two days in the ICU, she lay unconscious, breathing with the help of a machine. Her mother and I spent those two days in anguish behind the ICU doors.

Yet despite all the anxiety, my heart remained hopeful.

After two days, the breathing tube was removed.
To our disbelief, she began breathing easily on her own.

In the follow-up imaging, the diaphragm muscle was in its normal position. There were no signs of nerve severance or paralysis—despite the fact that, medically speaking, the nerve had been embedded within the mass and had been cut.

The pathology report arrived: **Lipoma.**

A large fatty mass, along with the thymus gland.

Her mother and I could hardly contain our joy.

One month later, our dear one is well—completely well. And to be honest, the state of my own heart is even better than hers.

When I look back today, I see that God nudged me again and again to help me find my own path. Perhaps no one but God knows what this path truly is; but I know with certainty that God Himself is present among those who walk it.

All I know is that this gathering is a place where my heart finds peace.

I encountered many closed doors before reaching here; but now I understand that without those efforts

and those pains, I might never have awakened from my sleep.

In this gathering, I am awake.

And when I am here, the state of my heart and my soul is good—very good.

Narrative 2 – Healing of a Hand Marked for Amputation

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Several years ago, before I had entered the spiritual path, I was involved in an accident that resulted in a fire and severe burns. The injuries were so extensive that after some time, my right hand became

completely stiff and nonfunctional. After numerous examinations, the physicians convened a medical board and ultimately concluded that the hand had to be amputated.

That night, with a heavy sorrow and a broken heart, I fell asleep.

In my dream, a luminous person—whom I had never seen before—came to my bedside. With my left hand, which was still able to move, I grasped the hem of his garment and pleaded:

"By God, please pray for me."

That luminous person moved from above my head toward my right side. Once again, I grasped the hem of his

garment and said:
“From your countenance, I can tell that you are a man of God. By God, pray for me.”

That noble figure returned to the place above my head and said:
“Peace be upon you, O Fatimah.”

In surprise, I replied:
“My lord, my name is Soraya.”

He said again:
“Peace of God be upon the servant of God, O Fatimah. Do not worry; I have brought healing for you from God.”

Then he placed his hand upon my head. The awe of that moment was such that I suddenly awoke.

When I woke up, to my utter astonishment, I saw that my right hand had opened and was functioning fully. I began to cry, to shout, and I could not contain my joy. My family woke up at the sound of my voice. When they saw my hand, they were all overwhelmed with happiness.

I contacted my mother—who is a faithful and spiritually inclined woman—and told her what had happened. That very night, she came to our home. When she heard the story, tears filled her eyes and she said:

“My daughter, your inner and eternal name is Fatimah.”

Early the next morning, while my family was still in a state of disbelief, they took me to my treating physician. The doctor examined my hand carefully and with great astonishment. Then she kissed my hand and said:

“This hand has been healed by God’s permission and is blessed.”

About two years passed after this event. During that time, with an intense sense of longing and curiosity, I searched for that luminous person. I went to mosques, takiyas, and various sacred places,

without knowing exactly whom I was seeking; I only knew that I had to find him.

One day, I entered the main mosque. I saw a group engaged in reciting the Qur'an. I sat beside them for a while and listened to the recitation. After it ended, I spoke with them. They said they were followers of the Kasnazani path and that they also had a takiya. We arranged to meet, and on Monday night I went to their takiya.

The moment I entered, a powerful tremor seized my entire body. As I stepped into the hall, my eyes suddenly fell upon a large

photograph—the image of the very same luminous person I had seen in my dream.

I hastily asked those present, and it was then that I learned that the one who had healed my hand was the master of the path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q).

At that moment, I realized that the healing had not merely been the end of a pain;
it was the beginning of a path to which I had been called years earlier—without even knowing it.

Narrative 3 – The Light That Showed the Way

A narrative by the author of the book

Several years ago, for company-related matters, I traveled to Beijing, China, for a project along with a group of engineers and my brother—who is eight years younger than me and is also one of the company's managers.

After completing our administrative work, we returned to the hotel in the evening. My brother suggested that we go out for dinner with the company engineers at a restaurant outside the hotel. I told him that I did not have much appetite and that I was

not inclined to go to the kinds of places they intended to visit.

Around ten o'clock at night, he left the hotel with the engineers, while I stayed in the room and engaged in my own recitations of remembrance (*dhikr*).

At about twelve-thirty at night, my brother returned, changed into comfortable clothes, and after a short while fell asleep. I continued with my *dhikr*, and, praise be to Allah, a pleasant spiritual state came over me. In that state, I felt deep gratitude toward Allah Almighty and Hadrat Sheikhs (masters) of the path for having guided me to this way, and I

experienced a profound sense of contentment that I had not gone out with the group of engineers.

I looked at my brother as he slept and said to myself:
"By Allah, I am not worthy of this path. This brother of mine—who has been a far better person than I am since childhood—is more deserving of being invited to this path than I am."

I was absorbed in these thoughts when my brother woke up. For a few minutes, he stared at me in astonishment, then went to the bathroom, returned, and went back to sleep. I continued my *dhikr* in the

same peaceful state, wishing in my heart that Hadrat Sheikhs of the path might also guide him.

About an hour later, my brother woke up again. This time he looked at me with even greater surprise; I was sitting on the floor, engaged in *dhikr*. He went to the bathroom once more, drank a glass of water, and returned to sleep.

Two years passed after that incident. One day, my brother and I went out for a walk together. I had spoken to him many times about the spiritual path, but each time he would steer the conversation away with the response, “I am satisfied with my life

and do not feel the need to join a spiritual path."

That day, I once again brought the conversation back to the path. After a moment of silence, he said:

"In any case, there are truths on this path. To be honest with you, two years ago, when we were together at the hotel in Beijing, something happened to me that I did not tell you about, so that you would not insist again that I join the path."

He then continued:

"That night, after months of not having seen any dreams, I saw two dreams one after the other."

He said:

“When you were engaged in *dhikr* and I fell asleep, I dreamed that I had died and was lying on the ground, and you were standing over me, crying. Suddenly, a light came out of your mouth and entered my mouth, and I came back to life.”

After that, he woke up briefly and then fell asleep again.

In the second dream, he saw himself in a desert, lost and walking along a narrow path. Nearby, there was a hill, and on top of it stood a group of people dressed in old garments. One of them—who had a black turban on his head—extended

his hand toward him and said:
“My son, do not go on the path you are taking; this path does not lead to the destination. Come this way instead.”

And he showed him another path.

My brother said:
“In the dream, it was inspired to me that this person was Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH).” I asked him:
“Did they tell you in the dream that he was Imam Hussein?”

He replied:
“No, but it was as if I knew it—knowledge that was present in my heart.”

Then I asked him:
“Do you usually see dreams?”

He said: “To be honest, I do not usually see dreams at all, and even if I do, I do not remember them. I do not know why, but that night I saw two dreams back to back.”

Narrative 4 – The Return of Faith Through Remembering Forgotten Graces

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, one of the dervishes called me and, in a serious tone, said, “I must see you tonight.”

I replied, “I have guests tonight; if possible, please come tomorrow.”

But he insisted strongly and said, “No, I must come tonight.”

His insistence was unusual. Eventually, I agreed. When he arrived, unlike his usual manner, he greeted me coldly and sat in a corner. His state was clearly out of the ordinary. I went toward him and sat beside him. Without any introduction, he said,
“Khalifa, do you remember that day when such-and-such happened to me?”

And suddenly he began to cry.

Then he recalled another incident and wept again.

For the third time, the fourth time, and many times thereafter, each time he recounted one of the strange and extraordinary events that had occurred in his life through the spiritual path, and each time he remembered it with tears.

All his words were filled with signs of divine grace, *karamah*, and the blessings of the path.

After a while, he drank the tea that had been brought for him and said quietly,

“If you permit me, I would like to leave.”

Surprised, I said,

“How so? You insisted so much on

seeing me tonight. Why do you want to leave now?”

In a calm voice, tinged with embarrassment, he said,
“I had come tonight to tell you that I wanted to leave the spiritual path… But now that I have sat here and recalled these events one by one, I realize how ignorant I have been. All these *karamahs*, all this grace, all these divine signs have been present in my life, and I had forgotten them all.”

Then he added with astonishment, “I myself do not know why, before coming here, all of this had been erased from my mind.”

I said to him,
“The reason is clear. When a person distances himself from worship, from remembrance, and from the *takiya*—which is a place of remembering Allah—he gradually opens the field for Satan to gain dominion over his mind and heart.
The first thing Satan does is to erase from a person’s memory those experiences that strengthen faith, so that one forgets divine blessings and *karamahs* and begins to doubt one’s path.”
That night, he had not come to say goodbye;

he had come to rediscover his forgotten faith.

Final Reflection

I have placed this narrative deliberately at the beginning of the book—not as a personal memory, but as a reminder for every seeker on the Path. For one of the earliest signs of drifting away from the way is not an obvious sin, but forgetfulness of blessings—the forgetting of the graces that once formed the very foundation of faith.

Graces are not given merely to astonish;
they are given to remind.

To remind us that a person is never alone,
to remind us that the hand of divine care has, at certain moments, clearly intervened in our lives,
and to remind us that faith, if not preserved and revisited, can gradually fade from the memory of the heart.

The reason this narrative appears at the opening of the book is to make the reader aware, from the very first pages, that the Path is not preserved by outward affiliation or by name alone. It is preserved through remembering luminous moments, through revisiting the signs of God's kindness, and through keeping alive

those experiences in which faith was strengthened.

Many doubts arise not from the absence of grace, but from forgetting it.

And Satan, before leading a person to denial, first leads them into forgetfulness.

For this reason, this book is not merely a collection of narratives; it is an invitation to record, safeguard, and recall the signs that God has placed in the lives of His servants—so that faith is not lost in the dust of daily life, and so that the seeker, whenever weariness or doubt arises,

holds a light by which to find the way back.

Narrative 5 – The Day Death Found No Way

A narrative by the author of the book

At a time when the shadow of the COVID-19 pandemic had spread across the entire world—when fear had taken root in hearts and human life was suddenly surrounded by death and insecurity—an event occurred in the city of Sulaymaniyah that not only astonished physicians and experts, but also turned many hearts toward a truth beyond material calculations.

In those days, COVID-19 was not merely an illness; it was a comprehensive crisis—one that affected healthcare systems, economies, social relations, and even religious practices. Mosques had grown quiet, shrines were closed, and even the Hajj was held under unprecedented restrictions. The world had fallen into a silence infused with anxiety.

In such circumstances, news spread of the passing of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), the former leader of the Qadiri Kasnazani path, in the United States. Despite the severe pandemic

restrictions, his body was transported by a special aircraft to Sulaymaniyah to be laid to rest at the center of the path. This news fell like a spark into the hearts of thousands of dervishes, who—heedless of the fear of disease—set out for this mountainous city.

At the same time, Sulaymaniyah itself was under a public-health alert. Restaurants were partially closed, gatherings were restricted, and concerns about a new wave of infections heavily occupied the minds of health authorities. Nevertheless, more than eight thousand dervishes from various

parts of Iraq and Iran—mostly without official permits and without medical examinations—entered the city and gathered at the central takiya of the path.

The crowding was such that observing physical distancing was practically impossible. People stood close to one another, shook hands, exchanged embraces, drank water from shared containers, and spent hours together side by side. Physicians and public-health officials watched with deep concern, expecting a human catastrophe—one that, from a scientific perspective,

seemed not only likely but almost inevitable.

The takiya's physician later said: "From a professional standpoint, the conditions were such that a single infected person could have transmitted the virus to hundreds. I fully expected that in the following days we would face a massive surge of patients."

But the days passed…

Not only did no surge occur, not even a single case of infection was reported among the participants.

From the perspective of medical science, this occurrence was inexplicable. All epidemiological

predictions were overturned. It was as though another law—beyond the familiar laws of nature—was at work.

For the dervishes of the Kasnazani path, however, this was not something entirely new. For years, they had spoken of karamahs and divine protection—of the healing of incurable illnesses, the removal of calamities, and unseen forms of support granted to seekers along the spiritual path. They attributed this not to themselves, but to the mercy and grace of Allah, and regarded it as a sign of the truthfulness of the path they followed.

In earlier books and reports of this path, similar cases have been recorded—from the healing of patients afflicted with dengue fever in India to the halting of repeated earthquakes in Penjwen during the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (grand father of the present Sheikh). The Sulaymaniyah event was another link in that same mysterious chain.

Some viewed this occurrence as a sign affirming the legitimacy of the leadership of the new sheikh, Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q)—as though even the heavens bore witness that this path continues under a special divine care.

Final Reflection

This narrative is not merely the story of a form of “physical immunity” from illness; it is the story of hearts becoming immune to fear.

When a person stands in the shade of certainty, trust in Allah, and spiritual connection, the fear of death gives way to a deep calm—a calm that sometimes seems to transcend even the known laws of nature.

Perhaps the secret of this event lies not in the breaking of medical rules, but in the remembrance of a forgotten truth:
that when a human being connects to the source of mercy, they are no

longer merely a biological entity, but a spiritual being who, under divine grace, can rise beyond the narrow limits of matter.

The Sulaymaniyah narrative does not teach us to abandon reason or science; rather, it reminds us that science is not the final station of truth.

Beyond calculations, there is another kind of measure:
the measure of hearts that have been entrusted to Allah.

Narrative 6 – Healing on the Threshold of a Journey

A narrative from one of the seekers of the path (male)

For many years, I had carried in my heart the longing to perform the Hajj. Year after year, I saved money, hoping that one day I would be granted the honor of undertaking this spiritual journey. Praise be to Allah, after several years of waiting, that day finally arrived.

On the appointed day, we were taken to the airport. I was sitting in a large hall with my two suitcases placed in front of me. In the quiet of waiting, I was lost in thought. On the

left side of my forehead, there was a lump about the size of a pigeon's egg—something that had been with me for years.

In my heart, I said:
"O Ghawth Jilani, I am your humble servant and disciple. I feel ashamed to go to the Ka'bah and to the sanctuary of the Noble Messenger of Allah with this lump on my forehead. If only I could reach the presence of the Prophet ﷺ with a smooth forehead."

As I was in this state, my eyes grew heavy and I fell asleep.

Suddenly, one of my friends shook me and said:

“Hajji, Hajji! You’re being left behind!”

I came to myself, picked up my bags, and stood in line with the others. The bags were inspected and checked in, we received our passports, and we headed toward the airplane. We boarded, and after about fifteen minutes, the flight took off.

At the very beginning of the flight, as was my habit, I recited Ayat al-Kursi and passed my hand over my head and face. The first time, I did not notice anything; the second time, my heart trembled. I touched my face with my right hand…

The lump was gone.

In astonishment, I said:
“O Ghawth Jilani… what has happened?”

I turned to those traveling with me and said:
“By Allah, does anyone have a pocket mirror?”

One of the brothers said, “I do.”

I took the mirror and looked at my forehead. It had become smooth; only a thin line remained.

Involuntarily, I exclaimed aloud:
“Ya Hu… O Ghawth, this is your work!”

A strange state came over me. My cap fell from my head and my long hair—which reached down to my

waist—fell loose. In a state of remembrance, I began saying involuntarily, “Allah… Allah… O Ghawth.” A commotion arose in the airplane. Everyone was chanting “Allahu Akbar” and sending blessings upon the Prophet.

After some time, I calmed down. I gathered my hair and sat back in my seat. Several members of the flight crew were standing and asking others what had happened. One of the companions said:

“This Hajji is a dervish. A state of remembrance has come over him.”

They asked, “What does that mean?”

He replied:
“Dervishes are people of remembrance; their hearts are pure. At times, they are overtaken involuntarily by the remembrance of Allah.”

I sat quietly, but tears of joy and delight continued to flow from my eyes. I made a vow to myself that until we reached our destination, I would constantly send blessings upon the Prophet ﷺ and recite al-Fatihah.

Witnessing this karamah transformed my inner state. Praise be to Allah, after that, heedlessness comes to me far less often. I know that this grace was from the kindness

of the masters of the path; and truly, I was not worthy of such a karamah.

Narrative 7 – An Image of Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani

A narrative by the author of the book

We had been invited to one of the takiyas to offer guidance and to lead a gathering of dhikr. At the beginning of the visit, the khalifa of the takiya handed me a painting and said:

"Three weeks ago, one of the takiya's guests—who is not a dervish but a painter—experienced a particular state during the circle of dhikr. In that state, a person appeared before him and said:

‘I am Abdulqadir Jilani. Look at me carefully, and later draw my image.’”

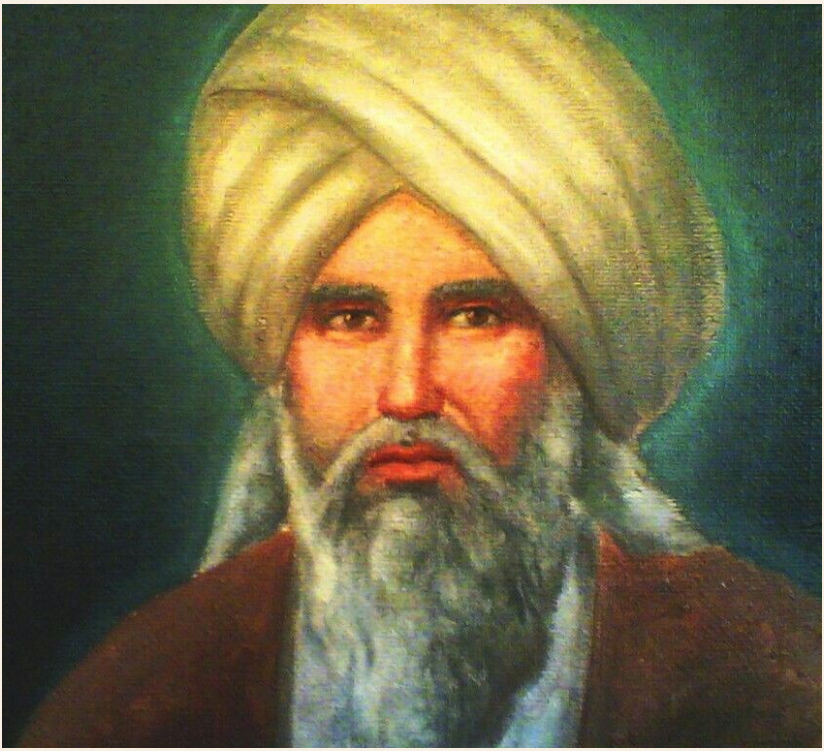
He explained that this person had stood before him with a face marked by dignity, light, and awe, gazing at him with a deep and penetrating look—as though it encompassed one’s entire being. After the dhikr ended and he returned to his normal state, the guest recounted the experience to those present. A few days later, he sent the image he had drawn to the khalifa of the takiya and said:

“This is the very face that appeared to me in that state.”

The khalifa then gave the painting to me. As soon as I looked at it, an

unusual feeling arose in my heart; it was as though the image was not merely a work of art, but carried a kind of presence and meaning. Calmness, dignity, and a quiet majesty seemed to flow from it.

I took the image and placed it on a website I had at the time. By Allah's grace, it spread across the world in a short period, and many people from different countries were deeply affected by it.



Final Reflection

The friends of Allah do not need images or paintings in order to be seen; their presence is alive within hearts, not on paper. Yet at times, Allah permits an outward sign to appear, so that sleeping hearts may

awaken and human attention may be drawn from the surface of the world to the truth of its inner reality.

What matters in this account is not the image itself, but the message that accompanies it:
the friends of Allah are alive, they are aware, and they continue the nurturing of hearts even beyond the limits of time and place.

If the human heart is receptive, a single glance in the realm of dreams, an inspiration during remembrance, or even a simple image can become a bridge between earth and heaven.

An image, when accompanied by sincerity, becomes a sign.

But when the heart is empty of sincerity, even witnessing the truth itself leaves no effect.

Narrative 8 – A Gift from the Ghawth al-Azam

A narrative by the author of the book

At one of the Thursday dhikr gatherings, a dervish who had joined the path only two weeks earlier—and who had a very large and powerful build—approached me with an expression filled with anxiety. He said:
"Khalifa, something has happened to me that I must tell you about."

I took him aside and said,
“Go on—what happened?”
He said:
“Last night, in a dream, I saw an elderly man, relatively tall, with a thin, bony frame, a face marked by awe, and long white hair and beard. He was seated on a great throne, like the thrones of kings. In his hand he held a staff with a large, spherical top. He was holding the staff at its center, and his gaze carried such majesty and gravity that one’s heart would tremble.
He said to me, ‘Come closer.’
I approached. I saw that he gave a ring to someone who was standing

beside him, then pointed to me and said, ‘he is one of our righteous servants.’

Then he said to that person, ‘Place this ring on his hand.’

That person took my hand and placed the ring on my finger. Then the old man said:

‘Be careful. If you walk upon our path, you will prosper; but if you deviate, a hard fall awaits you.’

At that very moment, such fear and awe overtook me that I awoke in terror… and to my utter astonishment, I saw that the ring was resting on a Qur’an that was beside my bed.”

I asked him,
“Do you mean you saw the ring only in the dream?”

He said, “No—while awake.”

I said,
“You mean when you woke up, the ring was actually there?”

He replied, “Yes.”

I asked,
“Where is the ring now?”

He extended his hand, pulled up his sleeve, and said,
“Look—even now, as I am only telling the story, the hair on my arm is standing on end. To be honest, I have not dared to touch it. It is still lying on the Qur’an in my room.”

I said to him,
“Perform ablution, place the ring in a clean cloth, and bring it to me tomorrow.”

The next day, he brought the ring. I saw that it was a silver ring with a transparent stone like glass—what they call *Durr Najafi*. Its back reflected light like a mirror. On both sides of the ring, engraved in very ancient script on the silver, was the word “Ali.” Its design bore no resemblance to modern craftsmanship; it appeared to belong to centuries past. The ring itself was so worn that it was as if it had passed through the hands of men of Allah for ages.

In amazement, I took his hand and placed the ring on his finger. Despite his very large build and unusually thick finger, the ring fit him perfectly—neither tight nor loose. It was as though it had been made specifically for that hand.

I said to him:

“My son, in all the years I have been on this path, I have never seen anything as astonishing as this. In my view, the person you saw in the dream was Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam Abdulqadir Jilani (Q). Keep this ring with the utmost respect, and take his words very seriously.”

The following week, he came to the dhikr gathering with the ring on his finger. I said to him:
“Let the ring be on my hand while I lead the circle of dhikr.”

I put the ring on my finger. Although it was loose on my hand, it carried a strange blessing—as if it were drawing the soul upward toward the heavens. After the dhikr, I returned it to him and once again emphasized the counsel of Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam (Q).

The same thing happened again the following week.

After that, however, he suddenly disappeared and did not come to the takiya for three weeks.

When he finally returned, I saw that his beard had grown long and that his spiritual state was extremely disturbed. He said that he had been in an accident: a car had struck the right side of his vehicle violently, and his brother, who had been sitting in the front seat, had lost his life. I was deeply saddened, yet an inner voice told me that he had suffered a serious slip on his path.

After that, he did not come to the takiya for a long time—about three months. When he returned, his face

had become dark, heavy, and shadowed. He was no longer the person he once was. I was astonished to see him, but when I noticed the ring on his hand, my heart grew somewhat calmer, and I said to myself:

“Praise be to Allah—still, the spiritual attention of Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam (Q) is with him.”

As was my habit, I took the ring from his hand and placed it on my own finger.

Suddenly, I felt as though a black hole had opened in my heart and my spiritual energy collapsed intensely. I

immediately removed the ring from my finger and returned it to him.

That gathering was the last time I ever saw this dervish. After that, he never returned to the takiya. And the most astonishing point for me was this:

the ring that had once been a source of light and blessing had, because of the spiritual fall of its bearer, become a source of darkness.

Final Reflection

This story teaches us that sacred objects, signs, and karamahs are not inherently light or darkness; rather, they are mirrors of the inner state of

the human being. What turns a ring into a source of blessing is the purity of the heart that carries it, and what transforms that same ring into a source of darkness is the bearer's fall into heedlessness and unfaithfulness.

Karamah is a trust, not a possession. Blessing is a responsibility, not a privilege.

If a person carries light within, everything that accompanies them becomes light.

And if the heart becomes tainted by darkness, even the most sacred signs lose their effect.

Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam (Q) had warned him in the dream:
“Either salvation, or a hard fall.”

And this warning reflects the very truth of the spiritual path:
on this path, standing still is not possible. There is either ascent, or there is descent.

Narrative 9 – The Takbir That Awakened the Heart

A narrative by the author of the book

It was on a Thursday that I introduced the spiritual path to one of the factory’s engineers. At first, he was not very receptive and showed little interest. Nevertheless, I gave

him a small book titled *Baz al-Ashab*, which contained A narrative of the life and poetry of Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam Abdulqadir Jilani (Q), and asked him to read it.

On Saturday, contrary to my expectations, he came to me and insisted that I grant him initiation into the path. I asked him what had happened. He said:

"Yesterday, which was a day off, I was lying on my bed at home, reading that same book. I came across this verse:

O Lord, forgive the one who, after our death,

From time to time remembers our soul with a takbir.

With a mocking attitude, I said to myself: 'If saying the takbir brings forgiveness, then let me try it.' So I began saying:
'Allahu Akbar... Allahu Akbar...'

Before I had even completed the third takbir, suddenly an immense light entered my heart. Its intensity was such that I felt as if my heart were about to burst. Fearing that my family might become alarmed, I placed a pillow over my face and began screaming involuntarily. That light was so powerful and

overwhelming that it enveloped my entire being."

Then, in a calm voice and with eyes filled with wonder, he continued:

"From that moment on, I understood that this path is not something to be taken lightly. Something awakened within me that I had never experienced before. That is why I have come today to receive the path from you."

Narrative 10 – The Promise of the Return of Light

A narrative from one of the seekers of the path (male)

Before I entered the spiritual path, I was living in a state of confusion and inner turmoil. I had no inner peace, and psychologically my life lacked any clear order. It was as if something within me was missing—something I did not know what it was or where to find it.

My older brother was the first person in our family to join the path. After that, little by little, he tried to introduce the rest of the family to this way as well. One night, when he returned from the takiya, he brought a book with him. Its title was *Baz al-Ashab*. On its cover, there was an image of a majestic bird standing

firmly on its legs, its wings spread wide, with a light upon its head.

He showed us the book and said: “This book is about our path. Read it.”

Although I had gone to the takiya a few times and had seen the cover of this book, at that time I had no desire or inclination to receive the path, and it did not particularly attract me. Still, deep within, I believed that the masters and sheikhs my brother spoke of were great individuals and among the friends of Allah. For this reason, I never allowed myself any disrespect or irreverence toward them, either in my heart or in my words.

From time to time, I heard things from my brother about the rank and identity of “Baz al-Ashab.” Time passed, and he continued trying to invite me to the path, but I resisted and persisted in my own misguided way of life.

Until one night, when I saw a strange dream.

In the dream, I saw myself in front of our house, playing. My body was like that of my childhood, but my face was my present face. When I lifted my head toward the sky, I saw the stars, the galaxies, and the vast expanse of the heavens with astonishing clarity.

Suddenly, a tremendous light—like the sun—shone in the sky and descended toward the earth like a meteor. Out of fear, I covered my head with my hands. That light landed on the ground directly in front of me.

Slowly, I raised my head. First, I saw the legs of an enormous bird. I lifted my gaze further, and suddenly realized that exactly the same image I had seen on the cover of the book *Baz al-Ashab* was standing before my eyes.

With childlike simplicity and reverence, I said:
“Are you Baz al-Ashab? May I kiss your feet?”

I moved toward him, but he stepped back and did not allow it.

A second time, pleading, I said: “Please allow me to kiss your feet.”

Once again, he stopped me.

The third time, with deep sorrow and an inner urgency, I said: “Aren’t you Baz al-Ashab? Please allow me to kiss your feet…”

Yet again, he did not permit it.

Then, in a clear, penetrating, and awe-inspiring voice, he said: “My son, we are displeased with you. I am leaving now. Whenever you become a good human being, I will return, and then you will be able to kiss my feet.”

After these words, his being transformed into a great and radiant star, tore through the sky, and vanished across the heavens like a luminous meteor.

At that very moment, I awoke with a violent tremor.

This vision affected my soul and spirit so deeply that it felt as though a veil had been lifted from before my eyes. For the first time, I sensed that I had encountered a truth from which I could no longer turn away. A few days later, I went to the takiya, received the path, and abandoned wrongdoing.

That dream became the turning point of my life—
not as a frightening vision, but as a heavenly invitation that made me understand this:

Light comes only to a heart that is ready to be transformed.

Narrative 11 – The Light of the Path

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the path (male)

I will recount for you a vision witnessed by an elderly khalifa during the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (the grandfather of the present Sheikh),

dating back to approximately fifty years ago.

This elderly and experienced khalifa, while observing a young khalifa giving initiation (*bay'a*) to a man, began speaking inwardly to his own Sheikh and said:

"My master, this khalifa who is giving initiation on your behalf does not himself truly know the path, and I do not accept him."

Suddenly, in the inner realm, he beheld a throne upon which Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam Abdulqadir Jilani was seated. On a lower row beneath him stood Hadrat Sheikhs of the Qadiri Kasnazani path: Sheikh

Abdulkarim Shah Kasnazan, Sheikh Abdulqadir, Sheikh Hussein, and Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan—most of whom, at that time, were no longer alive, except for Sheikh Abdulkarim.

On a row below Sheikh Abdulkarim stood the young khalifa who was in the act of giving initiation to a man.

At the moment the initiation was being granted, Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam raised his hands toward the sky. A light descended from the heavens into his blessed hands, taking the form of a sphere of white light tinged with green. Within his hands, this sphere began to rotate, and with

each rotation its color grew more intense.

After some time, Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam lowered the luminous sphere and placed it into the hands of Sheikh Abdulkarim Shah Kasnazan. In the same manner, Sheikh Abdulkarim Shah passed it to Sheikh Abdulqadir, who passed it to Sheikh Hussein, and he in turn passed it to Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan. As before, the intensity of the light increased in the hands of each Sheikh—perhaps, the spiritual resolve (*himmah*) of each Sheikh was being added to that light.

Then Sheikh Abdulkarim placed the light upon the head of the young

khalifa who was giving initiation to the new seeker. The light began to rotate within the khalifa's body. At the moment when the person receiving the path said, "I accept," the light moved from the khalifa's right hand into the right hand of the seeker, then entered his body and began to circulate within him. Some time after the completion of the initiation, the light gradually faded and disappeared.

After this occurred, Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan addressed the elderly khalifa who had objected inwardly to the young khalifa giving initiation and said:

“It is not this khalifa who gives initiation. It is we who give initiation, and the khalifa is merely the intermediary through whom our light is transmitted.”

Narrative 12 – Unintelligible Words on a Computer Monitor

A narrative from one of the seekers of the path (male)

One day, an acquaintance of ours—who was a khalifa of the Kasnazani path—came to our company. He spoke about the karamahs of the path and invited the company’s employees to repentance and initiation.
However, his words did not have a

deep impact on those present, and most people regarded them with skepticism.

The following day, early in the morning as I opened the company, I was confronted with a strange scene: all the company's computers were turned on, and it was clear that someone had accessed the network by entering the password through the central computer. This was extremely astonishing to me, because the network password was known only to me and the network administrator—and the administrator could not have entered the company, as the only key to the premises was in my possession.

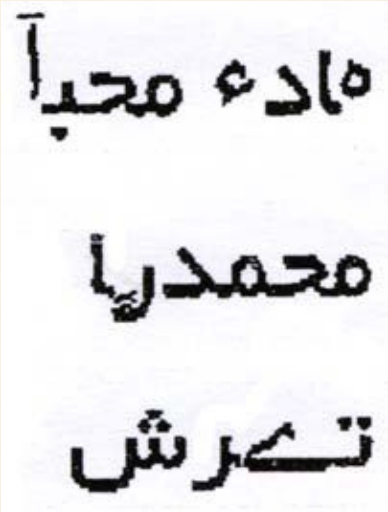
Despite thorough checks and investigations, we found no logical or technical explanation for what had occurred.

A few days later, once again, when I opened the company early in the morning, I saw that the computers were on. This time, however, something even more unusual had happened. On the main monitor screen, three lines of mysterious writing had appeared, rendered in a completely non-standard font. These writings did not resemble ordinary system fonts, nor did they appear to have been typed in any conventional way.

There is an image of these three lines of writing, in which incomprehensible words can be seen; however, in the second line, the word "Muhammad" in Arabic محمد is clearly and distinctly recognizable.

These writings were not created using standard computer fonts, but rather appeared in a pixelated, point-by-point form. Those familiar with the technical structure of computers know well that producing letters in this manner—especially in a precise and legible form—is extremely difficult and, for ordinary individuals, nearly impossible.

After this extraordinary incident—which manifested the karamah of the path in a tangible and practical way—eighteen employees of the company, who had previously mocked the path, underwent a profound inner transformation, came to faith, and sincerely received initiation.



An Image of the Lines That Appeared on the Computer Monitor

Final Reflection

In this karamah, the sign does not lie in the computers turning on, nor in the bypassing of technical locks; rather, it lies in the choice of the message itself. Amid obscure, pixelated lines, only one name appears with complete clarity—a name that has awakened hearts for centuries: "**Muhammad**." It is as though meaning has drawn itself out from within disorder.

This event reminds us that at times, the divine address does not arrive through sermon or argument, but through a path that the calculating mind least expects. Where human

tools of control and explanation fall silent, the message remains. The locks were not broken; they became irrelevant. And this is a profound difference.

In this narrative, the doubt expressed on the first day receives a quiet yet enduring response—a response not written in the language of human convention, nor read in the usual way. Yet for one who pauses to reflect, its meaning is unmistakably clear.

Narrative 13 – The Angel's Answer to a Doubting Heart

A narrative by the author of the book

We had traveled to one of the towns to offer guidance, where a woman—a high school teacher—received initiation into the spiritual path. Some time later, she contacted me and said:

"Although at the beginning I was in a very good spiritual state and experienced an unusual sense of peace, little by little I was influenced by the words of some people around me. They began to cast doubt on the capacities and the spiritual rank of the Sheikh of the path, and these

doubts gradually took root in my mind—to the point that I felt my faith was beginning to collapse.

I kept saying to myself: If this Sheikh of the path is truly on the right path and possesses so many karamahs, why is he not known to everyone in the world? How is it possible that until today we had not even heard his name? These questions kept repeating in my mind and robbed me of my peace."

She continued:

"One day, while I was alone at home and busy with my work, the same thoughts returned. Suddenly, before me appeared a luminous and

pleasant-looking young person, dressed in white long clothing, with long black hair—so that it was not clear whether the figure was male or female. The figure began to speak. Out of fear, I froze and said:

‘For God’s sake, do not speak to me. I am afraid.’

The figure extended a hand toward me and held the palm facing my face. When I looked at the palm, I saw the answers to all my questions and doubts appear as a radiant light—like a living, transparent page—as if a screen of light had opened before my eyes. In that very moment, that light

separated from the palm and entered my heart directly.

Everything happened in an instant. A deep peace and absolute certainty filled my entire being. The figure immediately disappeared, but the effect that light left in my heart remained forever. From that moment on, I understood that my doubts had come from the mind, while truth had found its way directly to the heart."

Narrative 14 – Guardian Angels

A narrative by the author of the book

The appearance of that same figure, with the description mentioned

earlier, was repeated in another incident as well.

There was a woman who constantly suffered from intense fear and anxiety and felt as though invisible beings were tormenting her. This condition repeatedly disturbed her inner peace. After she received initiation into the spiritual path, a deep transformation gradually took place within her inner state.

Some time later, she said to my wife—who was their khalifa:

“From time to time, I see a luminous and handsome young figure, dressed in white Arab clothing, with long black hair—so that it is not

clear whether the figure is male or female. Since the time I began seeing this person, no being has troubled me anymore, and that constant fear which was always with me has completely disappeared."

The most striking aspect of this account became apparent when, one day during a dhikr gathering, this woman briefly left the circle and went to the takiya's kitchen to attend to something. After the dhikr ended, one of the women—without having the slightest knowledge of her inner experience or anything she had said—came to my wife and said:

“When this woman was heading toward the kitchen, I saw a person wearing a white long dress with long black hair walking behind her and accompanying her.”

This remarkable concurrence between the woman’s personal experience and the direct observation of another person carried a clear meaning for all of us:
it was as though an unseen care and a divine protection had been appointed for her, and the guardian angels, by Allah’s command, had become the keepers of her heart’s peace and the guardians of her safety.

Narrative 15 – Angels Bearing Banners

A narrative by the author of the book

A woman whose husband was involved in sorcery and the writing of talismans contacted me via WhatsApp and said that she was experiencing serious difficulties in prayer and worship. She explained that whenever she intended to pray, she would suddenly see the house filled with swords and feel as though the smell of death had permeated the space (although the precise meaning of what she described as “the smell of death” was not entirely clear to me). This state caused her such intense

fear that it effectively deprived her of the ability to pray.

After she received initiation into the spiritual path, she sent me a message describing a dream she had seen. I will recount its substance here, faithfully and without alteration:

“Thank you… may Allah protect you.

A green light entered the house from the direction of the qiblah and settled above the ceiling of the entire house. After that, a rain of green light began to pour down.

La ilaha illa Allah…

At that very moment, the figures with hooves, carrying swords, began leaving the house in groups.

Even if I were to offer the whole world, it would not repay the effort you made for me.

After that, I saw angels holding banners. Written on the banners were the words:
'Muhammad Rasulullah (Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah).'

They were holding hands, moving together, and engaging in remembrance. From their recitation and movement, a white, star-like light spread throughout the entire space of the house and filled it completely."

For her, this vision marked the end of her former fears and anxieties. It was as though, with the arrival of the **angels bearing banners**, her home was cleansed of every darkness and entrusted instead to divine light, safety, and a deep, God-given peace.

Narrative 16 – Renewal of the Pledge

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, one of the senior and long-standing Khalifas of the Path came to our takiya for spiritual guidance. In that gathering, in addition to the dervishes, a number of non-dervishes were also present. A very luminous

and deeply moving dhikr was held, and a special spiritual atmosphere prevailed over the assembly.

At the end, the discussion turned to the idea that a true dervish can be recognized not only by conduct, but even by one's face and outward appearance. I turned to the Khalifa and said:

"You are among the senior Khalifas of the Path and a person of inner insight. Can you distinguish, among this gathering, who is a dervish and who is not?"

The Khalifa paused for a moment, sent blessings upon the Prophet, and then asked everyone to stand in two

lines. He himself separated the people one by one:

The dervishes in one line, and the non-dervishes in the other.

Everyone watched carefully. What was astonishing was that all of his judgments proved to be completely correct—except for one case:

An old dervish, who had been on the Path for many years and even had long hair, was mistakenly placed among the non-dervishes.

After that, the Khalifa gave the Tariqa and took the pledge from all those who were standing in the line of non-dervishes; among them was that same old dervish.

The following day, that dervish came to the Khalifa, kissed his hand, and said:

"Khalifa, I have come to ask your forgiveness. Last night, when you placed me among the non-dervishes, I said to myself: What kind of Khalifa is this? He knows neither the inner state nor even the outward appearance. I thought to myself, how could someone with such long hair—a sign of many years of dervishhood—not be a dervish?

But out of respect for you as a guest, I said nothing and renewed my pledge."

He then continued:

“Last night, I saw Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani (Q) in a dream. He said to me:
‘O dervish, a few days ago, when you were sitting with your old corrupt friends, recounting sinful memories of the past and taking pleasure in recalling them, we took the Tariqa away from you.
And last night, by virtue of the presence of this Khalifa who had come for guidance, we arranged for you to be placed among the non-dervishes, so that the pledge would be given to you again and your Path would be renewed.’”

That man, with tearful eyes, said:

“Now I understand that what happened was not a mistake; it was mercy.”

Final Reflection

This story is a reminder of a profound truth:
The Path (Tariqa) is not a matter of title, appearance, or past record.
Neither long hair is a sign of remaining on the Way,
nor do years of attendance at gatherings of dhikr guarantee the soundness of the heart.

If the heart becomes tainted, even the oldest pledge can collapse.

And if the heart truly repents, even the newest pledge comes alive.

At times, Allah shows mercy to His servants not through gentleness, but by breaking their pride.

The moment a person assumes, *"I am now safe,"*

that is precisely where danger begins.

How beautiful is divine mercy, which leaves the door of return open even through what appears to be a "mistake."

Sometimes a person must be removed from their place in the line so they may once again understand that being allowed to stand in the line at all

is itself a blessing—one that must be thanked for every single day.

Narrative 17 – The Chain of Seeking Help

A narrative by the author of the book

In the days when **Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan** (Q) was residing in Kirkuk, he ordered a group of Khalifas and dervishes to prepare for a journey to Baghdad. The purpose was to perform extraordinary acts in the presence of a group of non-Muslims, in order to manifest divine power, the miracle of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ, and the wonders of Allah's saints.

In obedience to Hadrat Sheikh's command, the group set out for Baghdad. Among them was a dervish named Ali, who was known for performing certain extraordinary acts—among them, holding an electric wire in his hand without being harmed. When it was Ali's turn, he said to himself inwardly: "Now that I am in Baghdad, it is better that I seek help from the Sultan of the men of Allah, Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani (Q)."

With this intention, he went toward the electric cable. But the moment he grasped it, the force of the electricity hurled him several meters backward.

The same thing happened the second time. On the third attempt, Ali instead sought help from Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan. He took hold of the cable and did not even tremble. At that very moment, the electricity of Baghdad was cut off for a period of time.

After returning to Kirkuk, Sheikh Abdulkarim summoned Ali and, with a meaningful smile, asked him:

"Dervish Ali, which electricity was stronger—the electricity of Baghdad or the electricity of Kirkuk?"

Ali replied with embarrassment: "My master, the electricity of Kirkuk."

Hadrat Sheikh then said:

“My dear son Ali, a dervish, when seeking help, does not begin by turning to all Hadrat Sheikhs at once. First, he must seek help from his own Sheikh; and his Sheikh, hand to hand, seeks help from his own Sheikh, until the chain reaches the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ and ultimately Allah, Blessed and Exalted. Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani is the Sultan of the divine saints, and all of us seek help through him; but this path has its ranks, and the sanctity of the chain must be preserved. You should have first sought help from your own Sheikh.”

Narrative 18 – Singing at the Moment of the Pledge

A narrative by the author of the book

Many years ago, one night I was a guest in a home. At the request of two eager women, I began to perform the pledge of the Path for them. Hardly a few words of the pledge had passed my lips when, all of a sudden, a joyful, vibrant, and spirited sound filled the house.

It was the singing of canaries—strong, harmonious, and full of excitement.

I said to myself:

Is there a canary in this house?

And if so, why had they been silent until now?

Their singing was so full of vitality that it seemed as though they had found new life. A collective, perfectly coordinated sound—like a hymn coming from somewhere beyond. The singing continued uninterrupted and unified until the very last word of the pledge; and at the exact moment the pledge was completed, silence returned as well. It was as if a curtain had been drawn and the space had returned to its former calm.

It was an astonishing moment—one that immersed everyone present in a reverent silence.

Afterward, I turned to the owner of the house and asked:

“Do you have canaries in this house?”

He replied:

“Yes, but they had been completely silent since morning. Now that it is past ten at night, they suddenly began to sing like this.”

What made the event even more remarkable was that the canaries were kept far from where we were sitting—so far that even an ordinary human voice would not normally reach them. And even if it had, the simple phrases of the pledge could never

have caused such sudden joy and ecstasy in them.

Those who raise birds know that canaries sing during the day, not in the depth of night. They are sensitive to light, and their song is tied to brightness.

But that night, another light was present.

A light that was not of the sun; a light that rose from hearts at the very moments of the pledge and illuminated the space.

A ray from the world of meaning—one that not only awakens the human heart, but also brings the souls of birds into song.

Narrative 19 – The Healing of a Child's Cancer

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

My eight-year-old son was diagnosed with cancer. I took him to many doctors. His illness was extremely rare, to the point that the doctors themselves said that this type of cancer was extraordinarily uncommon and did not fall among ordinary cases. We carried out every possible test, scan, biopsy, and full medical examination. In the end, they confirmed that my son was suffering from a very rare form of cancer.

My son underwent treatment for two years. He received 35 sessions of radiotherapy in the hospital and about 30 to 35 sessions of chemotherapy as well. After that, comprehensive tests were performed again. The doctors told me plainly that there was no further treatment available for him, because the disease was extremely rare and surgery was not possible. The tumor was located in the middle ear, in a place very close to the seventh nerve and to the vital arteries of the heart and the brain. The cancerous mass was positioned exactly between two arteries: one carrying blood to the

brain and the other returning blood to the heart—an extraordinarily sensitive and dangerous location.

In these unbearable and hopeless circumstances, I went to Sulaymaniyah to seek intercession through Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path. At that time, it coincided with the birthday of the Noble Prophet ﷺ, and the ceremony was held in the presence of Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q). In that gathering, a circle of dhikr was formed, and my son was present with me. We brought the child forward. Hadrat Sheikh came toward him and

placed his blessed hand upon his head.

My son's condition began to improve. About one month later—or even less than that—we once again carried out complete tests for him. The doctor said with amazement and astonishment:

"This is a divine miracle. Your son had a tumor measuring one and a half centimeters between the brain arteries and in the middle ear, but now there is no trace of it at all."

Praise be to Allah, Lord of the worlds. My son was completely healed and cured of this cancer. This is a truth that I saw with my own eyes

and experienced with my entire being.

Narrative 20 – In the Presence of Akram al-Akramin

A narrative by the author of the book

On one of the nights of dhikr, Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q) entered the circle of remembrance and addressed those present. Then, suddenly, his tone and voice changed, and he said:

"You are now in the arena and presence of *Akram al-Akramin*."

In that gathering, a woman who was paralyzed and seated in a wheelchair was present and unable to move.

Hadrat Sheikh placed his blessed staff upon her head and then left that place.

A few moments later, the woman began to move. She paused, then wept, and then asked her family to let go of her. She stood up… and for the first time, walked on her own feet.

She moved toward a banner that stood in the middle of the space, and while shedding tears, she circled around it.

The eyes of those present also filled with tears from the intensity of emotion and astonishment, and everyone stood stunned and deeply moved before that scene.

Final Reflection

This scene was, before being the healing of a body, a manifestation of the boundless mercy of Allah. That staff did not heal; rather, it became a sign through which the divine will was set in motion. Power is neither in the hand of a human being nor in any instrument; it flows only from *Akram al-Akramin*.

When Hadrat Sheikh said, "You are now in the presence of *Akram al-Akramin*," he was in fact lifting the veil from a presence that is always at work, yet perceived only by awakened hearts.

That woman did not merely regain the ability to walk; she became a testimony that when divine grace so wills, incapacity is transformed into ability in a single moment, and despair gives way to certainty.

Narrative 21 – Deliverance from a Spiritual Crisis

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a young man came to me in a distressed state and said that for several years a being in the form of a very ugly old woman—thin, bony, and carrying a staff like a tree branch—had been appearing to him. Her face and body were covered with

blisters, and with terrifying screams and laughter she would hurl the worst insults at him and humiliate him. She emitted an extremely foul odor, so strong that even after she disappeared, the smell would linger in the air for hours.

This ordeal had placed such pressure on his mind and spirit that his life had completely fallen apart. His wife and young daughter had also begun to see things in the house and were living in constant fear. His wife had become severely frightened of him and had even decided to seek a divorce.

He said: “I have gone to dozens of people who write charms and claim to nullify sorcery. Each of them took large sums of money from me, but none of it helped. Every time, that old woman would appear with even greater mockery. Once, on the advice of one of them, I tied prayers and written charms to all parts of my body. But when the old woman came, she laughed terribly and said:
‘Did you think I am afraid of these things?’
And then she tormented me again.”

I told him: “Enter the Path, repent, and never again go to such people. Entrust your affair to Allah and to

Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path. Gather all those writings, charms, and objects you received from them, put them in a bag, and throw it into running water."

Then I gave him four color photocopied images:
an image of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ; Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani; Shah Hussein Kasnazan (Sheikh of the path before Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan, for whom the dervishes have special devotion); and Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan, may their secrets be sanctified. I told him to place these images in his home.

The next day he called me and said: “From yesterday until now, I have seen that old woman several times, but this time she stands at a distance and no longer dares to come close. She even appears very distressed and helpless.”

Then he recounted a strange incident. He said that last night, around four in the morning, his wife woke him in terror and said:
“Get up, a thief has come!”

He immediately got up and searched the entire house, but he saw no one. His wife said:
“I saw a man with a black beard, wearing a black turban, and with a

black cloth wrapped around his neck."

This description reminded him of the images I had given him. He brought the pictures and showed them to his wife. She immediately said:

"That's him… that is the very person I saw in our house."

And that image was the image of **Shah Hussein Kasnazan**.

After this event, the young man saw that old woman only once or twice more, and then he was freed from her forever. Fear departed from their home, peace returned to their lives, and a family that had been on the

verge of collapse once again found safety and calm.

Final Reflection

This account is not merely the story of a person's deliverance from the torment of an unknown being; it is a clear sign of the difference between true reliance upon Allah and His saints, and seeking refuge in paths mixed with superstition, greed, and exploitation. For years, that young man wandered amid fear, humiliation, and despair—not because of weakness in faith, but because he did not know the right refuge. Each time he turned to the

wrong people, his fear grew deeper and his adversary became bolder.

Peace began at the moment he repented and withdrew his trust from human hands, entrusting it instead to Allah and the divine saints. At that instant, the balance changed. The being that had appeared for years with audacity and mockery now stood at a distance, powerless and distressed. For true power lies neither in prayers that are sold, nor in charms and marketplace incantations, but in the heart's connection to the source of light.

Narrative 22 – The Line of Paradise

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, one of the Khalifas came to our takiya from another city, accompanied by about twenty dervishes. Among them was also a woman. The Khalifa introduced her to me and said:

"This woman and her husband have recently entered the Path. Her husband owns a bakery and, because of his work, was unable to come, but he sent his wife and their little child."

He then added that this woman had suffered for a long time from severe psychological distress. One day at home, she saw a black, smoke-like

aura, after which a terrifying being began to appear to her. Each time she saw that being, her body would tremble, and at times she would even lose consciousness from fear. This condition continued for a long time, until—by joining the Path—by the grace of Allah and through the support of Hadrat Sheikhs, she was completely freed from that satanic being.

That night, the Khalifa and the dervishes were our guests. Near midday, when everyone had woken up and was preparing to gather for breakfast, the woman came to the Khalifa and said that she had seen a

very strange dream. She narrated the dream to us, and I asked her to recount it aloud for all the dervishes.

She said:

“Near the time of the dawn prayer, I was sitting on a chair. For a moment, my eyes closed, and suddenly I found myself in a strange scene. I saw a large number of people standing behind a fence—women in one line and men in another. In front of them was a very green and beautiful garden, as if they wished to enter it.

Beside the fence stood a tall man wearing Kurdish clothes and a turban. I asked those who were standing in line:

‘What is this line for?’
They said: ‘We want to enter this garden.’

I said: ‘Then why are you not moving?’
They replied: ‘That man does not allow us.’

Upset, I went forward and said to the man:
‘Sir, does this garden belong to you?’

He smiled and said:
‘This garden does not belong to me, but as long as I do not give permission, you cannot enter it.’

I said:
‘Then why are you keeping us

waiting? Why do you not allow us to enter?'

He said:

'Your turn must come. Everyone enters in their own time.'

With surprise and protest, I said:

'Who are you, that you are standing here blocking the way?'

He smiled more deeply and said:

'Do you know who I am? I am the one from whom you sought help last night.'

In astonishment, I said:

'I sought help from you?'

He said:

'Yes. Did you not say in the dhikr last night: "Madad ya Shah Kasnazan"?'

At that moment, he said:
'**I am Shah Kasnazan**.'

Upon hearing this, I suddenly woke up."

What made this even more remarkable was that this woman had only recently entered the Path and had no knowledge of the chain of the Path, the names of Hadrat Sheikhs, or their ranks. She had merely participated in the circle of dhikr and repeated the remembrance and the seeking of help along with the others, without knowing what a great and exalted station "Shah Kasnazan" holds in the Path.

Final Reflection

This vision was not merely a simple dream; it was a clear image of divine order, spiritual justice, and the role of the friends of Allah in guiding His servants. The green garden is a symbol of divine mercy and Paradise, and the lines indicate that entry into this realm is neither random nor without order. Each person has a turn, proportionate to the sincerity, purity, and readiness of their soul.

Shah Kasnazan appeared in this vision not as the owner of Paradise, but as one entrusted with permission and as a mediator of divine mercy—an indication of the truth that the

friends of Allah are gatekeepers of mercy, not its owners. They grant permission, yet possess nothing of their own; everything belongs to Allah.

And perhaps the most beautiful message of this vision is that even a person who has only just set foot upon the Path, if they utter the dhikr with sincerity of heart, their voice is heard. Their spirit is recognized, even if their intellect has not yet come to know.

In the Path, true knowledge always begins in the heart, not with information.

Narrative 23 – A Luminous Encounter: Confirmation of the Path

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

From childhood, I carried a deep and unusual devotion and love in my heart for Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH), and I always longed to one day behold him in a dream. This wish remained with me for many years and lived quietly in my heart.

After I and one of my colleagues at work—who, like me, was a religious woman committed to religious principles—entered the Path, she later abandoned the way. With negative and doubt-creating words,

she constantly tried to discourage me as well. Although during that period my spiritual state was very good and I was experiencing deep inner peace, I was nevertheless influenced by her words. Out of fear that my faith might be harmed, I decided to leave the Path.

That very night, close to the call to the dawn prayer, I saw a dream that changed the course of my life. I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) seated on a prayer mat, and Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH) standing near him. The two noble figures were speaking to one another with such intimacy and affection that

it was as if they were two close brothers. I was standing a little distance away. Hadrat Sheikh called me and said, “My daughter, come forward.” Then he introduced me to Amir al-Mu’minin Ali (PBUH) and said, “She is one of the dervishes of the Path.”

Imam Ali, as though fully aware of my love and heartfelt devotion to him, looked at me with a warm and compassionate smile and said:

“My daughter, from now on you will not see me, but I will always be with you.”

At that very moment, I awoke from the dream, my heart filled with peace, certainty, and light.

The next day, when I went to work, that woman once again approached me and began to speak. But this time, with firmness, I said to her:

"If you speak against my Path one more time, you will receive a decisive response from me."

In that moment, I understood that no doubt remained in my heart.

For a long time, one question occupied my mind: why, in that vision, while Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH) was standing, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan (Q), who outwardly holds a lower rank, was seated and did not rise out of respect? This puzzled me, until later I heard that Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan had said:

"One day, the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ appeared to me in a form of light and a luminous manifestation took place within my being."

At that point, I realized that perhaps in that vision, Hadrat Sheikh was in a state in which he truly embodied a manifestation of the luminous presence of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ, and that scene was one of

those moments of the manifestation of prophetic light.

From that day onward, that dream became for me not only a sign confirming the Path, but a divine covenant that I will carry in my heart until the end of my life, Allah willing.

Final Reflection

What this lady expressed at the conclusion of her narrative is a truth that is precise and deeply rooted in the words of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). During his lifetime, he repeatedly stated with clarity that one day the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ manifested to

him a vast, overwhelming light, and that this light entered his blessed being through his mouth and nose—a manifestation that was not an ordinary dream, but a spiritual witnessing and a true presence.

Hadrat Sheikh also used to say to the dervishes:

"I received the Path once from my father, Sheikh Abdulkarim (Q), and once my hand was placed in the hand of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ, and Allah Himself is witness to this. Therefore, you dervishes have received the light of the Path twice."

This statement expresses the unique station through which the Path has

been transmitted to the seekers by means of him—a station in which the outward connection to the chain of Hadrat Sheikhs is joined with an inward and direct connection to the Prophetic Reality. Thus, the dervish is not only an heir to the tradition of Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path, but also a recipient of a light whose root lies in a direct connection to the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ.

This meaning shows that the Path is not merely an educational or spiritual lineage, but a living flow of Prophetic light that is transmitted from one heart to another—a light that has shone upon the dervish twice:

once through the chain of Hadrat Sheikhs,
and once from the very source of the Muhammadan Reality ﷺ.

Narrative 24 – Recognizing the Pole of the Age at the Shrine of Imam Hussein

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For many years, I had taken the pledge of the Kasnazani Path, yet I never truly considered myself seriously bound to its disciplines. I was constantly moving among different sheikhs and paths, and in my litanies and spiritual practice I did

not follow a single, coherent rule. Even so, I was a person deeply devoted to worship and carried a profound love in my heart for the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT) and the righteous.

My constant preoccupation was to recognize the Pole (Qutb) and the Ghawth of the age. I continually reflected upon him, searched for him, and persistently asked the Allah to guide me to him and to make known to me the true heir of this time. Visiting Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) was an inseparable part of my life, and I had been honored many times to visit his blessed shrine.

During my last pilgrimage, with great insistence and supplication, I asked Imam Hussein to make me aware of the Pole and heir of my time. In that very shrine, I fell asleep.

In my dream, I saw myself in an immense and majestic sanctuary. I saw the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ seated upon a magnificent chair, possessing an awe-inspiring presence, a dazzling light, and an indescribable majesty. To his right and left stood all the members of the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT), each marked by perfect dignity, a spiritual countenance, and manifest spiritual greatness.

With utmost humility and reverence, I approached. Lowering my head and eyes, I fell to the ground, reached the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ, and kissed his blessed feet. With a tone filled with kindness, he said:

"My son, my heir and descendant in this time is from Iraq; and that noble one is Sheikh Muhammad Kasnazan. He is the Pole of guidance in this age."

At that very moment, I raised my head and suddenly saw that upon the same chair on which the Noble Messenger ﷺ had been seated, there was now Sheikh Muhammad al-

Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), and to his right stood Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH).

Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH), with evident joy and delight, rose from his place, embraced Hadrat Sheikh, and said:

"He is my son, my spirit, and of my own flesh and blood."

At that moment, overwhelmed by the majesty, luminosity, and joy of the scene, I lost control and burst into tears. My tears flowed from the joy of beholding the Ghawth of the age and the Pole of guidance, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan—and God is my witness that my joy was solely for this reason.

After this clear and decisive vision, no doubt remained in my heart. With full awareness and certainty, I renewed my pledge at the hands of one of the khalifas of the Path, and at last I found the way for which I had searched for so many years.

Final Reflection

In this narrative, the grace does not lie in beholding faces or lofty ranks, but in the end of a soul's wandering. A person who had worshipped for years and carried love for the Ahl al-Bayt in his heart, yet remained

unsettled and scattered in his spiritual path, finally arrives at the answer to a question rooted deep within his being: *"Who is the Pole of my time?"*

This account shows that the abundance of worship cannot replace unity of direction. The heart of the seeker—however pure and eager—does not find rest until it becomes connected to the axis of its own time. What occurred in this vision was not an addition to beliefs, but a realignment of them: a movement from dispersion to focus, from mental searching to recognition of the heart.

The presence of the Messenger ﷺ and the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT), and the explicit identification of the heir of the age, expresses a fundamental truth: the chain of guidance is not broken. The Pole of each age is not separate from what came before; rather, he is the continuation of the same light, transmitted from generation to generation, and from one heart to another.

This grace serves as a reminder that when a person asks with complete sincerity and persists, the answer comes—not vague, not ambiguous, but clear and decisive. And when that answer arrives, there is no longer

room for wavering among paths. Peace is the fruit of recognizing the Pole; and only then does the spiritual journey find its true meaning.

Narrative 25 – A House That Was a Trust

A narrative by the author of the book

Together with a group of dervishes, we had gone to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). One of the dervishes who was with us was a man with long dervish hair—committed, calm, and employed at our factory. He had recently married and had come with

his wife, but they were facing a serious housing problem.

After the visit, he came to me. His eyes were filled with tears, and with a trembling voice he said:

“In my heart, I asked Hadrat Sheikh to provide a house for us… just a dignified shelter.”

A short time after our return, someone he knew offered him a large plot of land. This young man, who did not even have cash on hand, purchased the land without paying any money upfront, using only a few postdated checks. Two months later, suddenly and due to a change in the city zoning, the land entered the

construction area and its value instantly increased fourfold.

He sold half of the land. With the proceeds, he not only paid off all his debts, but also built a very beautiful, elegant, and luxurious house on the remaining half that he still owned. The prayer he had made that day was answered—a house far beyond what he had ever imagined.

But this was not the end of the story.

After some time, due to his association with his wife's family, the young man gradually distanced himself from the Path. He cut his dervish hair, turned to drinking

alcohol, and lost his inner commitment to the way. Betrayal of the Path soon manifested itself in another form: the betrayal of his wife.

Before long, the woman formed a relationship with another man, requested a divorce, and by enforcing a heavy dowry—equal in value to that very house—took possession of the property. A house that had been obtained through grace was lost through betrayal.

One day, the young man came to me in a disturbed state. He was crying and said:

"They took my house from me…"

I asked, "Who?"

He said, “My wife.”

I told him:

“No… Sheikh of the path did this. Do you remember the day you came to me in tears and told me what you had asked from Hadrat Sheikh? You asked for a house, and you received a house. But you did not preserve the trust.”

Suddenly his face turned pale. He remained silent for a long time, as if a heavy truth had descended upon his heart.

There was also a strange point regarding this man’s wife. She was a woman who never believed in the Path and who later, through betrayal,

deceit, and bribery, took possession of the house.

From the very day she came to the takiya of Hadrat Sheikh until the time we returned from Sulaymaniyah, she was unable to eat even a single meal of the takiya's food. Every time she took a bite, she immediately became nauseated and vomited. Her husband was forced to take her outside the takiya for her meals.

In those days, outwardly, she appeared to be an innocent and quiet bride. But with time, her inner face was revealed: a person who could not bear grace, and whose nature was

incompatible with the light of the Path.

Final Reflection

Grace is not only in giving;
at times, it lies in taking away.
Grace is not only in granting a house;
it is in reclaiming a house whose owner was not a keeper of the trust.

Sheikh of the path (Q) gave him what he had asked for;
but when the heart departed from the way, that very blessing became a mirror of reckoning.

A house that had been gained through prayer
was lost through heedlessness;

so that it might be known that grace is neither property nor walls,
but the steadfastness of the heart in its covenant with Allash.

Narrative 26 – A Path Opened Amid the Crowd

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

When my father intended to set out for the Hajj pilgrimage, I gave him a photograph of the master of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), and said to him:

"When your eyes fall upon the House of the Ka'bah, remember our master."

My father accepted these words wholeheartedly and departed on the journey.

During the circumambulation (tawaf), he encountered an intense and tightly packed crowd, so dense that approaching the House of the Ka'bah seemed almost impossible. In that moment, he took out the photograph of Hadrat Sheikh and said silently in his heart:

"O master, if you possess any power, make it possible for my hand to reach the House of the Ka'bah."

Before this thought had even fully formed in his heart, suddenly, within that compressed crowd, a path

opened. The people moved aside, and without knowing how, he found himself beside the House of the Ka‘bah, visiting it with tears and deep emotion.

After completing the tawaf and moving away from the Ka‘bah, he thought to himself:

“If only I had asked the master of the Path to grant me the opportunity to perform two units of prayer beside the House of the Ka‘bah as well.”

At that very moment, one of the pilgrims struck my father forcefully in the chest. My father fell to the ground and lost consciousness.

When he regained consciousness, he found that he had been moved to **Hijr Isma'il**—beside the House of the Ka'bah—and laid upon its low wall until he recovered. Still astonished by what had occurred, he entered the area of Hijr Isma'il with indescribable joy and, in complete calm, performed his two units of prayer beside the House of the Ka'bah.

What he had wished for in his heart—without uttering a single word—had been granted to him in a remarkable way.

Narrative 27 – The Glass of Milk That Came Before the Question

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

During the first Kasnazan course held in the main takiya of Baghdad, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) appointed, from among scholars and university professors, one distinguished scholar to teach the science of Hadith.

This Hadith scholar would himself recount an interesting story about the beginning of his acquaintance with Hadrat Sheikh.

He said:

“For many years I was a religious scholar in Syria. Then I went to Saudi Arabia and stayed there for some time, and afterward I came to Iraq. In Iraq, I was told that a person named Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan was Sheikh of the path and that he was from the descendants of the Prophet ﷺ and from the Ahl al-Bayt. I did not know him, and in my heart I said that I must examine him myself to know whether he is truly upon the truth or not.”

He continued:

“On my way to him, I said inwardly: If this person is truly upon the truth, I

ask Allah that the moment I enter, they bring me a glass of milk."

Then, with a meaningful smile, he would add:

"In a neighborhood such as *Hayy al-Qudat* in Baghdad, where Hadrat Sheikh resided, it was not customary to offer milk to a guest. Usually water or a sweet drink was offered, not milk."

He said:

"I entered, greeted them, and sat down. Only a few moments had passed when a servant entered carrying a tray and placed a glass of milk in front of me, saying:
'This glass of milk is from Baji Um

Nahro, the wife of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan.'"

The Hadith scholar said:

"A tremor seized my entire being, and I could no longer restrain myself. I placed the glass on the ground and cried out loudly:

Allahu Akbar!

If the women of this household are like this, then what must their men be like?"

In that moment, all his doubts collapsed. He asked no question, and no test remained. The answer had been given before it was spoken—

through action, and in the form of a clear and unmistakable sign.

Narrative 28 – When Reverence Was Broken

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the dervishes, who worked as an assistant cameraman in a film production company, came to me one day and said that for a project he was required to go for a period of time to a camp deep in the desert. Because of this, he would no longer be able to attend the takiya every week and would only come on his days off.

The second time I saw him, he was not in a good state. With distress, he said:

“In that camp, drinking alcohol, using drugs, and illicit relationships have become completely normal. The environment is very polluted, and I am under intense pressure. What should I do?”

I told him:

“Remaining in such an environment—especially while you are unmarried—is extremely dangerous. Request a transfer and do not go back there.”

But he did not accept this advice.

Some time later, when he came again, I saw that he had cut his long dervish hair, and that special dignity and presence known as “the majesty of dervishood” had vanished from his face. He truly resembled a majestic tiger that had been reduced to an ordinary kitten; the power that once existed in his gaze had been extinguished.

After that, I did not see him again.

However, some time later, his cousin—who was a committed and upright dervish of the takiya—related an incident whose hearing makes one tremble.

He said:

“The day my cousin had returned from leave, I went to my aunt’s house to see him. He was sitting behind a computer, working. My eyes fell upon a **daf** hanging on the wall—a daf upon which the emblem of the Path was inscribed.

I said to him:

‘Dear brother, is this not a pity? You were such a good dervish—you played the daf, you performed dhikr—and now all at once you have set everything aside?’

Suddenly, in anger, he waved his hand toward me and said:

‘Leave it, man!’

Before the last word had even left his mouth, the daf hanging on the wall suddenly burst apart with a strange sound.
The wooden frame shattered into pieces.
The skin of the daf—bearing the emblem of the Path—was torn into shreds, so that no trace of that sign or symbol remained.

It was as if the Path itself had answered the breaking of reverence at that very moment."

Final Reflection

The Path is not only dhikr, clothing, or outward form;
it is reverence.

As long as the heart remains within reverence,
objects also retain their sanctity:
the daf itself offers remembrance,
and the emblem of the Path remains preserved.

But when the tongue opens to disrespect
and the heart departs from the way,
even symbols can no longer endure.

That daf was not merely an instrument;
it was a mirror that showed

that the Path is not compatible with irreverence.

Narrative 29 – The Seal Between the Eyes

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the engineers at our company joined the Path many years ago. After some time, due to work-related problems, he left the company and gradually cut off all contact—both with me and with the Path—completely. This separation lasted for nearly six years, without any news or sign.

After those years had passed, one day he contacted me and said that he

wished to see me and renew his commitment to the Path. When he came to see me, before saying anything else, he asked:

“Do you want to know what happened that made me return after six years?”

He then related the following story:

“Some time ago, together with about twenty engineers from our company, we had gone to Kurdistan for a major project. At noon, we were all sitting in a restaurant for lunch. Suddenly, an elderly Kurdish man entered the restaurant. Without the slightest hesitation, he came straight toward me. He stood in front of me,

kissed the space between my two eyes, and said:

‘You are my brother. Whenever you come to this city, contact me and come directly to our home.’

Then, insistently, he gave me his phone number and left the restaurant.”

He continued:

“All the engineers were astonished and kept asking me what relation that man had to me, and why—among so many people—he had come only to me. At that very moment, I suddenly realized that the Path I had taken six years earlier had not been something superficial or a fleeting emotional

experience; there had been a real truth flowing within it, one that I had neglected."

What occupied his mind more than anything else was that kiss placed by the elderly dervish between his eyes—a simple gesture, yet one filled with meaning.

In this connection, many years earlier I had heard A narrative which, although I cannot judge with certainty the historical accuracy of all its details, carries a deep and thought-provoking meaning. It is related that in the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), a dervish was introduced to him, and it was said:

“He was one of the dervishes of your father, Shah Qadir.”

Hadrat Sheikh looked at him and said: “No, he was a dervish of my brother, Shah Hussein.”

Those present asked in astonishment: “Master, how did you determine this?”

In response, Hadrat Sheikh divided the dervishes into three groups and said:

“This group has pledged allegiance to me; this group to my brother Shah Hussein; and this group to my father Shah Qadir.”

When the close Khalifas, with insistence and oaths, asked about the

method of this distinction, Hadrat Sheikh said:

"I recognize them by the seal that is placed between their two eyes."

Narrative 30 – A Farewell in Tranquility

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the Path (male)

My father had suffered a stroke and was in a coma. We set out for the city where my family lived in order to see him. Along the way, while I was driving, I suddenly heard the voice of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q)—the previous master of

the Kasnazani Path—speaking in my ear. He said to me:

"Buy rosewater for your father and wash him with rosewater."

When we reached the first city on our route—which happened to be a city well known for its production of rosewater—I stopped to purchase it. My wife, deeply distressed, objected strongly and said: "Perhaps you imagined this, and it is possible that your father may survive. What you are doing will cause distress to all the relatives."

I said to her:

"When the master of the Path gives such an instruction, it means that my

father will no longer remain in this world."

Despite my wife's concern, I bought the rosewater and we continued our journey.

I remained beside my father for three days. On the final night, until close to dawn, I was sitting by his bedside, engaged in the recitations of the Path. Fatigue overcame me, and for a short while I lay down to rest.

After a brief time, I saw Hadrat Sheikh in a dream. He said to me:

"Get up, go to your father's bedside, and recite Surah Ya-Sin and Surah as-Saffat so that his soul may find peace."

I rose quickly from sleep, awakened all the family members, and we gathered around my father's bed. I began reciting the Qur'an. Before the echo of the final verse of Surah as-Saffat had faded from the air, my father took a deep breath and, calmly, surrendered his soul to the Giver of life.

A farewell without clamor, in silence and remembrance;
as though a soul that had lived for many years in this world, escorted gently, found its way toward its destination.

Narrative 31 – Return from the Threshold

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

I am about thirty years old. I spent many years of my life in India—moving among various temples, studying sitar music, and engaging with Indian mystical schools. From a material point of view, I lacked nothing, and socially I lived in comfortable circumstances. Yet the truth is that before becoming acquainted with the Path, due to my family's beliefs, I had no real knowledge of Islam and was practically unfamiliar with it.

During those years in India, I made three serious decisions to leave Islam and join the Indian mystical traditions. Each time, however, at the very last moment, an unexpected event disrupted everything.

Once, the teacher who was supposed to accept me as a disciple suddenly fell ill and our meeting was canceled. Another time, the means of transportation that was to take me to a temple broke down. And in the final attempt, when I succeeded in meeting one of the great masters, the moment he realized that I was a Muslim, he refused to accept me and said:

“Why do you, who are a Muslim, want to leave your religion? We must return to life many times to reach your station. You are at the final stage and are not sent back.”

After about five years of living in India, I returned to my country. Not long afterward, I began to experience shooting pains in my back, weakness in my legs, and a reduction in my eyesight. My father, who himself was a surgeon, took me to one of his physician friends. The diagnosis was shocking:

acute multiple sclerosis (MS).

They told me that because of my young age and the rapid progression

of the disease, I did not have much chance of continuing to live.

The doctor's prediction soon became reality. Both of my legs were paralyzed, I lost the vision in one eye, and the other eye became severely blurred. I was hospitalized in a private hospital—one in which my father was a shareholder.

Due to a sensitivity to one of the medications, during the first injection I had a severe reaction and…

I passed away.

Suddenly, I saw myself outside my body.

I felt as though I were suspended in the air near the ceiling of the room,

looking down at my yellow, lifeless body lying on the bed. I saw no sign of life in it. I touched myself; I was like vapor—fluid and weightless. I touched my arm; my hand passed through it. I touched my abdomen; again, my hand passed through.

I rose upward and passed through the ceiling of the room. I saw the floor above; a woman was in labor, and the doctor and assistants were intensely busy. I went higher; I saw the hospital rooftop and the surrounding buildings.

I said within myself:

I want to go higher… to wherever God has created;

I want to see whether what they say about death and the Resurrection is true.

Suddenly, a mysterious force set me in motion. With indescribable speed, I passed through luminous corridors—corridor after corridor. It is difficult to describe, as though I were moving from one dimension into another.

Before me, I saw a tall wall made of golden bricks, and a vast, radiant door like the gates of fortresses. On the door were beautiful, raised engravings. From behind it came the scent of flowers whose fragrance

could not be compared to any earthly smell.

I felt that I was under the observation of immense and spiritual beings. I asked:

Where is this place?

Without seeing anyone or hearing a voice, the meaning was conveyed directly to my heart:

“This is a place where everything is the reverse of the earth.”

I asked: What does that mean?

I was made to understand that the structure of this realm is inverted in relation to the material world.

I said: May I enter?

They said: You may, but you will not be pleased.

I asked: Why?

They said: Because you have done nothing for your religion.

In surprise, I said: My religion? Which religion? Do you mean Polytheism?

I was directed to look above the door. I raised my head and saw, written in raised golden letters: “There is no god but Allah; Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah.”

لا إله إلا الله، محمد رسول الله

An old Arabic script, without diacritical marks.

Suddenly, the scene changed. I saw the Indian teachers with whom I had wished to pledge years earlier. One by one, they came forward and, placing their index fingers on my forehead, pledged allegiance with me. They wore garments in shades of yellow, orange, and lemon.

After them, I saw the Prophet of Islam, Muhammad ﷺ. He was wearing a garment of purple; and just as purple stands at the highest end of the color spectrum, his station was higher than all others. I fell to my knees before him and pleaded that I be returned to the earth. With a nod of his head, he agreed.

That same force—this time with even greater speed—returned me.

When I opened my eyes, I was on the hospital bed.

Two nurses were anxiously standing over me. One of them said quietly, “Alhamdulillah, she’s back.”

I asked what had happened.

The head nurse said, “It was nothing; you had a reaction to the medication.”

I looked at my mother, who was crying beside me, and said:

“Mother, take these idols and throw them away.”

I tore apart the Ritual Beads that was around my neck, and its beads scattered across the floor.

I said:

“This is of no use to me. Bring me a Muslim rosary; I want to send blessings upon the Prophet.”

Three days after being discharged from the hospital, while I was in deep distress, through one of my friends I became acquainted with the Kasnazani Path and entered it.

By the grace of God and through the effort of Sheikh of the path, the symptoms of my illness rapidly diminished, and after a few months, my MS was healed.

When I showed the results of my latest tests to my doctor, he examined the documents for nearly half an hour. Then, in disbelief, he said:

"Your illness has improved by ninety-eight percent in a truly remarkable way."

Overwhelmed with joy, I could no longer contain myself and began shouting in the clinic.

Final Reflection

In this narrative, grace is revealed not only in the healing of the body, but in the restoration of the soul's direction. A journey that had begun among temples, schools, and scattered quests

comes to a halt at a threshold upon which the name of Allah and His Messenger is inscribed. What renders this experience even more profound is the narrator's prior unfamiliarity with religious texts—a sign that what was engraved upon her heart did not arise from memory, but from a truth beyond it.

This grace serves as a reminder that guidance sometimes begins through illness, sometimes at the brink of death, and sometimes through an unwilled return. And perhaps some human beings, before reaching their destination, must first go as far as its

edge—so that they may know where the path truly begins.

Narrative 32 – The Healing of Breast Cancer

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the Path (female)

For some time, my mother had been suffering from breast cancer. Out of love and compassion, however, she did not allow my brother and me to know about it. She and my father went through the process of medical consultations, tests, and imaging on their own, until they were completely certain of the diagnosis.

After the doctors' final opinion confirmed that surgery was necessary to remove the tumor, they informed us. Despite the natural concern we felt, we all consented to the operation, placing our trust in Allah.

Before the surgery, we asked Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q) for his prayers. With deep calm, he said:

"Insha'Allah, it will go well."

Alhamdulillah, the surgery was performed successfully. Some time later, my mother returned for a follow-up examination. After reviewing her condition, however, the doctor said that there was a

possibility the disease had spread and that a full scan would be necessary to determine the exact situation. This statement caused my mother intense worry and distress.

During those same days, I once again requested a specific dhikr from Hadrat Sheikh. With confidence, he said:

"This diagnosis is mistaken; your mother is healthy."

With complete trust and certainty, I and several friends began reciting that dhikr in the prescribed number. Throughout this period, I prayed constantly and, in private, asked Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path (Q) to

appear in my mother's dreams, to heal her, and to tell her:

"You have been healed."

Due to a nationwide holiday lasting about a week, the scan results were delayed for nearly a full week. That week was filled for me with prayer, remembrance, supplication, and waiting.

On the night before the results were to be announced, I saw a dream:

I saw my mother lying on a bed, and we were preparing her funeral. Suddenly, my mother opened her eyes. I cried out with tears and joy:

"My mother is alive… my mother is alive…"

The next day, after a week of waiting, the scan results were announced. The answer was clear and decisive:

There was no trace of a cancerous tumor in my mother's body.

By divine grace and through the attention of Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path, complete healing had been granted.

Some time later, my mother and I spoke about what had happened. With a remarkable calm, she said:

"One night I saw a strange dream. Just before dawn, shortly before the call to the morning prayer, a voice whispered in my ear:

‘Get up… you have been healed.’”

Upon hearing this, tears of joy flowed from my eyes, for it was exactly what I had asked of Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path in private—without ever having shared this request with my mother.

At that moment, I understood with my whole being how generous, compassionate, and noble Hadrat Sheikhs of this Path truly are, and how they do not leave unanswered even the prayer of a humble servant.

Alhamdulillah Rabb al-‘Alamin.

Final Reflection

What distinguishes this narrative from an ordinary course of medical treatment is the simultaneous presence of signs that transcend the realm of ordinary perception and experience: the announcement of healing before the scan results, a truthful dream, and an inspiration conveyed to the patient at dawn. This meaningful alignment between Hadrat Sheikh's words, the dream, the inspiration, and the medical reality points to an order that operates on a level higher than human calculation.

Here, grace does not negate science; rather, it appears in the precedence of meaning over matter—as though the news of healing was first issued in the unseen realm and only later confirmed in the visible world. This very precedence forms the essence of what is extraordinary.

Narrative 33 – Directions to Healing from Cancer

A narrative by the author of the book

One Friday, I was sitting in the takiya with several dervishes. At that time, our takiya was located inside an apartment complex, and its entrance opened onto the stairwell. Someone

rang the doorbell of the upper floor, and after a while, two women and a middle-aged man came up the stairs. First, they went to the floor above and spoke with the residents there, then they turned back and came downstairs. One of the women leaned her head into the takiya and excitedly said:

“Come, come—this is the place!”

Then, without any introduction, she said:

“My husband has cancer. In a dream, I was given the address of this place, and even the exact and winding route to reach it. I was told that if I bring my husband here and you pray

for him, he will be healed. There is just one point: they told us the third floor, but this is the second floor."

I replied:

"In fact, this is considered the third floor, because there is one level below the stairwell as well."

In any case, all three of them entered the Path there, and we also invited them to attend the weekly dhikr gathering.

The next day, my sister-in-law, who lived on the upper floor, saw me and said:

"Yesterday, three people came and insisted that we must heal one of them. One of them described the

layout of your takiya, the parquet flooring, and even the details of its interior decoration exactly. At that moment, I realized they were talking about your takiya."

Some time passed, and we heard nothing further from them. About a year later, during one of the weekly dhikr gatherings, those same two women came to the takiya. One of them, with deep gratitude, said:

"After we entered the Path, my husband was healed in a remarkable way and in a short time."

Narrative 34 – The Question of the First Night in the Grave

A narrative by the author of the book

Regarding the importance of prayer, I relate a striking and deeply unsettling event involving one of the workers at our factory—A narrative that offers a lesson for every awakened heart.

In *Nahj al-Fasahah*, it is reported from the Messenger of Allah ﷺ:

"The first matter for which a person will be called to account is prayer."

And he ﷺ also said:

"The best deeds in the sight of Allah are prayer performed on time, then

kindness to one's parents, and after that striving in the way of Allah."

With these two sayings in mind, consider the following event:

Several years ago, one of the workers at our factory saw in a dream that he had passed away. He saw his body being washed, while his family was crying and lamenting. He perceived himself as someone moving near the ceiling, watching the scenes unfold below. After the shrouding and burial, he was placed in the grave. Moments later, two angels in white garments came to him. According to his own account, their faces were neither ugly nor

frightening, yet their majesty and presence were such that a deadly fear overtook his entire being.

Their first question concerned prayer:

“Did you perform your prayers?”

He, who in his life had not held firm beliefs in such matters, had no answer but tears. The angels said nothing; they only nodded their heads—as though the response was being given from within his own being, not by his tongue.

They asked a second time:

“Did you fulfill the rights of your father and mother?”

Once again, his only response was tears.

They asked a third time:

“Did you observe the rights of people?”

And again, there was only weeping and a heavy silence.

After some time, he awoke from the dream in intense terror.

His crying was so severe that his eyes hurt for several days afterward. Later, he told his friends:

“I was made to understand that I would not live to see the coming Eid.”

At that time, about three months remained until Eid.

From the very next day, his life was transformed. He turned to prayer with complete seriousness, devoted himself to worship, and sought forgiveness from his parents and from those around him. The change was so sudden and drastic that some of his coworkers even mocked him.

Forty days after this event, one night the gas heater in their home malfunctioned. He took his wife and young child to his father-in-law's house and then returned to his own home. That same night, in his sleep, he died due to gas poisoning.

When his body was being placed in the grave, one of his three brothers

entered the grave with him. One of his coworkers burst into tears and told others that when this man had recounted his dream, he had said explicitly: “When they place me in the grave, this specific brother of mine will enter the grave.” And indeed, everything happened exactly as he had seen it in his dream.

What is truly remarkable is that the order of the questions in his dream corresponded precisely to the words of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ:

Prayer, then the rights of parents, and then the rights of people.

Some time later, I was recounting this story to a person who did not

believe in prayer and rejected it with denial and stubbornness. At that very moment, a friend of ours who is a physician entered the conversation without any introduction and said to that person:

"It would be better for you to take these matters seriously. One of my patients who recently emerged from a coma says only one sentence to everyone he sees:

'I do not know what you people are doing, but do not neglect prayer.'"

Final Reflection

At times, Allah shows us a sample of the reckoning of the Hereafter while

we are still in this world—not to terrify us, but to awaken us.

Prayer is not merely an outward act of worship; it is the pillar of a person's connection to truth. When this pillar collapses, the entire structure of one's spiritual life collapses with it.

This narrative reminds us that death is always sudden, but the questions are never sudden. They are prepared in advance, deep within the soul.

The angels only ask the questions; the true answers are given by a person's own conscience.

Blessed is the one who prepares those answers through action—before the first night in the grave—rather than with tears.

Narrative 35 – The Blessed Handkerchief

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

I had traveled to the city of Sulaymaniyah to attend the celebration of the noble Mawlid of the Prophet ﷺ. Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q) was present at that gathering, and I was seated in a place where I had the blessing of seeing his noble face.

In the midst of the ceremony, I saw that Hadrat Sheikh ate a small piece of chocolate, then wiped his blessed mouth with a paper handkerchief and handed it to an attendant. The attendant received it respectfully and placed it in his pocket.

At that very moment, only a brief thought crossed my mind:

"How is such a handkerchief used as a blessing, and what benefit does it have? Why do they keep it?"

That night, through someone who had gone to meet Hadrat Sheikh in person, three handkerchiefs were given to us as a blessing.

The very handkerchief with which his

blessed mouth had been wiped—together with two other handkerchiefs placed beneath and above it—came to me.

Some time later, I returned to my own city. During those same days, one of our relatives—a nine-year-old girl—contracted COVID-19. Her condition rapidly worsened, to the point that eighty-five percent of the child's lungs became infected. The doctors lost hope of treating her and told her mother:

"Go home and only pray. Usually, a patient in this condition and unconscious does not return."

Around that time, I saw a dream in which I was sitting in the presence of Sheikh Shamsuddin (Q), and my father—who had passed away two years earlier—was standing in the corridor opposite his home, with a girl the same age as the sick child standing beside him.

My father knocked, and I went to the door. He said to me, “Give me a handkerchief.”

I replied, “Father, let me return from the presence of Hadrat Sheikh first; we will talk together—right now it would not be proper.”

When I went back inside, Hadrat Sheikh asked, “What does he want?”

I said, “A handkerchief.”

He said, “Give it to him.”

I took three paper handkerchiefs from Hadrat Sheikh’s house and gave them to my father.

At that point, I awoke from the dream and immediately remembered the blessed handkerchief.

At once, I sent—not the blessed handkerchief itself, but the handkerchief that had been placed on top of it and had only been in contact with it—by taxi to the hospital, to the child’s mother.

With supplication and prayer, the mother passed that handkerchief

over her daughter's chest and lungs, and then returned home.

The next day, the hospital called her. She answered anxiously, thinking they were calling to inform her of her child's death. But the doctors said:

"Come to the hospital immediately."

When she arrived, the doctor said:

"I can only say that something extraordinary has occurred, and your daughter has been healed. This morning, when we came to check on her condition, we saw that the tube inside her lungs had come out, and with it all the infections had been expelled from her lungs. The lungs

were clear, and the patient's condition was completely good. This is while your daughter had been in a state of complete unconsciousness and could not have moved even slightly."

In any case, after two days of observation, the child was discharged from the hospital and returned home. This event brought tears of joy and astonishment to the eyes of all of us.

And it was then that we understood that on the path of the friends of Allah,
sometimes even the contact of a blessing with another blessing is enough,

and that Allah brings about great healing through the smallest means.

We will never forget this grace of the Path.

Narrative 36 – The Child Who Was Run Over, Yet Was Not Harmed

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

This narrative concerns an incident that happened to my child in the summer of this year. I recount it exactly as it unfolded for us.

One day, my family and I had gone to the seaside for recreation. It was around five in the afternoon, and we were preparing to return when

suddenly my youngest son—who was no more than two and a half years old—moved a short distance away from us. He had not gone more than a few meters when something occurred that will never leave my memory.

An American car belonging to a family nearby suddenly began reversing. Before our horrified eyes, the car moved backward and ran over the child, such that the wheel passed completely over his chest.

Amid the people's screams, the driver realized what had happened and stopped the vehicle. The child was trapped beneath the car. With

trembling hands, we pulled him out and immediately placed him in one of the cars and rushed him to the hospital.

At the hospital, after thorough examinations and radiographic imaging, something happened that is still difficult for me to believe:

The doctors announced that not the slightest injury had been inflicted on the child. No fractures, no internal bleeding, not even a serious bruise. My son was completely healthy.

A few days later, the very driver who had run over the child came to our home to visit him. When he entered, he saw the child playing. It

took him some time to believe that this was the same child who had been under the wheels of the car.

Explanation

A few days later, I brought my son's shirt to the takiya and showed it to those present. The imprint of the car tire was clearly visible on the shirt. In some places, the pressure of the wheel had been so intense that the fabric fibers were completely crushed and even torn.

Yet the child's body—which was more delicate and softer than anything that could have endured such pressure—had suffered not the slightest harm.

Narrative 37 – A Bone Fusing in a Matter of Moments

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the devoted dervishes of the Path, who worked at our factory as a welder, suffered a severe accident while on the job. While moving a load, his hand slipped beneath a crane hook, and his middle finger was crushed badly. The injury was so severe that the two upper segments of the finger were nearly torn off and were connected only by a small amount of skin.

His coworkers immediately took him to the hospital. After radiographic imaging was performed,

the doctors transferred him directly to the operating room. I personally saw the images: the bone in the two upper segments of the finger was fractured lengthwise and completely separated. The gap between the two halves of the bone was at least three to four millimeters—an unmistakable, complete fracture.

Given the condition, everyone assumed that even amputation of the finger was a serious possibility.

However, after the patient was taken into the operating room, something occurred that astonished everyone. As the surgeon examined the finger, he realized that the bones

were completely intact, with no sign of fracture at all. For several minutes, he examined the bone in amazement—as though what had appeared in the images no longer existed.

In the end, in a state of utter surprise, the surgeon performed only a few stitches and applied a dressing, then discharged the patient from the operating room.

Later, the surgeon himself said:

“In all my years of medical practice, I have never seen anything like this. All the evidence indicated that the bone was fractured and destroyed,

yet in reality the bone was completely intact."

By the grace of Allah and through the attention of Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path, the finger whose amputation had been a very real possibility was fully preserved, and this dervish regained the full health of his hand.

Narrative 38 – An Encounter Between Fear and Hope

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

About three years ago, when my husband had gone on a trip, I was alone with my two-year-old daughter. During that period, despite

being married, my behavior and outward state were disordered, and I had drifted far from many moral and spiritual restraints.

One night, in the borderland between sleep and wakefulness, a terrifying unveiling of Hell occurred to me—scenes so dreadful that they shook my very soul. With my whole being, I begged that my sins be forgiven and that I be granted a chance to make amends. When I awoke, my body was drenched in sweat and trembling with fear. The echoes of screams and horrifying images were still alive within me. I took my child in my arms and

immediately sought refuge in my mother's house.

From that point on, the course of my life changed. I cut ties with former friends, went out far less, and devoted my days and nights to worship. I became quiet, choosing silence out of fear that my words might harm someone or fall into backbiting. Constantly, I asked Allah for a sign—something to tell me whether my repentance had been accepted and whether I was on the right path—but I saw no answer and lived in a state of fear and anxiety.

A year after this event, on one autumn night, my husband and I

were asleep. For air circulation, an iron door that led from the stairway to the courtyard had been left half open. At one o'clock in the morning, while praying and weeping with a broken heart, I said: "O Allah, since You made me aware of my faults, I have done everything I believed to be right—but why do I see no sign? Where are those messengers You send for guidance?"

Suddenly, the sound of the iron door to the courtyard opening—despite how difficult it was to open—echoed loudly. I screamed in fear and tried to wake my husband, but he showed no reaction. I even struck his

side several times with my fist, yet he did not move, as though unconscious. Then I heard footsteps on the iron stairs leading down to the courtyard. I froze. Peering through the door, I first saw a cane, and then a middle-aged man wearing a black coat and a Kurdish scarf on his head. Without speaking, he came toward me. Strangely, a deep calm filled my entire being.

The man approached, placed his cane on the ground, sat on his knees before me, and looked into my eyes. Involuntarily, I asked: “Are you a messenger from Allah?” He smiled and gently nodded. I asked: “Has

Allah forgiven my sins?" He again affirmed with the same calm gesture. I asked: "Is it possible that my husband will abandon his addiction?" And then: "And my brother?" Each time, with the same serenity, he slowly nodded his head. Then he rose and, with a kind smile, vanished into the air like vapor.

Less than a week passed before my brother came to me and said that he had found a place where they helped him repent, and that since going there, his craving for drugs had ceased. At that moment, that night and that encounter came vividly back to my mind. I asked whether they

would help me repent as well. He said: “Yes—come with me on Thursday night.”

When we entered that place, my eyes fell upon a photograph on the wall: the very same man, wearing the same coat. In that instant, I knew that he was Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). Some time after my brother, my husband too came to the takiya, and just as had been promised in that encounter, both of them—who had struggled with addiction for years—abandoned it forever.

Final Reflection

At times, guidance does not appear in immediate answers, but reveals itself through patience intertwined with fear and hope. When the heart returns sincerely, signs arrive in their own time—not necessarily as we expect, but in the way that brings the deepest healing. On this path, divine mercy may enter through a door we never imagined, quietly yet decisively turning life back toward the light.

Narrative 39 – From Childlike Fear to the Healing of a Family

A narrative by the author of the book

Similar to the vision mentioned in the previous narrative, another account deserves to be told—one whose point of departure was not a conscious spiritual search, but a childlike and sincere fear.

One of the dervishes of the Path—who today is counted among the Khalifas—had a wife who had no belief in the Tariqa at all. Despite repeated invitations and persistent encouragement, she had not only never come to the takiya, but also did not allow their twelve-year-old son to accompany his father there. This opposition, especially in light of the severe nervous disorders from which

this woman suffered, had created serious tension within the family.

Some time ago, this Khalifa came to me and said:

“My son no longer sleeps alone at night, because he has seen Hadrat Sheikh in his room. Now either I or his mother has to stay with him until he calms down.”

At first, I assumed that the child had seen Hadrat Sheikh in a dream. I told him to bring the boy to me so that I could speak with him. When I spoke with the child, it became clear to me that what he had seen was while he was awake—not as a light or an unusual aura, but in a completely

natural manner. He described in detail how Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) had lowered His feet from above the wardrobe and come out from inside it. I said to him:

"My son, Hadrat Sheikh is thousands of kilometers away from you. He showed Himself to you so that you would know He is always with you and watching over you. You should not be afraid."

The child suddenly replied with complete sincerity and genuine surprise:

“Khalifa! If someone came out of your wardrobe, wouldn’t you be afraid yourself?”

Involuntarily, both his father and I burst into laughter—a laughter born not of denial, but of the pure honesty of a child’s perspective. After that, I spoke with him more calmly and admitted him into the Tariqa. This, in turn, transformed the fear that had taken root in his heart into a deep affection.

The blessings of this vision were not limited to the child’s peace of mind alone. The atmosphere of the family changed entirely; the wife’s ill-speaking, suspicions, and doubts

about the Tariqa disappeared, and she too joined the Path. Remarkably, at the same time as this spiritual transformation, her nervous illness also began to improve gradually.

Final Reflection

At times, Allah begins breaking the walls of denial and doubt through the simplest of hearts. A child—whose mind has not yet been clouded by calculations and prejudgments—can be a clearer mirror for receiving divine reassurance. And when fear is transformed into love, not only the heart of a child is changed, but the destiny of an entire family as well.

This is the work of guidance: quiet, without spectacle, yet profound and enduring.

Narrative 40 – The Qur'an Playing from a Silent Car

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the teenagers who had recently entered the Kasnazani Tariqa, together with his uncle by marriage—who had also newly set foot on this path—intended to travel from their city to ours in order to visit us and take part in the collective dhikr gathering. The teenager had lost his father many years earlier and lived alone with his mother.

According to their plan, they were to wake up early in the morning, perform the prayer, have breakfast, and then set out. The boy usually had difficulty waking up in the early hours, but that day, without anyone calling him, he awoke upon hearing the sound of the adhān. Calmly, he performed ablution, prayed, and then prepared for the journey together with his uncle by marriage.

While they were having breakfast, he, his uncle by marriage, his mother, and his aunt all noticed that the sound of the adhān had not stopped; instead, it had changed into the recitation of the Qur'an. The sound

continued and filled the space around them.

When the teenager went out into the yard to place their travel belongings, he suddenly realized that the sound of the Qur'an was not coming from the nearby mosque, but from inside his father's car—a car that had been left unused in a corner of the yard since his father's passing many years earlier and was completely inoperative. The vehicle neither started nor had any practical use.

Overcome with shock and fear, he hurried back into the house and told the others what he had discovered.

All of them went out into the yard and, in disbelief, saw that the car's radio was on and that the sound of Qur'anic recitation was coming from its speakers—until, after some time, the sound stopped.

After reaching their destination, the teenager and his uncle by marriage tearfully recounted what had happened to the people of the takiya. Later, the boy's aunt told me by phone that she was familiar with the voices of many muezzins and Qur'an reciters, but the voice they had heard that day resembled none of them. It was the voice of a young reciter, with a distinct, exceptionally beautiful, and

heavenly tone. According to her, it felt as though the sound was flowing toward that car from somewhere beyond the earth.

Those familiar with such matters know that a car battery is completely discharged after a relatively short time and no longer has the power to run a radio—let alone in a vehicle that has remained unused and turned off for years. This event, witnessed simultaneously by four people, was nothing but a sign of divine grace: a bestowal meant to calm hearts and to instill certainty in the hearts of those who had only recently taken their first steps on this path.

Narrative 41 – The Reiki Master Who Lost Consciousness

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a well-known master of the **Reiki** method came to our takiya, accompanied by several of his students. Reiki is a practice of Japanese origin, based on the transfer of energy through mental focus and the placement of hands. Its followers believe that Reiki can bring psychological calm, inner balance, and relief from mental and physical tension.

He was a recognized figure and held a respected position in international Reiki circles. At that time, however, I

did not know him personally and was unaware of his status or reputation.

In that gathering, as was customary, I spoke about the Tariqa for several people who were visiting the takiya for the first time. After the talk ended, that master openly stated—somewhat objectionably—that he had no intention of taking the Tariqa and had come only out of curiosity. I replied that entering the Tariqa is entirely voluntary and that no one is compelled to do so.

Moments later, while he was sitting kneeling on the ground, his condition suddenly changed. Without any warning, he collapsed face-down onto

the floor. His right hand was extended forward in a position resembling the posture of bay‘a (pledge), and his body began to tremble violently—tremors that were clearly visible and unmistakable.

I took his right hand—exactly as it was positioned in the posture of bay‘a—and gently asked him: “Would you like me to give you the Tariqa?”

Without uttering a word, he indicated his consent by repeatedly nodding his head. In that very state, the Tariqa was given to him. The moment the bay‘a was completed, the tremors in his body ceased, and he

became calm. He then sat up on the ground, visibly embarrassed.

After the collective dhikr ended and people were preparing to leave, that master approached me humbly, apologized, and said he was sorry for having lost consciousness in the takiya. At that moment, I did not fully understand the reason for his discomfort. Later, I realized that his unease stemmed from the fact that this unexpected state had occurred in front of his students—those who regarded him as a distinguished and authoritative teacher.

Final Reflection

In this narrative, grace is revealed not in refuting or affirming another path, but in the sudden surrender of the heart. What years of teaching, practice, and assertion had not brought about occurred in a single, unplanned moment. It was as though the heart found its way before the mind, and the body merely responded.

This account reminds us that guidance does not always begin with reasoning or conscious choice. At times, truth reveals itself without asking permission—not to humiliate, but to humble. And perhaps it is

precisely this humility that marks the first step onto the path.

Narrative 42 – The Invitation of an African Sheikh in the World of Dreams

A narrative by the author of the book

Sheikh **Ali Dabo** is a Qadiri Tariqa sheikh in Senegal, with disciples and followers in six different countries, numbering more than ten thousand. He traveled from Africa to Iraq in order to visit Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q) and to receive the bay‘a of the Tariqa directly from him. His destination

was the main takiya in the city of Sulaymaniyah, Iraq.

We asked him: What drew you from Senegal to this place?

He replied:
“In a dream, I saw Sheikh Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan Qadiri Husseini (Q). On his right side was the crown of divine vicegerency, and on his left side was the crown of divine sovereignty. At that very moment, I understood that Sheikh Shamsuddin is the sole true heir of the knowledge of the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT).

Then, in that same dream, I saw the tree of the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT). All of

its branches were cut except for one branch, upon which was written: *Kasnazani*. This dream was a clear sign for me. I became certain that the Kasnazanis are the true spiritual heirs of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.

After that, I searched and learned that the center and residence of this Tariqa is in northern Iraq. For this reason, I came to the main takiya in the city of Sulaymaniyah and took the bay‘a and covenant of the Qadiri Kasnazani Tariqa. Allah willing, I will also transmit this bay‘a to all the disciples who are with me.”

It should be noted that after Sheikh Ali Dabo returned to Senegal, he

began inviting his followers to the Qadiri Kasnazani Tariqa. During one of my journeys to Africa at his invitation, in my presence more than one thousand people entered the Kasnazani Tariqa and took the bay‘a.

It is also worth mentioning that what Sheikh Ali Dabo witnessed in his dream has been reported by many others as well.

For example,

on one occasion I myself was sitting with a group of visitors from different countries in the reception hall, waiting to meet Sheikh Shamsuddin (Q). The moment he entered, one of the great sheikhs of

the Qadiri paths—wearing very elegant Arab attire and possessing a large and imposing stature—went forward, fell at his feet, and said:

"Sir, you have no need to introduce yourself to anyone. The Messenger of Allah ﷺ introduced you to me and told me that in this time, you are his heir."

Final Reflection

This account shows that divine invitation is not confined by geography, language, or ethnicity. When a truth is rooted in divine light, it draws hearts to itself from the farthest corners of the world—

sometimes not through books or speech, but through dreams, inner witnessing, and inspiration. The dream of Sheikh Ali Dabo is a clear example of this reality: that the Tariqa, before being an outward path, is an inward call—one that connects souls to the source of light and spiritual authority.

Narrative 43 – Changing the Path Through a Dream

A narrative by the author of the book

One night, a man contacted me and said that he intended to come to our takiya with a group from another city. He said they would set out at

night and arrive early in the morning. That same morning, before sunrise, they came to the takiya.

Among them was an elderly, dignified man. He wore a fur cap on his head and a black overcoat. His face bore a distinct gravity and presence. With him was his son, whom I later learned was the imam of a mosque that this very man had built. A third man was also with them—a Kurdish man who was among the disciples of that elderly sheikh. He explained the matter to us as follows:

"This man is a well-known figure in his region and is known to possess

spiritual gifts. He is regarded as one of the elders of another Tariqa and held a special position with Hadrat Sheikh of that path, who resided in the city of Anbar in Pakistan. Some time ago, that sheikh passed away, and this man, along with a group of disciples, traveled to Pakistan to give bay‘a to his successor. On the night they arrived there, he saw the deceased sheikh in a dream. Hadrat Sheikh said to him:

‘Do not give bay‘a to the new sheikh. Our Tariqa has come to an end. Now only one Tariqa remains, and it is in the hand of Sheikh Muhammad Kasnazan.’

After this dream, they all returned to their city and began asking about Sheikh Muhammad Kasnazan. Since I was familiar with the Kasnazani Tariqa, I brought them to you."

In this way, all of them entered the Tariqa and gave their bay'a.

After the ceremony ended, one of the dervishes who was present in our takiya turned to the elderly man with surprise and said:

"Sheikh, you yourself were among the elders of another Tariqa. Why did you change your path?"

The man replied with deep calm and a firm tone:

“Now is the time of the end of times. In such an era, a person must place his hand in the hand of a trustworthy sheikh who is authorized by Allah.”

Final Reflection

This narrative shows that on the path of truth, attachment to names and titles holds no real value. What matters is sincerity of intention and submission to divine guidance. A man who himself possessed rank and spiritual gifts, when shown a divine sign in a dream, set aside his position and reputation and bowed only to the command of truth.

In the Tariqa, a person's worth is not measured by *remaining* where he is, but by *recognizing* and *accepting* the truth. At times, the greatest test for a seeker is to pass beyond what he has been known for over many years in order to reach what is truly right.

This story teaches us that in times of trials and confusion, seeking refuge with a trustworthy sheikh who is divinely affirmed is not a sign of weakness, but a sign of awakening and spiritual maturity.

Narrative 44 – Build a Takiya in My Name

A narrative by the author of the book

Years after that event, the same elderly man mentioned in the previous narrative passed away and returned to Allah's mercy. Some time after his death, his son contacted me and invited us to come to their region for inviting people to tariqa. I set out with a group of dervishes and traveled there.

Beside their house stood a small, old takiya bearing the name **Abdulqadir Jilani**. They took us to that takiya, where we held a gathering of dhikr. The simple and intimate

atmosphere of the place carried a special presence, as though years of remembrance and supplication had settled into its walls.

After the gathering ended, the son of the elderly man told me that this takiya had been built by the command of Hadrat Ghawth al-Azam **Abdulqadir Jilani (Q)**. Seeing my surprise, he explained:

"Thirty years ago, when my father was still alive, he saw a luminous old man in a dream. He had long hair and a white beard, and his face was filled with dignity and awe. That old man said to my father:

‘I am Abdulqadir Jilani. Come with me.’

In the dream, my father left the house and followed him. The old man picked up a piece of wood from the ground and drew a rectangle on the soft, muddy earth beside the house. Then he said:
‘Build a takiya here and give it my name.’

When my father awoke in the morning, he was astonished to see that the rectangular lines were still visible on the ground, and the piece of wood—its tip smeared with mud—was lying there as well. That dream was no longer a simple dream; it was

a clear sign. My father immediately decided to build a takiya there and name it after Abdulqadir Jilani (Q). The takiya you see today is the result of that command."

Final Reflection

At times, Allah establishes houses of remembrance and light through the simplest of means: a truthful dream, a line drawn upon the earth, and a heart ready to obey. No great wealth or outward formality is required; what truly matters is sincerity and surrender.

Narrative 45 – Dhul-Fiqar of Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH)

A narrative by the author of the book

From childhood, an unconscious yet deep and distinctive love for Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH) lived within my heart. Whatever I heard about him, I followed with eagerness, striving to form a clearer image in my mind of his character, conduct, and spiritual greatness. Among all the signs and attributes associated with him, the sword **Dhul-Fiqar** always held a special and mysterious place for me; it felt as though this sword was not merely a weapon, but a symbol of justice, courage, faith, and divine

power. For years my mind was occupied by the differing opinions found in various sources regarding the form and nature of Dhul-Fiqar. Some have described it as a double-edged sword, split at the tip into two blades—an image that has taken root in the public imagination and is commonly depicted in paintings, banners, and works of art.

In contrast, a number of historical researchers believe that Dhul-Fiqar was an ordinary sword whose spine was fashioned in a segmented or ridged manner—meaning that it had regular grooves or protrusions resembling the vertebrae of the

human backbone. According to this view, the name “Dhul-Fiqar” itself derives from this characteristic, since *fiqar* in Arabic refers to the vertebrae of the back.

This divergence in descriptions always raised questions for me: why, after centuries, does disagreement still persist regarding the outward form of Dhul-Fiqar? And why has this sword, more than many other historical relics, remained enveloped in layers of mystery and meaning?

Years ago, a group of women from our takiya, under the supervision of my wife—who was the khalifa of the takiya—set out for Sulaymaniyah to

visit **Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q)**. Among them were a mother and her daughter, who had entered the Path only about ten days earlier. The daughter was a fourth-year university student in the field of art and did not yet have a deep familiarity with the concepts of the Tariqa.

During the journey, while they were seated in the minibus, the girl's state suddenly changed, as though she had entered another realm. Her body began to tremble and grew intensely cold. Seeing this, the mother embraced her and began to cry in distress. My wife immediately went

to them and told the mother not to interfere, explaining that the girl had entered a spiritual state and would soon return to normal.

A few minutes later, the girl gradually regained her ordinary condition. With tears in her eyes, she said:

“I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad holding a sword. That sword split into two swords. He pointed it toward my neck, and a light emanated from it that encompassed the entire universe.”

When I heard this account, it became clear to me that Dhul-Fiqar, as it is often depicted in images as a

double-edged sword, possesses a living and flowing reality—and that its heir in every age is the wali and ghawth of the time. From that point on, Dhul-Fiqar was no longer, for me, a historical or theoretical subject, but a spiritual truth and a living presence within the journey of the Tariqa.

Some time later, in the presence of the current master of the Path, **Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q)**, the subject of Dhul-Fiqar was raised. With the utmost respect, I said: "Master, in this time you are the bearer of Dhul-Fiqar, and before you, your father was its bearer as well."

He nodded his head and expressed something that I do not permit myself to relate. Yet, dear friends, have no doubt that in this time he is indeed the bearer of Dhul-Fiqar, and that the sword of Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH) manifests in every age in the hand of the wali of the time.

Final Reflection

Today, when I think of Dhul-Fiqar, my mind is no longer preoccupied with its outward form. Whether it was a double-edged sword or a blade with a ridged spine is secondary compared to the truth that Dhul-Fiqar represents. Dhul-Fiqar carries a

meaning: decisiveness in truth, courage born of faith, and unwavering steadfastness on the path of divine justice. Dhul-Fiqar is the boundary between truth and falsehood—the point where doubt ends and the divine will becomes manifest.

In the hand of Amir al-Mu'minin Ali (PBUH), this sword was not an instrument of war, but a language of truth—a language through which oppression retreated and light overcame darkness. And when today one speaks of the "bearer of Dhul-Fiqar," what is meant is the inheritance of that very truth: the

inheritance of the responsibility of guidance, the inheritance of courage in the face of falsehood, and the inheritance of standing for Allah, even if the entire world stands against a person.

Narrative 46 – The Banner of the Prophet's Representation ﷺ

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the Path (male)

In the year 2007, when hostility and attacks against Sufi paths in Iraq had intensified and everywhere there was talk of terrorism and extremism, I was spiritually exhausted and deeply discouraged. I felt as though

everything was collapsing, and the pressure of that atmosphere had worn down our spirits.

One day in the takiya, I brought the banner and placed it in the center. I spread my own mat in the middle as well, sat down, and while engaged in dhikr, I spoke inwardly to Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). With insistence and from the depths of my heart, I said:

"O my master, what is the truth of this matter? Why all these accusations and pressures? Where do we stand, and which path is the right one? Our spirits are exhausted—show us Yourself."

With this state, that night I fell asleep and saw a dream that clarified my understanding forever.

In the dream, I saw myself with an elderly man with a white beard, dressed in white clothes and wearing a white cap—very similar to one of the Khalifas from our region. We were standing in Mecca, at ‘Arafat, beside the pillar of Jabal al-Rahma, the place where the Prophet ﷺ stood during the Farewell Pilgrimage. There, a large, royal wooden throne was brought and placed before us. I asked the elderly man:

“For whom is this throne?”

He replied, “Wait a little—you will see.” At that moment, a figure appeared, radiant with a bright golden light. I felt a sudden anxiety and asked the elderly man, “Who is this?”

He said, “Do not be afraid. This is your grandfather, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.”

I saw the Prophet ﷺ come forward and sit upon the throne, directly facing that pillar, like a pulpit from which sermons are delivered. Before us stretched a vast arena where all the Sufi orders were lined up in ranks—orderly, like an army, each group standing in its place. In front of the

field stood a mountain of smooth, white stone.

The Prophet ﷺ said:

“Whoever is able to ascend this mountain is my representative in the world—he is the one who represents me in word, deed, and state.”

At first, the followers of a spiritual path well known in North Africa were called forward. They began to ascend, but after reaching about a quarter of the mountain, they suddenly slipped and fell back down. Then came the seekers of another path historically associated with Egypt and its surrounding regions. After them arrived the adherents of a lineage

known for its silent remembrance and inward spiritual discipline, and then a group from a well-known order recognized for its passionate, vocal gatherings of remembrance. Each group advanced only halfway before losing footing and rolling back down like a stone.

Finally, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad came forward. The dervishes behind him were proclaiming loudly, “Hayy Allah, Hayy Allah,” with banners raised high. When Hadrat Sheikh reached the presence of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ, the Prophet ﷺ rose joyfully from his place and said:

“Welcome, my son. This is my representative. He is from me.”

Then he pointed toward the mountain and said:

“Go, my son. Move toward the mountain.”

Hadrat Sheikh said:

“O dervishes, make dhikr—Hayy Allah, Hayy Allah,”

and he began moving toward the mountain.

At that moment, I said to the elderly man beside me:

“This is my Sheikh—my master in this world.”

He replied:

“My son, now you understand the standing of your Sheikh with the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.”

Hadrat Sheikh and the dervishes began to ascend. When they reached halfway up the mountain, some of the dervishes at the rear began to slip. Suddenly, I saw Hadrat Sheikh’s hand extend in an extraordinary manner, as though stretching hundreds of meters. Every dervish who was on the verge of falling was grasped by him and placed back upon the mountain, not allowing them to fall.

Then Hadrat Sheikh turned toward the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and said:

“O Messenger of Allah, whoever walks behind me, I will not allow him to fall.”

Then all of them reached the summit of the mountain, chanting dhikr, with banners raised.

At that moment, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ rose once again and proclaimed in a loud voice:

“This is my son. This is my representative.
He is the one who enacts my words, my actions, and my state upon the earth.”

Final Reflection

This vision is not merely a spiritual image; it is a profound message for the people of the Tariqa and for all seekers of the path of truth. Its message is clear: representing the Messenger of Allah ﷺ is not achieved through names or slogans, but through sincerity, self-sacrifice, the acceptance of responsibility, and the ability to preserve and support the servants of Allah.

Where others advance only halfway and then slip, the true heir not only remains firm himself, but also reaches out and holds others, not

allowing them to fall. This is the true meaning of spiritual succession:

"To save, to preserve, and to raise human beings— not merely to ascend oneself."

This vision was an answer to spiritual exhaustion, to doubts, and to the storms of accusations and slander. It showed that amid the noise that associates Sufism with extremism and violence, there still exists a living and luminous path—a path founded on love, service, and a genuine bond with the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.

And perhaps its most important message is this:

Any Sheikh who is able to hold his followers steady in the storms of the age and not allow them to fall is not merely a guide, but a refuge;
and being a refuge is a defining quality of the true heirs of the Prophet ﷺ.

Narrative 47 – The Hand That Reached Karbala

A narrative by the author of the book

In the previous narrative, mention was made of the hand of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad extending and grasping the hands of disciples at the moment of danger. In this same connection, I find it

necessary to share with you a story that one of the resident Khalifas of the Sulaymaniyah takiya in Iraq recounted to me some time ago—a story that conveys the same meaning, though in a different form.

Some years ago, during the days of Arbaʿeen, one of my dear friends—among the senior and long-serving Khalifas of the Tariqa in Iranian Kurdistan—set out from Sulaymaniyah with a caravan of Iranian pilgrims toward Karbala, intending to visit Imam Hussein (PBUH).

A few days later, the caravan returned—but he was not among the

vast crowd of pilgrims. His companions reported with great anxiety that he had become lost in the congestion along the route, and that they had no news of him whatsoever.

Days passed. One day, two days—then more than ten days. There was no word from him: no phone call, no message, no trace. Hearts grew anxious, and an air of worry settled over everyone.

That night, I withdrew into solitude. I turned to prayer and supplication, and with all my being I asked Sheikh Shamsuddin (Q) to return him safely from Karbala. As I sent blessings upon

the Prophet and immersed my heart in remembrance, a wondrous scene suddenly appeared before the eye of my heart:

I saw the blessed hand of Hadrat Sheikh extend in a manner beyond description—as though no distance existed between Sulaymaniyah and Karbala. That hand reached Karbala, lifted that Khalifa, and brought him back toward the takiya.

The very next day, the same person whom everyone said was lost in Karbala—and who did not even know the Arabic language—entered the door of the takiya with complete calm and confidence: safe, composed,

and without the slightest sign of distress or confusion.

When I saw him, I embraced him out of sheer joy and said, "Khalifa! Everyone said you were lost!"

A gentle smile appeared on his face—a smile born of certainty, not excitement. And in a firm, assured voice he replied:

"A dervish of Sheikh Shamsuddin does not become lost."

Narrative 48 – Visiting the Messenger of Allah ﷺ

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, one of the Khalifas from Kurdistan—who has since passed on to the mercy of Allah—came to our takiya, bringing with him a middle-aged man whom he introduced as a senior figure from the military establishment. After some time, the Khalifa drew me aside and said:

"This man is an old family friend of mine and lives in this very city. I have spoken with him many times about the Tariqa, but although he is a deeply religious and believing person, he has never shown any inclination toward it. Two nights ago I was a guest in his home. We were sitting together late into the night, talking

about various matters, when suddenly and without premeditation I said to him:
‘Would you like to visit the Messenger of Allah ﷺ?’
He looked at me in astonishment and said:
‘Me? To visit the Messenger of Allah ﷺ?’ I said: ‘Yes.’
He replied:
‘Tell me what I must do. If you say I must climb a mountain tonight, I will do it.’ I said:
‘There is no need to climb a mountain. Come and take the Tariqa.’”

I myself was surprised at the boldness with which such words had come from my tongue. Yet without hesitation he extended his hand and said, “Give me the Tariqa.” And so I gave him the Tariqa.

The following day, he recounted what he had seen that night in a dream. He said that he entered a room in which he saw the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) seated together on a couch, on the left side of the room, facing the doorway, engaged in conversation. Hadrat Sheikh was seated to the right of the Prophet ﷺ. When the man entered,

the Prophet ﷺ noticed him but did not turn His blessed face toward him, remaining focused on Hadrat Sheikh. Hadrat Sheikh, who was facing the doorway, indicated to him with a gesture of the head to come forward, and he advanced.

At that moment, the Prophet ﷺ addressed Hadrat Sheikh and said: “Muhammad, my son, who is this person?”

Hadrat Sheikh replied: “Master, he is among the disciples of the Tariqa.”

The Messenger of Allah ﷺ asked: “What does he seek from me?”

Hadrat Sheikh answered:
“He wishes, if you permit, to visit and kiss your blessed hand.”

The Prophet ﷺ said:
“Since you wish it, let him come and make the visitation.”

Without turning His blessed face toward him, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ extended His right hand. The man kissed the blessed hand.

For nearly two years, this man attended the takiya regularly and during that time was a disciplined and sincere dervish. Yet a question always lingered in my heart: why did the Messenger of Allah ﷺ neither turn His gaze toward him when he

entered the room, nor even at the moment of the visitation?

After some time, the man retired from his post and became involved in activities that were, at least outwardly, not free of problems. From that point on, his visits to the takiya became less frequent, and his outlook toward the Tariqa gradually changed—until he was no longer the same person he had been before, and eventually abandoned the Tariqa altogether.

Final Reflection

This event has always reminded me of a profound truth:

Grace and divine favor mark the beginning of the path; they are not a guarantee of its completion. Dreams, visitations, and heavenly signs—if not accompanied by steadfastness, sincerity of intention, and faithfulness in action—may remain no more than beautiful memories rather than becoming a lasting path.

Perhaps the Messenger of Allah ﷺ not turning His gaze was a silent warning—a warning that outward closeness is not enough. What preserves a person within the gaze of mercy is perseverance in the covenant and purity of the path.

The Tariqa begins with taking a hand,
but it is sustained only by giving one's whole being.

Narrative 49 – Seeking Help from the Master of the Tariqa

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the Path (male)

On a cold winter afternoon, a group of dervishes and I were sitting in the presence of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), benefiting from his luminous words and counsels. The gathering was proceeding in a state of special serenity, and hearts were immersed in silence and attentive

presence. Suddenly, Hadrat Sheikh interrupted his speech and fell into a long silence—a silence whose weight settled upon our souls and drew everyone into a state of expectancy and reverent humility.

Then, in a calm yet penetrating voice, he said:

"A good dervish is beloved to the master of the Tariqa. If he walks correctly upon the path of Shari'a and Tariqa, he reaches a station where the master of the Tariqa loves him even more than his own child. But if that same dervish ruins himself, if he fails to preserve the sanctity of the path and severs his heartfelt bond with the

Truth, he may reach a point where, even when a wolf is tearing him apart and he seeks help from his master, the master turns away from him."

These words were astonishing and deeply unsettling to us. No one dared to ask a question, and the atmosphere became filled with contemplation and bewilderment. The gathering ended in that same state, yet Hadrat Sheikh's words remained in our hearts like an unanswered question.

The following day, news reached us that in one of the surrounding villages, a dervish had been attacked by a wolf the previous afternoon and had lost his life. Upon hearing this

news, the silence of the previous day's gathering and the words of Hadrat Sheikh took on an entirely new meaning for us. What had seemed like a metaphorical statement had, in a striking manner, manifested in the external world.

Final Reflection

This event teaches us that the bond between a disciple and the master is not merely a verbal or emotional relationship, but a living covenant and a continuous responsibility. Seeking help from the master of the Tariqa has meaning only when one has already preserved the sanctity of

the path and safeguarded the trust of the spiritual journey in both heart and action. If a dervish turns away from Shari‘a and Tariqa, if he entrusts his heart to heedlessness, ego, and desire, then even his cry for help may prove ineffective—not because mercy has been withdrawn, but because the vessel of receptivity within him has been broken.

This story is a gentle yet profound warning: the Tariqa is not preserved through claims, but through sincerity, vigilance, and faithfulness. The love of the master of the Tariqa is a great blessing, but preserving it requires Allah-consciousness, proper conduct,

and steadfastness on the path. Whoever sets foot on this way must know that true safety lies not in names or affiliations, but in keeping the living bond of the heart with the Truth—and acting according to its demands.

Narrative 50 – The Ever-Present Companionship of the Spiritual Masters

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

After the passing of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Sultan), I would often hear from Sheikh Shamsuddin that he used to say:

“Sultan is present and remains beside you.”

For a long time, I wondered what was truly meant by these words and how such a presence could be understood, that the Sheikh would speak of it with such certainty.

One day, when I had traveled to Sulaymaniyah and visited the sacred resting place of Sultan, the same thought returned to my mind. Suddenly, I was overtaken by a deep spiritual state. In that moment, I witnessed that beside me stood the Sheikh and Sultan, and next to Sultan was Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani (Q).

Then I felt myself being lifted upward. I saw that everyone present in that blessed place had these three noble masters standing beside them. As I rose higher, I observed that for every dervish present in the takiya Sulaymaniyah, there stood one Sheikh Shamsuddin, one Sultan, and one Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani (Q) by his side. I was lifted still higher and saw that across the entire world, beside every dervish, these three blessed figures were present — a sign of the constant care, spiritual guardianship, and enduring connection of the Sheikhs of Tariqa with those who walk this path.

Narrative 51 – Seeking Help from Sheikh of the Tariqa by an American Physician

A narrative by the author of the book

This account is presented solely as a historical narrative. No one should attempt to imitate or repeat such acts, as they may involve serious danger.

These events belong to a specific historical context and are not part of the current teachings or practices of the Kasnazani Tariqa. Today, such actions are strictly prohibited, and anyone attempting them would expose themselves to serious and potentially life-threatening risks.

This narrative is therefore presented only for reflection and understanding, and to convey the deeper meaning of trust in God, spiritual reliance, and the manifestation of divine power.

Years ago, certain extraordinary practices were permitted within the Kasnazani Tariqa under specific spiritual authorization. At times, acts such as piercing the body with blades or spears, entering fire, and similar physically dangerous demonstrations took place. These were never intended as spectacle or self-display, but rather as a means of awakening hearts and demonstrating the

absolute weakness of human power before the power of Allah.

For many years now, however, the masters of the Tariqa have completely prohibited such practices. Today, the path of guiding hearts relies more than ever on knowledge, awareness, remembrance of God, purification of the self, and inner transformation—not on outwardly dramatic acts.

In the Noble Qur'an, divine miracles are consistently accompanied by fear and awe:

- the transformation of the staff of Prophet Moses (PBUH) into a mighty serpent,

- The splitting of the sea for the Children of Israel,
- The raising of the dead by Prophet Jesus (PBUH),
- And the fire becoming cool and safe for Prophet Abraham (PBUH).

All of these were signs of Allah's absolute power, shaking hearts and directing humanity to its own incapacity before the majesty of the Lord.

Allah the Exalted says:

"And We do not send the signs except as a means of fear and awakening."
(Qur'an, Surah al-Isra', 17:59)

With this clarification, I now return to the narrative itself.

One of the Khalifas of the Kasnazani Tariqa in the United States was my friend, the late **Dr. Howard Hall**, who passed away about a year ago. He was a physician working in a hospital in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. At a time when AIDS had spread globally and medical science was unable to offer a definitive cure, he attempted to address the disease through alternative medicine—approaches outside the framework of conventional classical medicine.

His research into supernatural healings and unconventional treatments led him to become acquainted with the Kasnazani Tariqa. Seeking to meet the master of the Tariqa at that time, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), he traveled to Baghdad.

In a gathering held in the presence of Hadrat Sheikh, dervishes began striking daggers into their heads, passing metal skewers through their bodies, and performing other extraordinary acts. These scenes initially caused Dr. Hall to doubt and to view what he witnessed as a form of illusion or sleight of hand.

In response to his doubt, Hadrat Sheikh asked him whether he himself wished to experience such an act. Upon his consent, one of the Khalifas passed a metal skewer through one side of Dr. Hall's face and out through the other. After confirmation, the skewer was removed.

Dr. Hall observed with astonishment that the skewer had passed cleanly through his body. He experienced no significant pain, no infection occurred, and the wound healed within a short time.

This experience became the prelude to his formal entry into the Tariqa. Thereafter, he began writing

numerous scientific articles on the supernatural healings associated with the Kasnazani Tariqa and presented them at many international conferences.

I maintained a close friendship with this American scientist for many years, and by the instruction of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), we jointly authored a book on supernatural healings.

In addition to academic articles, Dr. Hall repeated in certain seminars the same act he had experienced in Baghdad. By connecting EEG devices and various electronic monitoring systems to his body, he demonstrated

that this type of healing—performed through seeking assistance from the master of the Kasnazani Tariqa—is entirely different from hypnosis or from the practices of Indian or Brazilian ascetics.

He stated that dervishes of the Kasnazani Tariqa possess the capacity to perform such astonishing acts regardless of whether they had entered the Tariqa twenty years earlier or only moments before; regardless of whether they truly believed in the Tariqa or not; regardless of whether they desired to perform such acts or felt any inclination toward them.

His findings showed that the ability to perform these acts had no connection to psychological traits, spiritual talents, or physical abilities. Nor was there any correlation between this capacity and a person's level of faith, desire, interest, or personal need.

EEG measurements revealed no changes in brain waves during the performance of these acts.

In summarizing his research, Dr. Hall concluded:

"It appears that during these acts, the dervishes are placed in the hands of a power that lies beyond the limits of matter."

And we understand this “power beyond the limits of matter,” spoken of by scientists, to be none other than the power of Allah—Which, by divine permission, is in every age placed at the disposal of one of His great saints: the master of the Tariqa.

To return now to the main theme of this book, I will recount a story that the late Dr. Hall once told me about one of his scientific conferences. He said:

“In November 2002, I decided to attend an international conference on Chinese therapeutic methods. The

conference hosted many prominent scientists in the field of energy healing, representing different schools, associations, and research traditions.

I decided to demonstrate, before the audience, a practical example of intentional injury followed by rapid healing, in order to illustrate the effect of spiritual connection and the energy field. Before the conference, I contacted Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) by email and informed him of the exact date and time of the planned experiment. At that time, I assumed he needed to know the precise timing in order to

establish the spiritual connection—an assumption I later realized was quite simplistic.

The appointed day arrived, and the conference hall was filled with specialists and researchers. Before beginning the experiment, I focused inwardly for a few moments, directing my heart toward Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) to establish spiritual connection and protection.

About one minute later, I passed a metal skewer through my cheek. The participants observed the scene very carefully. About three minutes later, while the skewer was still in place, a

group of scientists interviewed me and asked about my physical condition and inner state.

After the interview, I removed the skewer. Only a few drops of blood appeared, and within about a minute the bleeding stopped completely. Roughly ten minutes later, the wound was barely visible—only a tiny mark, similar to a needle point, remained.

At that moment, Dr. Konstantin Korotkov, Professor of Physics at Saint Petersburg State Technical University in Russia, who had been invited to present his research on Gas Discharge Visualization (GDV), addressed the audience and said:

‘If you are certain that this ability is given to you by an external force, allow me to image that force.’

His proposal was accepted. It was agreed that the following day, after the official program of the seminar had concluded, the researchers would remain in the hall so the test could be conducted.

I did not have time for detailed prior coordination and was only able to send a short email to Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q), informing him of the approximate time of the next day’s test.

The next day, in the presence of all participants, Dr. Korotkov first

performed a baseline measurement of my body's energy field and displayed the results on the monitor. He then asked me to increase my energy field.

At that moment, I said inwardly: 'Sheikh Muhammad, I hope you are here now...'

With a mixture of awe and uncertainty, and without any prior preparation, I inwardly asked for his spiritual help.

Suddenly, something astonishing happened: all the computers connected to Dr. Korotkov's system shut down. Despite repeated attempts, they would not restart.

Eventually, they were forced to replace the main computer.

After the new system was installed and running, I again repeated my inward call for help. This time the devices functioned normally, and the GDV system recorded a dramatic increase in my body's energy field—an increase so clear and unexpected that it caused a wave of astonishment among all the scientists present."

Final Reflection

This account is not related to create amazement, nor to prove miracles, nor to encourage extraordinary physical acts. Its purpose is only to

point to a deeper truth: that beyond the material world, there exists a living and active power which, when it wills, brings the apparent laws of nature under its command.

But this power is not in human possession, nor is it a tool for display. It flows only by Allah's permission and through His true friends. Real spiritual seeking is neither a loud outward cry nor a theatrical act; it is a sincere inner connection between the servant and the source of divine power.

Today, the Tariqa teaches us that the greatest miracle is a sound heart; the greatest sign is transformed

character;
and the highest divine intervention is that a human being awakens from heedlessness and returns to sincere servanthood.

If one day a skewer passed through the cheek and left no wound, today selfishness must pass through the heart and leave no trace.
If one day fire became cool upon the body, today the fire of the ego must be extinguished within.
And this is a grace greater than all outward wonders.

Narrative 52 — The Deception of Satan

A narrative by the author of the book

For a period of time, many people came to us with unusual psychological and spiritual disturbances—conditions commonly described among the public as being "bewitched," "possessed," or "afflicted by jinn." Most of these individuals improved after taking the Tariqa, either immediately or gradually over time.

At that time, I had gathered numerous photographs and case reports related to such instances and

intended to publish them in scientific psychology journals.

I contacted the late Dr. Howard Hall—whom I described earlier in this book, a psychologist in the United States—and discussed the matter with him. I also sent him part of the documentation and images.

My proposal was that we correspond with American psychological journals and research centers and present the hypothesis that jinn and unseen entities may be contributing factors in certain mental and psychological illnesses.

No one except Dr. Hall and myself knew of this plan. Yet after some

time, quite unexpectedly, we were contacted by the spiritual master of the Tariqa at that time, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). He instructed:

"Stop all this work. Delete the reports and images, and come to Sulaymaniyah within two weeks."

One day before Dr. Hall arrived from America, I met Hadrat Sheikh in person. With a serious tone he said:

"What are these things you intend to do?"

I tried to explain, but he said:

"Khalifa, you do not need to say anything. I am Sheikh of the Tariqa. I am aware of what is in your heart."

Then he recited the verse:

"*Qala fa-bi'izzatika la-ughwiyannahum ajma'in*" (A'raf 7:16) "[Satan] said: By Your might, I will surely mislead them all."

The moment these words left Hadrat Sheikh's lips, it was as if a complete program had been downloaded into my heart. I suddenly understood that deception (ighwā') of Satan does not mean only an open invitation to sin. The deeper deception is that Satan hides himself and shows Allah to the person—leading him toward something that appears divine and in service to

Allah's servants, while inwardly planting seeds of fear, arrogance, and deviation.

Hadrat Sheikh then said:

"Our work is not with jinn.
Jinn belong to the lower realm.
Our work is with the Light of Allah, with the angels, and with the higher realm."

In that instant, I realized that we had unknowingly stepped into a path of satanic deception. Our intention had been service, but the likely outcome of our work would have been the spread of fear and anxiety among people—and fear is one of the

strongest gateways for satanic influence.

In the Noble Qur'an it is stated:

"Fa-qatilu awliya' al-shaytan; inna kayda al-shaytan kana da'ifa" (Nisa' 4:76)

"So fight the allies of Satan; indeed, the scheme of Satan is ever weak."

This verse clearly declares that Satan's plot is inherently weak—but on one condition: resistance. Allah does not say "sit and watch"; He says "fight." Satan is weak before the one who stands, is aware, and resists.

One day I recited this verse in a gathering. Someone objected and said:

“How can that be? Satan’s power is very strong. He has ruined my life.”

I replied:

“First, these are not my words; they are the words of the Creator of Satan. Second, at the beginning of the verse Allah says: *fight*. If you fight, then Satan’s scheme is weak. If you do not fight—if you surrender to fear—then naturally it will appear strong.”

Satan is like a dog:
if you advance toward it, it retreats; but if you fear it and run, it will chase you and harm you wherever it can catch you.
Its strength feeds on our fear, not on its own essence.

What we had intended to do at that time would have unintentionally strengthened an atmosphere of fear among people—and that would mean aiding the spread of satanic influence. In that sense, without intending it, we would have stood among the “allies of Satan”: those who prepare the ground for his work, even if they do not consciously follow him.

This is true deception:
a deception by which even great people—those who intend to become friends of Allah—may be turned into allies of Satan. Not through open sin, but through service, knowledge,

research, and intentions that appear godly on the surface.

Examples are not few—such as Dr. Rashad Khalifa, who devoted his life to numerical research on the Qur'an but in the end deviated and made claims that took him off the straight path. He declared himself a "Messenger of the Covenant," claiming a special prophetic mandate to correct the understanding of the Qur'an.

Likewise, many who are first known as great figures on the path to Allah gradually become great figures on the path of Satan—not through obvious wrongdoing, but through falling into

the trap of self-exaltation and imagined independence from guidance.

Here the role of the spiritual master becomes clear.

Through spiritual vigilance and divinely granted insight, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) saved both me and Dr. Howard Hall from this hidden deception—a deception that had come dressed in the clothing of service and enlightenment, yet could have led us to a dangerous end.

Here the meaning of the saying of Bayazid Bastami becomes clear when he said:

“If a person has no master, Satan becomes his master.”

This is not a slogan but a profound law of the spiritual path. A person who is not under guidance and watchful training may go astray even while walking toward Allah. Many began with divine intention, but because they remained without a guide, their end was written on the path of Satan.

Final Reflection

Satan’s deception does not always come through open sin. Very often, it comes through “service,” “research,” “enlightenment,” and even

“defending religion.”
But if a path leads a person toward fear, self-importance, a sense of superiority, or independence from divine guidance, that is where the fall begins.

The path of Allah is a path of light, peace, and inner certainty.
The path of Satan—even if it begins in Allah’s Name—ultimately ends in anxiety, fear, and self-centeredness.

A spiritual teacher is the lamp of this path:
not to make a person dependent,
but to prevent him from mistaking a mirage for light in the darkness of deception.

Narrative 53 — Rescue Through Divine Support

A narrative by the author of the book

In connection with Satan's deception, I will recount another incident that happened to me.

Years ago, I was serving as the director of an industrial factory affiliated with a company in which I myself was one of the principal shareholders. Our field of work was the manufacture of equipment for marine, oil, gas, and petrochemical industries.

Suddenly, the market entered a severe recession. A long period passed without our being able to

secure any new projects. Since nearly four hundred engineers, technicians, and workers were employed in our organization, the company's financial obligations were growing heavier day by day, and the situation was moving toward crisis.

The more we tried, the more closed the doors seemed to become. The psychological and economic pressure reached its peak.

Under these conditions, an acquaintance came to me and said that his cousin was a provincial governor. He said:

"I can arrange a project for you that will bring one and a half million

dollars in net profit. From that amount, five hundred thousand dollars must come to us."

On the surface, this proposal looked like the company's salvation:
payment of salaries,
settlement of debts,
saving hundreds of families from hardship,
and escape from economic deadlock.

But in reality, it was nothing but a bribe and an unlawful transaction.

I refused the offer, because I clearly saw it as opposition to Allah's command. In a hadith of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ, I had read:

“Allah curses the one who gives a bribe, the one who takes it, and the intermediary between them.”

The Noble Qur’an also states this meaning plainly:

“And do not consume one another’s wealth unjustly, nor offer it to authorities in order that you may wrongfully consume a portion of the people’s wealth while you know.” (Qur’an 2:188)

Meanwhile, the financial pressure and accumulated debts were increasing every day and were crushing us. One afternoon, I stood in my office at the factory and looked outside. I saw young workers in their

work clothes, active and cheerful as they carried out their duties.

A voice inside me said:

“If you do not accept this deal, starting next month you will have to begin terminating the contracts of these young men. Many of them are newly married. Many have just had children. Many have recently bought land and started building homes. What will happen to them if they lose their jobs? In this widespread unemployment, they will surely fall into corruption and wrongdoing. Many will become addicted under psychological pressure…”

At that very moment, through the spiritual support of Sheikh of the Tariqa, I was saved from Satan's deception. Another voice rose within me and said:

"Should I disobey Allah's command because I want to save Allah's servants? Allah Himself saves His servants. I will not oppose His command."

Instantly, the satanic whispering stopped. A deep calm settled in my heart—so complete that even if the factory and the company had collapsed entirely, I would have felt no anxiety. I called that person and told him:

“I will absolutely not do this.”

Only a few days later, not one but three new projects came to us.

And the company that accepted his corrupt proposal later suffered irreparable losses after his cousin was removed from office, and in the end it went bankrupt.

Final Reflection

Satan’s deception does not always come through an open invitation to sin. At times it speaks in the language of compassion,
under the banner of saving people,
preserving reputations,
or justifying an emergency.

In such moments, the boundary between truth and falsehood becomes very thin.
A person may imagine that he is striving for Allah,
while in reality he is acting without Allah's permission.

It is here that the true meaning of trust in Allah becomes clear:
that one believes Allah does not need our disobedience in order to save His servants.
He Himself is the Best Protector and the True Provider.

Sometimes the greatest grace is not that closed doors are opened,
but that the heart remains closed to

what is forbidden—
even when all the doors of the world appear to be shut.

Narrative 54 — The Dentists Who Came to Faith

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, three young dentists, who had become acquainted with the Tariqa through one of their friends, came from another city to our takiya to attend the Thursday dhikr gathering. Before the session began, they spoke to me frankly and said:

"Our friend has told us about extraordinary things he has witnessed

in the Tariqa. If what he says is true, we too will accept the Tariqa."

I told them:

"In the Tariqa, we do not normally seek to display such matters. The foundation of the path is dhikr, repentance, and the heart's connection with Allah. However, out of respect for you, after the dhikr gathering ends and the dervishes have left, we will go upstairs and I will show you what you are asking to see."

After the gathering ended and the others departed, we went to the upstairs room. I brought an iron skewer, about as thick as a large knitting needle. I told them:

“I will not perform this on our own dervishes, because you might assume they have received special training or that this is some kind of trick. If you truly want certainty, it must be done on one of you.”

With fear and surprise, they said:

“No — it will hurt!”

Without thinking, I answered spontaneously:

“No, it will not hurt.”

They said:

“It will bleed.”

Again, without premeditation, I said:

“No, it will not bleed either.”

In reality, this act can sometimes involve slight pain or minor bleeding, but the words came from my mouth without calculation or reflection.

One of them asked:

“Are you sure?” I said: “Yes.”

He replied:

“If there is no pain and no bleeding, then do it on me.”

I gently passed the skewer through the inside of his mouth, through his cheek, and out the other side. There was no sign of pain on his face. A few minutes later, I removed it. Only a very slight mark remained on the skin. More astonishing than anything else was that on the skewer there

appeared a clear, glossy substance — similar to honey, but thinner. Yet there was not a single drop of blood, neither on his face nor on the skewer.

The three doctors stared at the skewer in astonishment, touched the substance, and spoke to each other using medical terminology. Then they laid their friend down and carefully examined both inside and outside his mouth where the skewer had passed. They found no sign of injury, bleeding, or tissue damage.

After that, all three, in a state mixed with awe and humility, said:

“We are ready to take the Tariqa.”

And right there, the Tariqa was given to them.

Final Reflection

This event was less a display of a grace than a breaking of the wall of scientific pride. They had come with a medical outlook, experimental logic, and bodily calculations, but they encountered a reality beyond the limits of the laboratory.

Science is a tool for knowing the material world;
faith is the gateway to knowing the world of meaning.

When a person steps forward with sincerity, Allah sometimes sends a

sign to reassure the heart — not to prove human power, but to remind one of His own power. That iron skewer was neither a means of display nor the true objective; it was only a curtain briefly drawn aside so that a greater truth could be glimpsed.

Perhaps the most important message of this event was this: true faith begins when a person accepts that not everything can be measured by the blade of science and the scales of matter.

Some truths are understood only by the heart, not by instruments.

Narrative 55 — Ablution with Boiling Water

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a Khalifa friend brought a young man to our takiya — handsome, luminous in appearance, and extremely courteous. His calmness and dignity were such that nothing about him resembled a dangerous criminal. The Khalifa, who was a cook in one of the city's prisons, told an astonishing story about him in his presence and said:

"This very young man whom you now see so calm and composed was once one of the most violent inmates in our prison. There was hardly a day

when he did not fight someone, break someone's arm or leg, or create serious disorder. He was even part of a network that smuggled drugs into the prison and distributed them among the inmates.

One day he was assigned to forced labor in the kitchen. He came to me and said:

'What do you do that makes you so calm? I want to become like you.'

I told him: 'I am a dervish. If you wish, I can give you the pledge of the Tariqa.'

I did not think he would take my words seriously, but he repented and entered the Tariqa. I gave him the

sheet of dhikrs. From the very first day, his change was astonishing. A man known for violence and irreligion began going to the prison prayer room and, after the prayers, would place his dhikr sheet in front of him and recite with concentration.

This transformation spread through the prison like an explosion. Everyone was asking what had happened to this young man."

He continued:

"One day, the prison imam suddenly stood over him while he was reciting dhikr and angrily asked what that paper was.

The young man said: 'I have entered

the Tariqa and I am spiritually connected to Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad, who is our master.'
The imam became upset and said: 'Connection to other than Allah is shirk! These practices are not religiously valid.'
He took the dhikr sheet away from him.

After the prisoners' lunch, I was working in the kitchen when the imam, together with the head of security and the prison director, entered and came straight toward me. The imam spoke loudly and harshly: 'Who is this Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad whose name you are

promoting among the prisoners? What are these dhikrs you are giving them? These practices are shirk!'
He repeated Hadrat Sheikh's name several times in a disrespectful tone.

I answered calmly:
'I will show you right now who he is.'

Four large samovars — each about 200 liters — were boiling to prepare tea for the prisoners. I went to one of them, opened the tap of boiling water, and steam filled the air. I rolled up my sleeve and began performing ablution with the boiling water.

I washed my hands. I passed the water over my face. I washed my right arm.

While I was washing my left arm, the prison director rushed forward, closed the tap, kissed my face, and said:
‘Sayyid — forgive us. We have received our answer.’”

The Khalifa continued:

“A few days later, the young man’s family — who for years had rejected him because of his addiction and corruption and never came to see him — came for a visit. Shortly afterward, although nine years remained on his sentence, he received a pardon and was released.

And today, when his father decided to take the Tariqa, I told him to come

to your takiya — and that is why we are here now."

About an hour later, the young man's father came to the takiya, took the Tariqa, and with tears of joy thanked Sheikh of the Tariqa for returning his son to the path of light, faith, and humanity.

Final Reflection

This story recalls a profound truth: no matter how deeply a person has fallen into darkness, if even a small opening of light reaches the heart, return is possible. The miracle of the Tariqa is not an outward display — its miracle is inner transformation.

At times, a single dhikr, a sincere spiritual connection, and a true repentance can redirect a path that years of violence, addiction, and sin have built.

How beautiful is the moment when true power reveals itself not through shouting or coercion, but through calm, certainty, and light.

Narrative 56 — The Dagger in the Stone

A narrative by the author of the book

Many years ago, a society of academics and scholars in one city invited us to attend their monthly session and speak about the Tariqa. I

went there with a group of dervishes and brought with me certain implements — such as daggers and spears — that were formerly used in extraordinary demonstrations.

The core members of the association — most of them professors of Islamic studies, and some professors of scientific and engineering disciplines — held a strongly negative view of the Tariqa. It appeared that the purpose of inviting us was to show that the Tariqa was invalid and unacceptable.

I spoke for about twenty minutes about the Tariqa and explained its reality through Qur'anic verses,

hadith, and the words of recognized scholars. But as soon as I finished, they began rejecting everything I had said.

I recited one verse — they responded with three.
I cited one hadith — they produced three in reply.
Nearly one hundred people were present in the hall, and the general atmosphere turned openly negative toward the Tariqa.

I said to them:
“Do you accept Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) as great striver in the path of Allah?”
They replied, “Of course we do.”

I said: “Are you also ready to risk your lives for the guidance of people, as that noble one did?”

A heavy silence filled the room. No one answered.

I said:
“Look — this young man is ready.”

I called one of the dervishes forward. He sat on the ground. I took a dagger and, using the proper instrument, began driving it into his head.

Some of the women screamed and cried.
The men’s faces turned pale; they stared with mouths open in shock.

Then I said: “Now one of you come and pull this dagger out of his head.”

No one dared to come forward at first. Suddenly, a short, powerfully built, athletic man stepped forward. He grabbed the dagger handle and pulled with all his strength. It did not move.

He stepped closer and pulled with both hands.
The dervish himself rose from the ground — but the dagger did not come out.

The man’s face changed from dark red to pale white. He released the dagger and stepped back. Two others tried as well. Just like the scene of a

sword fixed in stone, the dagger did not move in the slightest.

I said loudly:
“You see — it did not come out. Now I will remove it myself.”

I stepped forward, took hold of it, and pulled.
It did not come out.

I was inwardly astonished. Previously, through seeking spiritual assistance from Hadrat Sheikh of the Tariqa, the dagger would come out easily — but this time it would not move at all.

Two dervishes held the young man’s head steady, and I pulled with all my strength. Nothing happened.

The dagger seemed fused to the skull like welded metal. When I released it, it vibrated and trembled in place.

For a moment, even I felt fear and thought:

“They could not remove it — I could not remove it — what now?”

Suddenly, I heard a voice within my heart:

“Tell them to say: Ya Ghouth.”

I called out loudly:

“Everyone say: Ya Ghouth!”

The crowd — now crying and distressed — shouted together:

“Ya Ghouth! Ya Ghouth!”

I stepped forward, took hold of the dagger, and removed it as easily as pulling a knife from a cake.

After the atmosphere settled, many of them gave their pledge.

What was striking was that earlier in my talk I had said:
In the Tariqa, Hadrat Sheikh is the **Ghouth** —
and Ghouth means the one who comes to the rescue.

And that the friends of Allah are able — like Asif ibn Barkhiya, who brought the throne of Bilqis to Prophet Sulayman (PBUH) in the blink of an eye — by Allah's permission, to act beyond ordinary

means and come to the aid of a seeker.

At first they had mocked these words —
but in the end, out of fear and helplessness, they themselves cried out:
“Ya Ghouth… Ya Ghouth…”

Final Reflection

This narrative is not meant to prove the power of a human being, but to show the absolute powerlessness of the human being.

In that moment, no one could do anything — not those who claimed knowledge and strength, not even I

myself. Only when hearts became connected to a single point and a sincere cry for help arose was the knot undone.

The dagger in the stone is a reminder of this truth:
some knots are not opened by physical force;
they are not opened by knowledge alone;
they are opened only by the heart's connection to the true Source of power — Almighty Allah.

Narrative 57 — Frozen Within the Fire

A narrative by the author of the book

Another account relates to the same extraordinary acts that the dervishes of the Kasnazani Tariqa performed in the past—their purpose and philosophy having been explained in the previous narrative.

Khalifa Arif—may Allah envelop him in His mercy—was one of the senior and early khalifas of the Kasnazani Tariqa. He was among the khalifas of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), the grandfather of the present master, and held a deeply sincere devotion toward him—so much so that he imitated his Sheikh in lifestyle, behavior, and even diet.

Among fruits, he would eat only peaches. One day I asked him why. He replied:
“Because my Sheikh loved peaches.”

His food intake was extremely small—usually just a piece of bread with water and yogurt. As a result, he had a thin and frail body. Many times I told him, “Khalifa Arif, eat properly—you will become ill.”
He would answer firmly:
“No, I will not eat. Sheikh Abdulkarim did not eat.”

In his youth, during the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), an event occurred involving Khalifa Arif that is still remembered among the

dervishes as an exceptional incident, witnessed by many.

One day, Sheikh Abdulkarim instructed the dervishes to gather firewood and bring kerosene for a program planned for that night. In those days, kerosene was carried in metal cans. The dervishes gathered a large pile of wood and about twenty cans of kerosene, poured the fuel over the wood, and prepared the stack.

Near sunset, a group of religious scholars and opponents of the Tariqa came to visit Sheikh Abdulkarim. A discussion began, and they

challenged the validity of the Tariqa using verses from the Qur'an.

At that moment, Hadrat Sheikh ordered that the wood be set on fire. Enormous flames rose—more than six meters high—striking awe and fear into every observer. Then he turned to them and said:

"Do you consider yourselves to be upon the truth?"

They replied, "What do you mean?"

He said:

"If you are upon the truth and Allah supports you, can you protect someone from this fire?"

They looked at one another in astonishment and remained silent.

Hadrat Sheikh said:
“Let one dervish enter this fire.”

At that very moment, Khalifa Arif—who had only recently entered the Tariqa—stepped forward without hesitation and walked straight toward the flames. He placed his hand on a turban that he had borrowed from a friend and entered the fire directly. He remained among the flames for a considerable time, then slowly came back out.

Everyone saw with amazement that not only his body, but not even a single hair had burned. Only the borrowed turban had changed color, turning dark brown.

They asked him:
“Why did your turban change like that?”

He said:
“Because it was a trust. When I entered the fire, I said in my heart: O Allah, this turban is entrusted to me—if only it would not burn.”

When Sheikh Abdulkarim saw this state, he removed his own blessed turban and gifted it to him.

This karamah caused many opponents to repent and join the Tariqa.

Years later, when I came to know Khalifa Arif personally, I asked him

about this incident. After he described it to me in detail, I asked:

"How did you dare walk into such a fire? Did the heat not burn you?"

He answered calmly:
"The fire was not only not hot—it was intensely cold. When I was inside the flames, I felt freezing. It was so cold that I pulled the flames under my arms to warm myself a little. And more interestingly, the color of the flames was green."

In that moment, I understood with my whole being the meaning of a Qur'anic verse in which Allah says about Prophet Ibrahim (PBUH):

“We said: O fire, be coolness and safety upon Ibrahim.”
(Qur’an 21:69)

I reflected:
If Allah had only said “coolness” and not also “safety,” that coolness might have turned into deadly freezing.

And this was exactly what Khalifa Arif had experienced in the fire—a coldness that could have become harmful had divine safety not accompanied it.

Final Reflection

This narrative shows that fire, water, cold, and heat are all instruments; the true Actor is Allah.

Fire does not burn by itself, nor does it give heat by itself.
Burning and not burning, warming and cooling—all occur by His will.

In the spiritual understanding, the real karamah is not that a person does not burn in fire;
the real karamah is that a person realizes that even fire can do nothing without Allah's permission.

Narrative 58 — Divine Confirmation of the Rank of the Awliya

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, together with Khalifa Arif—whom I mentioned in earlier pages—I traveled to one of the cities in

northeastern Iran at the invitation of a man who was a building engineer, in order to provide spiritual guidance. The host's wife was a woman of spiritual sensitivity, a poet, and well acquainted with literature. With sincere affection toward Khalifa Arif, she said:

"When I heard that he was coming to our home, I wanted to compose a poem in his honor. But no matter how much I tried, no verse worthy of his station came to my mind. Then I turned to various books of poetry, yet still found nothing suitable. After two and a half hours, tired and

disappointed, I set the books aside and sat down on the floor."

She then added:

"In that moment I said to myself: do they not say that Khalifa Arif is one of the friends of Allah? Then let him find a poem for himself."

Without any further thought, she picked up one of the poetry books and opened it. She showed us the page. It was from the *Pand-Nama* of Attar. The opened page contained these verses:

Whoever is not a **Arif** (knower) is not truly alive;
He is not worthy or fit for nearness to the Allah.

In the heart of **Arif** (knower) are love and fidelity;
All the work of **Arif** (knower) is pure and clear.
Whoever is granted gnosis by Allah,
In his heart there is no place for anything but the Truth.

The *Pand-Nama* of Attar is in Persian, and what made this selection even more striking was the repeated appearance of the word **Arif** (knower) in the verses—once in the first line and twice in the second. In both meaning and poetic structure, the correspondence was clear and thought-provoking, as if the poem

itself had come forward to greet the one whose name it echoed.

When a khalifa reaches a spiritual rank at which such a sign appears without request or contrivance, one may also perceive something of the greatness of his own teacher's station.

When Khalifa Arif returned to Divine mercy, we engraved these same three verses on his gravestone—not to add to his name, but to remind others of the path he walked with sincerity.

Final Reflection

In this narrative, grace appears in the harmony between meaning and name, intention and sign. A poem that was not found through searching, yet was found; a book opened without design, yet spoke with precision. This kind of confirmation is neither a claim nor a display, but a quiet sign for hearts that wish to understand.

It reminds us that the friends of Allah are known first through the silent truth of their lives before they are known through words. And at times, Allah Himself bears witness—without intermediary—to the rank of

His sincere servants, not for their sake, but for the sake of others.

Narrative 59 — The Animal of Rank

A narrative by the author of the book

Khalifa Arif, who was mentioned in the previous account, had a white donkey that had become well known throughout Kurdistan. This animal displayed behaviors that astonished everyone who saw it; it seemed not to be merely an ordinary animal, but one carrying a special trust and guidance.

One day, a group of dervishes told me that they intended to travel to Iraq to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-

Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). At that time, however, due to the Iran–Iraq war, the borders were closed and official crossing was impossible. They were forced to pass through illegal and dangerous routes. They went to the home of Khalifa Arif, who lived in the mountainous areas near the Iranian border, and asked for guidance.

Without offering any explanation, Khalifa Arif gave them his white donkey and said:
“This donkey knows the way. Go with him; he will guide you.”

With hesitation but with trust in Allah, the dervishes set out behind

the donkey. They themselves said: when we reached near the border, we saw two armed guards standing outside a border post on higher ground, watching the area with binoculars. We said to ourselves: if we move forward, they will surely see us and start shooting. There was no apparent way to pass, and despair overtook us.

At that very moment, the donkey of Khalifa Arif suddenly broke away from us and ran at full speed toward the border post and went straight inside. Seconds later, loud shouting and commotion arose from within the post, and both guards rushed

inside. Without delay, we crossed the border at a point where there was no physical barrier. Only a few minutes later, we saw the donkey running back from the direction of the post and rejoining us—as if it had completed its mission.

Other accounts were also told about this donkey. Among them was that Khalifa Arif would load goods onto its back, and the animal, alone and without any escort, would deliver the load to the residence of Hadrat Sheikh in Karbchina—hundreds of kilometers away—and after several days return by itself, without getting lost or harmed.

One day, I was sitting with a group of khalifas and dervishes in the presence of Khalifa Arif when he recounted the story of the donkey's death. He said:

"On one of the journeys when we had gone with a group of dervishes to visit Hadrat Sheikh, he suddenly said: Arif, whenever your donkey dies, shroud and bury him like a human being.'

I said nothing. But when I returned home, I saw that my donkey had died a few hours earlier and was lying on the mountain near the house. I wanted to carry out Hadrat Sheikh's instruction, but I hesitated. I told

myself: this may be misinterpreted and harm the Tariqa. Opponents will say the dervishes have introduced an innovation and are burying an animal like a human."

He continued:

"Several days passed. Those who had been with me on that journey and had heard Hadrat Sheikh's words came and said: 'Arif, we want to shroud and bury the donkey. It is strange—he has been lying on the mountain for days, yet there is no smell, and no animal has approached him; it is as if he has just died.'

Then together we carried out Hadrat Sheikh's instruction. We washed the

donkey, shrouded him, and buried him.”

When the story reached this point, one of the dervishes—a warm and good-natured man named Hasan—smiled and said:

“Khalifa Arif, tell the truth—was your donkey’s rank higher, or mine?”

With his calm voice and deep gaze, Khalifa Arif replied:

“My dear Hasan, my donkey’s rank was very high.”

We all laughed, and one of those present said:

“Hasan, the Khalifa means his donkey’s rank was far higher than yours!”

But inwardly, everyone understood that the laughter was only for the sweetness of the gathering, not to deny a deeper truth.

Final Reflection

Outwardly, this account is about a donkey, but in reality it is not about "rank"—it is about obedience.

True rank does not lie in being human nor in outward form, but in the degree of surrender to the Divine will. That animal moved along the path set for it without claim, without question, and without hesitation. No protest, no self-display, no calculation

of gain or loss—only fulfillment of its task.

By contrast, a human being, despite intellect and awareness, may fail in simple obedience—hesitating, calculating, and fearing people's judgments.

Just as Khalifa Arif initially hesitated to carry out Hadrat Sheikh's instruction—not out of disrespect, but from fear of public misunderstanding against the Tariqa.

This story teaches us that on the path of truth, sometimes a pure and obedient heart goes farther than thousands of noisy intellects. And sometimes an animal, through

complete obedience, becomes a mirror in which a human being sees how far he stands from the truth.

Perhaps the “high rank of the donkey” was not merely a joke, but a gentle awakening:
that the measure of honor is not form or title, but sincerity in servanthood.

Narrative 60 — Not Being Burned by Fire

A narrative by the author of the book

A woman used to come to our home from time to time to help with household tasks. After my wife and I were initiated into the Tariqa, she too—despite coming from a strictly

rigid religious family that did not look favorably upon mysticism—joined the Kasnazani Tariqa due to certain extraordinary events that happened to her and several dreams she saw.

One day she came to our house and recounted the following incident:

The previous day, I was reading a book on Sufism—a work written by Hadrat Sheikh of the Tariqa—which contained many images of miracles and extraordinary acts performed by dervishes. My two daughters—one a senior high-school student and the other about thirty years old—saw the book and asked about the pictures.

They asked why the dervishes were not harmed while performing such acts.

I told them that Hadrat Sheikh of the Tariqa protects his disciples, by Allah's permission, from the blade of the sword and the flame of fire. With disbelief they said: "Do you mean your Sheikh would also protect you?" I replied: "I think he would."

They said: "If you can prove this to us, we will also join the Tariqa."

At that moment, one of my daughters was preparing charcoal for her father's hookah. I looked at the glowing coals that had been taken out of the fire and said: "I have never

done such a thing before, but I will hold this coal in my hand. If my hand burns, take me immediately to a doctor, because the burn will be deep."

Before the girls could react, I picked up one of the burning coals. They screamed in fear and tried to stop me, but I felt no pain or discomfort. I held the red-hot coal in my hand for a while, without any sign of a burn appearing.

With tearful eyes and hearts filled with astonishment, the daughters became convinced. Shortly afterward, all three—mother and two daughters—came together to our

home and took initiation into the Tariqa.

Narrative 61 – Deliverance from the Tunnel of Darkness

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

In the world of dreams, I found myself in a space like an extremely dark tunnel—so dominated by darkness that I was unable to see anything or anyone. Everything was immersed in absolute blackness. In that state, I suddenly sensed a terrifying being tearing through the air from behind and drawing closer to me. I perceived this not with my

eyes, but with my entire being. An immense fear seized my whole existence, and involuntarily the words flowed from my tongue:

"Ya Ghouth."

At that very moment, a highly luminous figure wearing a green turban, mounted on a white horse, approached me rapidly from behind. The light of that rider and his mount illuminated the space around me. The horse had two large wings unlike those of birds, and it moved above the ground, such that its hooves did not touch the earth, and no sound of hooves was heard as it advanced.

Without hearing a voice, I understood inwardly that the rider was commanding me to follow behind him. Without the slightest hesitation, I set off after him. My heart grew strangely calm, and no trace of the initial darkness or fear remained within me.

After we had gone a short distance, the rider emerged from the dark tunnel and entered a vast, very luminous open space. When I tried to follow him into that space, I suddenly saw before me a net made of very thick black ropes, blocking the entire path.

With all my strength, I tried to pull the ropes apart and free myself from the tunnel. When I grasped them and they lay in my hands, I realized from their strange warmth and unnatural feel that these were not ropes at all, but black snakes intricately intertwined in a particular way.

A fear far greater than before overwhelmed me, and once again, involuntarily, I cried out:

“Ya Ghouth.”

At that very instant, the tangled net was torn apart, and an opening appeared from above, creating a passage for me. I was able to pass through.

After crossing, I found myself in a field enclosed on three sides by hills, with only one side— which appeared to me to be facing the qibla—open. In the middle of the field stood three riders mounted on their horses. Both those noble figures and their horses were extraordinarily big; so much so that when I stood beside one of them, my face reached the level of his foot resting in the stirrup. Several times I kissed his blessed feet, and each time a state of peace and joy flowed through my being.

A large crowd was seated upon the hills. I was engaged in venerating those noble figures and felt a strange

closeness to them in my heart, even though I did not know their names and no words were exchanged between us.

At that moment, with a gesture of the hand, he pointed toward that same open direction (the qibla) and said in Arabic:

"**Shoof**" (Look).

Without knowing the meaning of the word, I looked in that direction. I saw three large scrolls suspended from the sky toward the earth. On each of them were written phrases that possessed both light and spirit—as if they were alive and one could connect with them. Unfortunately,

none of those phrases remained in my memory.

As each of the riders ascended toward the sky, one of the tablets was rolled up and rose with him, until all three departed and all three scrolls were gathered. In that moment, I felt that I had lost an extremely precious opportunity.

I decided to ask the crowd seated on the hills—perhaps someone might know what was written on the scrolls—but no matter whom I asked, no one knew. I even once asked a friend what the word “shoof” means in Arabic, and he too said that he did not know.

Several years later, a CD reached me containing a meeting of the Khalifas of the Kasnazani Path with Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). By then, I had gained a modest familiarity with the Arabic language. While listening to his words, I came upon a statement in which he said that during a time when he was present in the **takiya** of Baghdad, he had witnessed that the names of all the Kasnazani dervishes were written in the **Preserved Tablet (al-Lawh al-Mahfuz)**. As Hadrat Sheikh referred to the writing of the dervishes' names, he moved his fingers in a manner that precisely

reminded me of the living quality of the words on the scrolls or tablets I had seen. In that very moment, it became clear to me that those three riders had been Hadrat Sheikhs of the Path, and that the three tablets suspended from the sky each belonged to one of them—tablets upon which the names of the dervishes affiliated with each Sheikh were recorded. That is, the name of every dervish is written in the Preserved Tablet of his own Sheikh and lies under his guardianship, attention, and special care.

With this realization, the meaning of that vision I had seen suddenly

became clear to me, and I understood that Hadrat Sheikh, through his words, had revealed to me the truth and interpretation of that experience.

Final Reflection

The extraordinary nature of this vision is not confined to its striking images and wondrous scenes, but lies rather in the system of meaning and connection that was revealed later. A vision that had remained ambiguous for years found its meaning through a single sentence spoken by Hadrat Sheikh, and was joined into a clear and coherent structure. This itself is a sign that certain truths are recorded

in the realm of dreams and inner witnessing before they are grasped by rational understanding, and that time eventually lifts the veil from their meaning and station.

In this narrative, the tablets, the riders, and the field are not merely symbols; they are indications of the system of spiritual authority and the inner bond between Hadrat Sheikh and the dervish. That the name of each dervish is written in the Preserved Tablet of his own Sheikh points to a profound truth: a person's spiritual affiliation is not merely an outward choice, but a bond

established at levels beyond ordinary perception.

This account serves as a reminder that the Path is not only a gradual, earthly journey, but one that has a prior existence in the realm of meaning—where relationships are inscribed before they take form in the world, and where destinies are recorded in the unseen before they are lived on earth.

Narrative 62 — The Fragrance of the Prophet's Mosque

A narrative by the author of the book

One day in the takiya, I was sitting with a group of dervishes. The

atmosphere of the gathering was calm and spiritual. A khalifa was sitting beside me, occupied with dhikr using his prayer beads. Suddenly I saw him lift his beads close to his nose and inhale deeply several times. His face changed in an instant; astonishment, fear, and longing appeared together in his expression. Without delay, he held out the tassel of his beads (the upper part made of thread strands) toward me and said with a trembling voice: “Where is this scent coming from?”

I took the tassel in my hand. It was completely wet, as if it had just been washed with water. But what made

my heart tremble was the fragrance rising from it—a deep, gentle, and completely familiar scent… the perfume of the Prophet's Mosque (Al-Masjid an-Nabawi).

I knew this fragrance well. After my journey to Medina, I had developed a special attachment to that scent. I would even ask friends who traveled for Hajj or visitation to bring me some of the incense sold in a shop near the sanctuary that carried this same smell. As it happened, I had a box of that very incense with me in the takiya that day.

I brought the incense. All those present smelled it one by one. Then

they smelled the tassel of the prayer beads. Astonishment spread across their faces; without any doubt, both had exactly the same fragrance. It was as if the scent of Medina had appeared among us directly.

The tassel was so moist that we dried it with a tissue. The tissue became fully perfumed. We tore it into small pieces and distributed it among those present as a blessing. Whoever received a piece would smell it with tears and joy, as if standing for a moment in the courtyard of the sanctuary.

After that day, the khalifa's prayer beads retained that fragrance for

months. Each time he held them, the scent of the sanctuary spread in the air. Until one day, as he himself later said, he took the beads to a place not fitting for that state and sanctity—and from then on, the fragrance disappeared.

Narrative 63 — A Familiar Fragrance

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, for the purpose of guiding and inviting people to the Tariqa, I traveled with about thirty dervishes to a northern city. A large number of guests were present, and by Allah's grace they all received initiation into the Tariqa. The host had also

prepared a very delicious traditional stew. We ate dinner together, and since the weather was very cold, we closed all the windows and slept in the apartment hall.

In the morning, around ten o'clock, when we woke up, the dervishes were busy gathering the bedding. At that moment, the host's uncle entered the apartment. He was one of the few who had not taken initiation the night before. He looked around, then came straight toward me without introduction and said:

"Khalifa, I want to receive initiation into the Tariqa."

Surprised, I asked,
“Why didn’t you take initiation last night when everyone else did?”
He said,
“Because I had no belief.”
I asked,
“Do you have belief now?”
He replied,
“Yes—and now I will tell you why.”
He paused briefly and continued:
“About forty years ago, when I was still a teenager, on the day of Eid al-Adha, I was driving several cows and sheep from one village toward our own. Along the way, I suddenly sensed the fragrance of a strange and extremely pleasant flower. I looked

around, but there was no flower anywhere in the open land. After a while, the scent disappeared. About five hundred meters farther, the same fragrance returned. Several times it stopped and returned in this same way, and I was completely astonished.

That fragrance settled so deeply in my heart that I fell in love with it. From that day until now, whenever I enter a perfume shop, I look for that same scent, but I have never found anything like it."

Then in a softer voice he said:

"This morning, when I decided to come see you, I thought to myself: so many people have slept all night in a

closed apartment—when I open the door, the smell of bodies will surely fill the air and be suffocating. But the moment I entered, I realized that the very fragrance I have been searching for over forty years was coming from here."

His eyes filled with tears and he said:

"I understood that it was the fragrance of purity—the fragrance of dhikr, a fragrance of presence that I did not recognize that day, but I recognize today. That is why I have come to receive initiation into the Tariqa."

In that moment, everything became clear—not only for him, but for some of us as well. It was as if a forty-year memory had finally found its path and its meaning today.

Final Reflection

This incident showed me that some signs in a person's life appear many years before they are understood. The heart sees and recognizes something before the mind can give it a name.

For forty years, that man was searching for a scent that was not truly a perfume—it was the fragrance of meaning:

the fragrance of dhikr, the fragrance of a presence coming from a realm of purity.

Perhaps Allah planted the seed of love and attraction toward truth in his heart on that very day of his youth, so that today—when the heart was ready—that seed could bear fruit.

Sometimes guidance is not a sentence.
Not a debate.
Not an argument.

Sometimes guidance is only a fragrance—a scent the soul recognizes, even if the mind understands its source many years later.

Narrative 64 — The Khalifa Whose Breath Carried Fragrance

A narrative by the author of the book

In Kurdistan, there lived one of the great khalifas of the Tariqa who has since passed away. He was a man of great purity, piety, few words, and seclusion. He did not become close with everyone, and his friendship was not easily gained. His silence was deep, and his presence brought calm.

A grace associated with him was well known among the dervishes. They would bring their prayer beads to him. He would take the beads in his hand and gently blow upon them with a calm breath. Afterward, the

beads would carry a delicate and unfamiliar fragrance—one unlike worldly perfumes and not describable in ordinary words. This scent would usually remain on the beads for several hours.

I myself, along with many dervishes, experienced this many times. Often the dervishes would sit in a circle around him. Each person would place his prayer beads in his hand; he would blow on them and return them, then take the next set. This was done quietly, without any claim or attention to those around him—as if it were something entirely ordinary.

A friend of mine told me that his wife had thought to herself: “Perhaps this khalifa has applied perfume to his hand, and when he takes the beads, the scent transfers to them.”

When, among the group, it was this lady’s turn, the khalifa—unlike his usual practice—did not take the beads in his hand. Instead, he held only one of the threads of the tassel of the prayer beads (the stringed part at the top) between his fingers and blew from there onto the beads. Then he returned them to her.

What was remarkable was that the fragrance placed upon others’ beads

would disappear after a few hours, but the scent on this lady's beads remained for about a week—a stable, gentle, and deep fragrance that, each time it was smelled, transformed the state of the heart.

Whenever the khalifa was asked about this grace, he never attributed it to himself. With complete humility he would say:

"This is not from me. One night in a dream I saw the Pir of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). He moistened my mouth with his blessed saliva. From that night on, this state appeared in me."

He considered himself only a means, not the possessor of the grace.

Final Reflection

This account teaches us that miraculous grace is never a sign of a person's own greatness; rather, it is a sign of light passing through a human being who has set himself aside. The emptier a person is of self, the more capacity he has for truth to pass through.

That khalifa did not say,
"I possess."
He said,
"It has been given to me."

And this is the difference between the people of claim and the people of meaning.

The fragrance of the prayer beads was not only a wondrous phenomenon; it was a sign that sometimes the human spirit becomes so pure that one's breath carries an effect—not by personal will, but in trust.

Perhaps the central message of this grace is this:
True fragrance does not come from a perfume bottle.
It comes from a heart that is connected to the Light.

Narrative 65 —Entering the Tariqa through an appeal to Imam Hussein ibn Ali

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For many years I owned an engineering and contracting company and carried out major construction projects. My belief in God and the Prophet had been limited to my childhood years. In primary school, I prayed only because of my parents' insistence, but from the beginning of high school I abandoned the prayer, and at university—under the influence of the materialistic environment around

me—I gradually distanced myself completely from religious belief.

In my company office, I usually kept a case of whisky, and on various occasions I would drink and celebrate with friends. From my perspective at that time, life was entirely favorable. The largest construction projects in the city were entrusted to my company, and through generous spending I had gained considerable social and political influence.

After some time, the construction of a large complex consisting of about fifty multi-story buildings was awarded to my company by a government body. But within a short

and unexpected period, the prices of construction materials—including steel rebar and cement—multiplied several times. Since I had signed the contract on a fixed-price basis, I suddenly went bankrupt. I was forced to sell all my machinery—bulldozers, graders, and trucks—at very low prices just to fulfill my obligations.

I borrowed from friends and relatives, but after a while no one even answered my calls. My final financial obligation was a large debt for which an arrest order had been issued, and at any moment I could have been sent to prison.

During those days, an elderly master builder who had worked for me for years came to see me and said: “Engineer, I cannot bear to see you taken to prison. I own only one house, which is my entire life’s asset. I will place it as collateral for you—just promise me you will not let this house be lost.”

Months passed and the situation did not improve. Because of delayed payments, warnings were issued and permission was given for the old man’s house to be auctioned. My financial condition reached the point of extreme hardship. To preserve my dignity, I could no longer take small

jobs in my own city. I went to the south of the country and, with a broken heart and confusion, began working as a simple laborer in a company installing gas pipelines. My wages were minimal—just enough for lunch and a pack of cigarettes—and I sent the rest to my family.

A few months later, my wife called and said I must return to the city for an urgent matter. When I arrived, she said the bank had issued notice and the old man's house was about to be auctioned. The old man himself came as well, crying, and said:

"Engineer, this house is everything I

own. Do not let my family be left homeless at the end of my life."

That night I slept with deep distress and guilt. In my dream, I saw myself in an old traditional eatery on the edge of the city—a place I used to visit years before. Early in the morning, hoping the dream might be a sign, I went to that same place. There I saw two men speaking loudly. One of them was saying:
"Is it possible that we cannot find anyone? Not even for one week?"

I approached and asked whom they were looking for. They said they needed someone to go with them to Karbala for one week; they would

cover the travel expenses and also pay a daily wage. The person would handle their logistical tasks so they could perform the pilgrimage with peace of mind. I asked, “Can I come?” They said, “Do you have an identification document?” I said, “Yes.” They said, “Bring it.”

I quickly went home and brought my ID. My wife asked where I was going. I said:
“I am going somewhere that will provide the money for that old man’s house.”

I was with them in Karbala for one week. On the last day, they said:

“Don’t you want to go for visitation yourself?”
I said, “If you allow me, I will go today.”

I entered the shrine of Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH). I did not know any visitation supplications, I did not know Arabic, and I had not prayed for many years. I held onto the shrine enclosure and said:
“O Hussein! I do not know Arabic. I will speak to you in Turkish, and I know you understand. I have four requests…”

I stated my requests: the saving of the old man’s house, rescue from my unbelief, a child whose name would

be Hussein, and a return to engineering work. Then I said, “Goodbye.”

After saying these words—which had completely shaken my inner state—and falling into intense tears, I returned to the hotel. My companions mocked me and said, “Your visitation was very quick!” Irritated, I replied, “I know the visitation text by heart. I read it quickly and came back!”

In any case, we returned again to our city. Because of my good performance, my companions paid me more than our agreed wage. I did not tell my family that I had gone to

Karbala, because they would have asked for souvenirs, and due to my lack of money I had bought nothing for them.

As soon as my wife saw me, she anxiously reminded me that the poor old man had come that day and said his house would be auctioned on Saturday. With a confidence I myself could not understand, I said, “I have entrusted it to someone who will release the house from collateral on Saturday.”

On Saturday morning, the bank called me and said, “Someone has cleared the collateral on the house. Come here and collect the deed.”

I hurried to the bank and found the old man there, happy and smiling. I asked the bank officer, “Who released the house from collateral?” He said, “A certain carpet merchant.” I asked for his details. He gave me the address of his shop in the carpet market and said he was large-built and somewhat overweight.

I went to the carpet market and, after a short search, found his shop and went in. I introduced myself. He did not know me. I said, “Sir, I am the one for whom you cleared the house today.” Calmly he said, “So you are the one for whom that old man put up his house as collateral?” I said,

“Why did you do this?” He replied, “Did I do something wrong?” I said, “No, I want to thank you, but I want to know why you did it.” He said, “That is my own matter.”

I asked him several times, but he did not answer. I saw a Qur’an there. I picked it up and said, “Hajji, I place you under oath by this Qur’an—tell me the truth.” He thought for a few moments and then said, “You have given a serious oath. Sit down and I will tell you the story.”

“Some years ago, I went on pilgrimage to the House of Allah. I went to the foot of the mountain where the Cave of Hira is located.

Because of my weight and my heart condition, I could not climb the mountain. I felt deeply distressed and said: O Messenger of Allah, I have come all this way from my country to visit. I wish you would help me climb this mountain so I can see the place where the first revelation descended upon you, pray two units of prayer, and come back down.

Suddenly a fragrance reached me—a blend of jasmine, ginger, and rosewater. This scent filled my whole being, and I suddenly felt like a fifteen-year-old youth, full of energy and vitality. I began to climb. I felt no shortness of breath or discomfort.

Along the way I passed all the young men, and the members of our group were amazed at my agility.

In any case, I went to the Cave of Hira and returned. After I came back down, that fragrance left me and I returned to my normal state.

For years I waited and longed to experience that scent again. This morning, when I left my house, I sensed that same beautiful fragrance in the courtyard. I followed it. It moved, and I followed it through alleys and streets. It went into the bank and stopped in front of one of the counters. There I saw an old man crying and begging the bank officer

not to auction his house. I understood that it had brought me there so I could help him. I took care of his matter and left the bank—and the fragrance disappeared."

After that, when I was about to return home, one of my friends called me on my mobile phone and said that he and two others were planning to travel to a city in Kurdistan to visit one of the khalifas of the Kasnazani Tariqa (apparently my friends would occasionally go to see him), and invited me to come along. I said that I was not in a suitable condition for such a trip.

They insisted: “You must come—it will be good for your morale.”

Although I was not inclined to go, considering what had happened to me and my deep need to open my heart to friends, I went with them to Kurdistan. We reached the destination city around sunset. Several dervishes were present in the khalifa’s home. They were speaking about the miraculous graces of the saints, matters of dervishood and mysticism; they were playing the daf and performing dhikr.

After some time, the khalifa smiled at me and said, “Engineer, will you not give your pledge?”

I said, “To whom should I give the pledge?”
He replied calmly, “Did you not go to visit Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) and ask four things of him?”
Astonished, I said, “Yes—but how do you know that?”
Ignoring my question, he continued: “Were your debts not paid today, and was the old man’s house not released?”
I said, “Yes.”
He said, “Did you not also ask to be brought out of confusion and to be made to know God?”
I said, “Yes.”
He said, “I have been appointed by

the Master of the Tariqa to make God known to you. As for the child you asked for, God willing, that child will soon be born. And regarding your engineering work—if you are patient for a while, that too will be set right."

I was so overwhelmed with astonishment that I nearly collapsed. Weakly I leaned back on a cushion and, in a voice that seemed to come from the bottom of a well, said, "Who are you, and what do these matters have to do with you?"

He said, "Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) entrusted your requests to the Supreme Helper, Sheikh Abd al-Qadir al-Gilani (q), and he in turn

assigned the present Ghawth, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad al-Kasnazani (q), to this matter. I am a khalifa of Hajji Sheikh Muhammad."

I asked, "Is the present Ghawth here?"

He said, "No, he is in Sulaymaniyah, Iraq."

I said, "How can I see him?"

He replied, "Do not worry—if God wills, you will see him as well."

The khalifa explained the Tariqa and the pledge to the Pir of the Tariqa to me. After giving me the initiation, he gave me the instructions and showed me several photographs of the Pir. Then he placed a pillow

under his head and lay down to sleep on the floor beside the place prepared for us. As for me, since this entire event felt like a dream passing before my eyes, I could not sleep. I lay in bed absorbed in thought.

Near dawn, when my eyes had just begun to grow heavy, in a state between sleep and wakefulness I saw the Pir of the Tariqa dressed in Kurdish clothing. Holding a staff, he pushed the door open and entered the room. I greeted him. He returned the greeting and said, “Were the matters you wanted accomplished?” I said, “Yes, sir.”

He said, “Good—now what do you ask of me?” ……

(I asked him for a need, and it was fulfilled. But the explanation of this matter and the great and unbelievable act he performed for me is among the secrets I am not permitted to disclose. Therefore, with your permission, I suffice with this much and bring this account to an end.)

Narrative 66 – The Mentally Disabled Child *or: The Friend of Allah*

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, one of my friends called me and said:

“If the lecture session is being held today, my niece—who is a follower of the Path and works at a rehabilitation center—would like to come to see you along with a mentally disabled girl. Some things have happened that she wants to tell you about. The girl’s parents also wish to meet you.”

I said, “Yes, the session is being held. Tell them to come.”

They arrived before the lecture began. A girl of about fourteen years of age, thin, with a very luminous and innocent face, entered together with the Khalifa’s niece and her husband. The niece, whose name was Samira,

greeted me and immediately began speaking. She said:

"I am responsible for caring for several mentally disabled children at the rehabilitation center. This girl Negin, is one of them. A few days ago, she did something that made me very angry, and I lost control and beat her. Not long afterward, my foot twisted and my leg broke in a very severe way—so badly that the doctors had to put my entire leg in a cast from top to bottom.

That night, in great pain and after taking painkillers, I fell asleep. In my dream, I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan standing over

me. He said:
‘My daughter Samira, what has happened to your leg?’

I said, ‘My master, my leg is broken.’

He passed his blessed hand over the cast and said:
‘It is nothing; it has healed. Go and remove the cast from your leg.’

At the very moment his hand moved over the cast, I felt a strange and unusual coolness run through my entire leg. Then he said:
‘Why did you strike Marziya today?’

I said, ‘My master, her name is Negin.’

But he paid no attention and said: ‘From now on, take care of Marziya. Do not mistreat her. She is not like the others.’

Then he said things about this girl’s parents and emphasized that I was permitted to tell them only to her own father and mother.”

Samira continued:

“When I told those matters to Negin’s parents, they confirmed them with tears and trembling, and said that they had done things concerning this child that only they themselves knew about, and that now they wished to repent. I invited them to come to you and enter the Path.”

Samira's husband said:

"That night, I saw Samira sweating in her sleep and saying unclear things. I woke her up, and she told me her dream. Since she no longer had any pain, we opened the cast on her leg at home and saw that it was truly as if there had never been any fracture."

After some time, Negin's parents also arrived, and I began the lecture. While I was speaking and about forty people were present, Negin suddenly stood up quietly and came toward me. With a remarkable gentleness, she began to caress my face. Those

around tried to make her sit down, but I said:

“Leave her.”

For a few minutes, with that same innocence, she touched my face, and then she calmly returned to her place and sat down.

After the lecture ended, her parents said tearfully:

“We have done things to this child that no one knew about except ourselves. When Samira told us those things, we trembled out of fear of Allah. Today we have come to repent.”

And I gave them the pledge and admitted them into the Path.

Then Negin's mother said:

"When this girl was born and we named her Negin, two nights later a luminous old man appeared to me in a dream and said: 'This child's name is not Negin; her name is Marziya.' I told my husband, but he said, 'You imagined it.'"

On that same day, one of the senior Khalifas, Khalifa Aref—known for his spiritual states and whose accounts appear elsewhere in this book—was our guest. I said to him:

"Khalifa Aref, pray for this girl."

He looked at me in surprise and said:

"I should pray for this girl? This girl should pray for all of us. Her parents do not know what a great divine favor Allah has bestowed upon them by sending such a great saint into their home. Through the intercession of this child, they could reach the highest ranks with Allah. But unfortunately, they think that Allah has wronged them and that it would have been better if He had given them a healthy child."

Final Reflection

We are accustomed to measuring a person's worth by outward appearance, apparent intellect, and

worldly abilities. Yet on the divine scale, the one who appears “weak” to our eyes may in truth be the servant closest to Allah.

There may be children whom we regard as deprived, while in reality they carry a divine secret and serve as a channel of mercy for their families and those around them.

Negin—who was in fact *Marziya*—was a mirror that revealed this truth: the friends of Allah do not always appear in the form of elders or scholars. At times, they come in the form of a silent, simple, and seemingly helpless child, in order to test our hearts:

Do we look with the outward eye, or with the eye of the heart?

Narrative 67 – The Judgment of the Day of Resurrection

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Many years ago, I had a dream that has never faded from my memory.

In the dream, I saw myself and my husband in a vast desert with no visible end. Around us stood an immense multitude — thousands, even millions of people — all silent and anxious, waiting. A heavy and terrifying atmosphere prevailed everywhere.

I asked in fear:
“What is happening here?”
They said:
“This is where your judgment for the Hereafter is being written.”
Our hearts sank. I felt as if my soul were leaving my body. Suddenly, an official called us and said:
“Come — your judgment will be issued here.”
With dread, we entered a room. When I looked inside, I saw a scene that shook my entire being. I saw Hadrat Sheikh of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), sitting on the ground beside a wall, with a very low table

placed in front of him. A special light filled the space.

My husband and I stepped closer.

Without raising his head, Hadrat Sheikh wrote a small note and held it out toward me. On it was written a phrase in Arabic. I did not know Arabic very well. I began to read it. At that very moment, such an intense and extraordinary spiritual state overcame me that I awoke from sleep.

I found myself involuntarily repeating the same phrase with my tongue. I was in a very heavy, spiritual, and indescribable state. I immediately got out of bed and wrote

the sentence down. It felt like a verse from the Qur'an. I searched for it in the *Qur'an Encyclopedia*, and to my astonishment I found — without the slightest difference — that it was exactly verse 103 of Surah al-Anbiya:

"Lā yaḥzunuhumu al-fazaʿu al-akbar wa-tatalaqqāhum al-malā'ikatu hādhā yawmukum alladhī kuntum tūʿadūn."

Translation:
"The Greatest Terror will not grieve them, and the angels will receive them, [saying]: This is your Day which you were promised."

What was most astonishing was that at the very moment I read the verse in the dream, I had memorized it, and to this day it has remained in my memory without the slightest change — as if it had been written directly into my heart, not learned through hearing or sight.

Final Reflection

Some dreams are not merely images — they are messages.
And some messages are not merely for information — they are for reassurance of the heart.

This vision is a reminder that for the friends of Allah, the Day of

Resurrection is not a day of terror, but a day of promise. It is a day when fear gives way to the welcoming of the angels, and anxiety is transformed into peace.

Sometimes Allah allows a person to taste a sign of the tranquility of that Day while still in this world — so that one may know that if the heart is set on the right path, even the “Greatest Terror” has no power to shake it.

The instant memorization of the verse is itself a sign that some truths, when they come from the unseen realm to a person, are entrusted not to memory, but to the soul.

Narrative 68 – The Number Written from the Sky

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Many years ago, a young man married a girl known to our circle despite his family's approval of the match; however, this union became the beginning of deep crises and ongoing conflict. Repeated tensions brought their life together to a dead end. Eventually they separated, but because of a heavy dowry obligation, the husband refused to complete the formal divorce. At the height of these family disputes, the man suddenly disappeared, and his family refused

to say where he was or what had happened to him.

A short time after this incident, the woman discovered that she was pregnant. Despite all hardships, she gave birth to a daughter and raised her under difficult conditions without the father's presence. Years passed. When the daughter was in her final years of high school, both mother and daughter were introduced to the Tariqa through me and joined it. The light that shone into their hearts through the Path gradually healed their old inner wounds and transformed them into committed and devoted dervishes.

The daughter, who had always felt the absence of her father deep within herself, after becoming acquainted with the Master of the Tariqa, turned her heart toward Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) and earnestly sought his spiritual help to restore her missing father to her.

One night, after prolonged weeping, she fell asleep and in a dream saw Hadrat Sheikh writing a number on the ground with his staff. Remarkably — as happens in some true dreams — upon waking she remembered the number exactly, without any omission or change.

With hesitation and embarrassment, she called the number. A woman answered. With a trembling voice, the girl explained her life story, her father's disappearance, and the extraordinary dream she had seen. After a brief silence, the woman said:

"Perhaps I can help you."

It then became clear that she was the girl's aunt. She gave her another number in Turkey and said:

"Call this number — it may be your father."

The call was made. A man answered on the other end. After hearing the girl's explanation, he said:

“Everything you are saying is correct. Wait — I will come from Turkey. We will do a genetic test. If the result is positive, you are my daughter.”

Some time later, the test was carried out, and the father-daughter relationship was conclusively confirmed.

The father, who was financially well established, told the mother:

“I have been married in Turkey for years and have a wife and child there, so I cannot marry you. But if you wish, I will take you and our daughter to Turkey and provide a house for you to live in there, and our daughter

can continue her university studies there."

The mother declined. She said she had no interest in living abroad or emigrating.

In the end, the father took his daughter with him to Turkey, where she began her university education. The girl who had lived for years with the pain of her father's absence had now at least found the truth of her identity and recovered her lost bond.

Narrative 69 – The Vision of the "Lahuti Unseen Realms"

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Part of the collective dhikr in the Kasnazani Tariqa includes seeking help from the Masters of the Path (Q). In it, with the phrase:
“al-muhandis fi al-ghuyūb al-lāhūtiyyah”
(“the Engineer in the Lahuti Unseen Realms”)

Amir al-Mu’minin Ali (PBUH) is addressed, and help and support are sought from him under this title. At first, this expression seemed somewhat unusual and surprising to me. However, since this dhikr had been prescribed and conveyed by the Master of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan (Q), I always tried to remove any doubt from my heart and to accept it with surrender, and trust.

Even so, deep questions continually remained in my mind: What kind of realm are the Lahuti unseen worlds? What is their true nature and reality? Upon what geometry and order are they established? And how can the friends of Allah move from one place to another in the blink of an eye? These questions lived constantly in my thoughts and heart and drew me toward deeper reflection on the secrets of that unseen realm.

In the same year, after I had spent eighty days in fasting, retreat, seclusion, and spiritual vigilance, I experienced a dream that revealed the answer to a long-standing question that had always turned within my mind and heart.

After the Fajr prayer, in a dream-state, I found myself in the presence of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), in the same place where the present Sheikh, Shamsuddin Muhammad Nahro Kasnazan (Q), sits today.

I was standing directly before him at his place of sitting, and above that

spot there was an enormous door. Hadrat Sheikh said to me:

“We have heard that you wish to fly.” I replied: Yes, my master.

He said: “Look at the geometry and order of the streets and roads of your city; the pathways of the heavens are arranged in the same way — with precise order and perfect geometry.”

Then he said:

“Look behind you.”

When I turned, I saw a great door from which a dazzling light was shining. He said:

“Enter.”

I replied: I cannot — I am afraid to enter alone. Come with me, for I know no one but you.

At that moment, Hadrat Sheikh indicated two of the righteous friends of Allah (Q) — one of whom I knew well — and said to them:

"Take him and bring him in."

They took me from both sides and led me through the door. Instantly, a veil was lifted from before my sight, and I beheld a vast and luminous network extending in all directions, with no conceivable boundary. I saw that the agents of this network were the spirits of the righteous saints and the angels of Allah — in numbers

beyond counting and beyond imagination.

One of the friends of Allah said to me:

“This is the Lahuti unseen realm that you were always asking about.”

I asked: Who is that great man whose feet are on the earth and whose head is in the heaven?

He said:

“This is your grandfather, Ali ibn Abi Talib (PBUH). Previously, this task was in the hands of his deputy, but now he himself is responsible for arranging and engineering the pathways between the heavens and the earth and the luminous lines.”

In his blessed hand was a great and majestic book.

Then I saw myself ascending toward the sky and observing that immense geometry from above — how the luminous paths and lines branch in a geometric and perfectly ordered network, encompassing the whole world, rising to the heavens, and reaching into the home of every dervish in every place on earth.

Then one of the friends of Allah said to me:

“Close your eyes.”

I closed my eyes, and in the blink of an eye we were transferred to our own region. There I saw those same

luminous lines spread through our homes, entering the rooms and connecting with the hearts of the dervishes.

At that moment, I understood that these were the geometric pathways between heaven and earth and those divine luminous lines that, in the Tariqa, are known as the “connection between the murid and Hadrat Sheikh,” and that the one responsible for their arrangement and engineering is Ali ibn Abi Talib (PBUH).

I also came to know that the central hub of this immense luminous network is located above the very

place where Hadrat Sheikh was seated, and from there begins the geometry of the paths through which the friends of Allah travel throughout the world and traverse the distance between heaven and earth in the blink of an eye.

Final Reflection

This vision teaches us that the universe is not founded upon accident or disorder; rather, everything within it flows according to a profound wisdom and a divine geometry — a geometry that governs not only matter and nature, but also the realm of spirits, hearts, and the

human connection with Allah. What we call in the Tariqa “the connection between the murid and Hadrat Sheikh” is not merely a simple spiritual bond, but a real connection within a living, luminous network that stretches between heaven and earth and links the hearts of seekers to the source of guidance.

This dream makes clear to us that the friends of Allah — especially Amir al-Mu’minin Ali ibn Abi Talib (PBUH) — are not only exemplars of character, courage, and knowledge, but also bear great divine responsibilities in the unseen realms, and by Allah’s permission oversee the

ordering and regulation of the luminous pathways.

We also understand that the dhikr and the calls for help that we recite in the Tariqa with humility and surrender are not symbolic or ceremonial phrases, but real keys for connection to that luminous network. Every remembrance, every heartfelt attention, and every sincere surrender places a person within this divine geometry and illuminates his path in the unseen world.

In the end, this vision tells us that the Tariqa is a living and active path within existence — a path founded upon love, obedience, and inner

connection — that carries the seeker beyond the limitations of time and space and draws him nearer to the witnessing of truth, inner peace, and continual presence before the Divine.

Narrative 70 – The Seal Beneath the Decree of Khilafah

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

All of my children had joined the Tariqa, and among them my eldest daughter had attained the rank of khilafah. Even so, within myself I still felt a kind of resistance and inner opposition toward the Path and could not easily accept it. When my

daughter became a khalifa, I said to myself:

Could it be that this khilafah and this dervish way are only outward and without real foundation — that these matters are done merely to satisfy people?

For a couple of days I struggled with these thoughts and found no peace of mind, until one night I saw a strange dream.

In the dream, I found myself in a large courtyard where a great number of people were sitting on the ground. In front of them, a man was seated on a chair, and behind him stood a brown-colored building. The

atmosphere was formal and majestic, as if an important and decisive assembly were being held.

At that moment, a man in commando-style clothing entered and went straight to the one seated on the chair and handed him a letter — rolled like the letters of old.

I saw that the man opened the letter and called out loudly:

“So-and-so, father of so-and-so!”

He spoke my name and my daughter’s name and said:

“Who is sitting here?”

I raised my hand and said:

“It is I.”

He said respectfully:

“Dear father, come forward.”

When I stepped forward, I suddenly realized that the person seated on the chair was Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). My heart began beating intensely.

He showed me the letter and said:

“Sir, this is your daughter’s decree of khilafah. The Noble Prophet ﷺ has signed it and sent it for me to sign as well.”

He then showed me the seal of the Prophet ﷺ on the letter — a seal whose sight caused my whole being to tremble. After that, he took another seal from his pocket and

stamped it firmly and decisively upon the document.

At the very moment the seal struck the paper, a green light spread everywhere — a living, deep, and soothing light, as if shining from another realm. In that light, all my doubts, suspicions, and inner resistance collapsed.

I awoke in that very state, my heart filled with certainty and an unfamiliar peace.

Narrative 71 – The Treatment of Phobia (Severe Fear Disorder)

A narrative by the author of the book

Phobia — or pathological fear — is a type of anxiety disorder in which a person shows an intense and irrational reaction toward a specific subject, such as enclosed spaces, certain animals (such as snakes), heights, and similar triggers. This reaction is usually accompanied by rapid heartbeat, anxiety, emotional disturbance, and sometimes disruption of daily functioning.

In this regard, an experience occurred to me that is also noteworthy from a psychological perspective.

Many years ago, a woman came to me and said that she suffered from a

severe phobia of snakes, to the extent that even accidentally seeing an image of a snake on television would cause her anxiety, restlessness, and emotional distress for days or even weeks. The fear was so intense that it had begun to affect her normal life.

After some time becoming acquainted with the Tariqa and beginning a spiritual path that included dhikr, calming of the mind, and strengthening of inner security, significant changes appeared in her psychological state. A few weeks later, she came to me and said with surprise:

“I feel that my reaction has completely changed. Now I can watch films in which dervishes hold snakes in their hands and even look at them without becoming afraid or anxious. Not only am I not afraid, but I feel a kind of calm and even interest inside myself.”

She even said:

“Sometimes I feel that if I were in such a situation, I might be able to hold a snake myself without becoming terrified.”

From this experience, it can be understood that the Tariqa and dhikr — as a spiritual path — functioned as a deep psychological calming factor,

helping the person gradually weaken her previously conditioned fear and attain a sense of inner security, self-control, and tranquility.

Narrative 72 – A Bottle in the Refrigerator of the Heart

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, for the purpose of spiritual guidance, I traveled with a group of dervishes to a provincial town. During the dhikr gathering, a huge young man — with several visible knife scars on his face — entered the takiya along with several other young men who looked similar to him. Their appearance and presence made

the atmosphere of the gathering heavy for a few moments.

After the dhikr ended, I asked the khalifa who that young man was.

He said:

“He was the head of the drug traffickers and distribution network in this town. Some time ago, one of their members had taken the Tariqa and left that work. They came to intimidate me. One day this young man came to the takiya with the same group you saw. He approached me angrily and said:

‘What is this talk they are spreading? Who are you to advise people?’

I said:
‘I am a khalifa of the Kasnazani Tariqa, and my duty is to invite people to the way of Allah.’

With mockery and anger he said: ‘What is this superstition you are feeding to people?’

Because of his imposing presence and that of his companions, I felt a brief fear within myself. In that very moment, I sought help with all my heart from Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). Suddenly, an inner scene appeared clearly before me: I saw a refrigerator. Its door opened, and in the lower section

there was a bottle of imported whiskey with a red label.

At once, my inner fear turned into an unusual courage. In a firm and decisive tone I said:

'These are not superstitions. You too should come and repent. Take that red-labeled whiskey bottle you have placed in the bottom of your refrigerator and pour it out in the sink right now.'

The young man suddenly froze. He stared into my eyes in astonishment for several moments. Then tears began to flow uncontrollably. He came toward me, fell at my hands, and began to cry. Right there he

repented. His companions were also deeply affected — all of them repented and entered the Tariqa.

Some time later, I traveled again to that same town and the takiya of that khalifa. That group was no longer there. I asked the khalifa what had happened.

He said:

“Unfortunately, the mafia network this young man belonged to did not leave him alone. They told him that if he did not return to his work, they would kill me and his entire family. He came to me himself and said: ‘Although I believe in the truth of the Tariqa, for now I cannot leave my

work. Your life and my family's lives are in danger.'"

After that, neither he nor the members of his group came to the takiya again.

This incident taught me a deep lesson:

Sometimes the light of truth shines into a person's heart and awakens him, but the chains of fear, threats, and corrupt social structures can prevent the continuation of the path. Faith does not always mean immediate freedom; sometimes it means the beginning of a difficult struggle between light and darkness.

Narrative 73 – When Hardship Becomes a Means of Mercy

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

During the lifetime of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), in one particularly harsh winter, we were sitting around a heater in the Sulaymaniyah takiya. The cold was so intense that few people were able to go outside. In that moment, someone suddenly entered and announced that Hadrat Sheikh had ordered us to go and dig the takiya garden.

Without hesitation, we all stood up and went out to the garden. The

weather was extremely cold and the ground was frozen; the work was difficult and exhausting.

Among us was an elderly dervish — a man about seventy-five years old — one of the long-time murids from the days of Sheikh Abdulkarim, the father of Hadrat Sheikh. Trembling from cold and weakness, he spoke in the old devotional style known in the Tariqa as *sūz* — with tearful yearning and a burning heart — addressing his departed Sheikh, and said in a tone mixed with pain:

"My master, you raised us in comfort and gentleness,

but your son sends us to dig the garden in the winter cold…”

He had not yet finished speaking when suddenly a young dervish came running toward us, out of breath, and said:

“Hadrat Sheikh has ordered that you leave the work and return immediately to the rest hall.”

We were all astonished. Hadrat Sheikh’s residence was far from where we were, and it seemed that he had become aware of the old man’s inner state and words even before they were spoken.

When we returned to the rest hall, the elderly dervish said with a simple, calm smile:

“You see? Sheikh Abdulkarim (Q) saved us from digging in this cold.”

But one of the younger dervishes, who had a deeper understanding of the matter, replied:

“You harmed yourself and us. Do you not know that Hadrat Sheikh had a purpose beyond merely digging the garden? He wanted to use this hardship as a means to present your case before the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and say:

‘My master, forgive the sins of this elderly dervish who is serving in the

winter cold — pardon him and grant him mercy.'

But with your words, you lost that opportunity. Now that you no longer have the strength for worship and your lifetime no longer allows for spiritual discipline, what will you do?"

A heavy silence filled the space — a silence more eloquent than many words.

Final Reflection

In this narrative, the grace lies not in canceling a difficult task, but in understanding the hidden intention behind apparent hardship. Sometimes what appears outwardly

as difficulty is inwardly an opportunity to make up for years of neglect and shortcoming. Often, the friends of Allah choose hardship not to burden people, but to rescue hearts.

This account reminds us that on the spiritual path, what is easier is not always what is better. At times, the final opportunities of mercy are hidden within the very moments from which a person tries to escape. To understand this truth is itself a greater grace than any outward sign.

Narrative 74 – The Light That Descended

A narrative by the author of the book

One day I watched a film that occupied my thoughts for a long time. In the footage, pilgrims gathered around the Kaaba witnessed a light descending from the sky — a light that resembled neither lightning nor a meteor. Calm and continuous, like water being poured from a vessel, it flowed down above the Kaaba and, after a few moments, disappeared.

What was remarkable was not only the light itself, but the fact that this phenomenon was not merely the personal perception of those present;

it had been clearly recorded by television cameras. It was later said that the event had been filmed from multiple angles and that its traces were distinctly visible in the recordings.

Upon seeing this film, I was involuntarily reminded of an account that one of my close friends — one of the distinguished khalifas of the Kasnazani Tariqa — had related to me many years earlier. He narrated as follows:

On one of the final nights of the blessed month of Ramadan, he and a group of others were with Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan (Q) in a forty-day spiritual retreat on a mountain near the village of Karbchina.

Hadrat Sheikh said: “Tonight is Laylat al-Qadr.”

The atmosphere was filled with silence and serenity when suddenly a great light appeared in the sky and descended from above toward the earth like a heavenly meteor.

That light came down upon a large stone platform near the place of retreat — the very spot where, at night, Hadrat Sheikh would sit and give them counsel — and then divided into three parts: three separate lights, each like a brilliant

meteor, moving toward the village of Karbchina and vanishing in midair.

Two events, in two different places and separated by a long span of time — yet with a striking resemblance:

A light that neither burns nor destroys,
but descends, settles, and departs.

Narrative 75 – A Meeting on the Night of Qadr

A narrative by the author of the book

Many years ago, through my personal website, I received a message from a young man named Mojtaba, a resident of Herat in Afghanistan. He wrote that for many years he had felt

deeply attached to the friends of Allah and regarded this attachment as a divine blessing that had taken root in him since childhood. He had always tried to build a deep relationship with Allah and to benefit from the writings and works of the saints; yet despite all this longing, he had not found a clear and reliable path for his own spiritual growth and development.

For three full years, with seriousness and sincerity, he had done everything within his ability to draw nearer to Allah. But according to his own words, the more he tried, the more psychological pressure and

inner distress he experienced. It was as if the thirst for truth was burning within him, but no path leading to water lay before him.

On the nineteenth night of the blessed month of Ramadan, with a broken heart and tearful eyes, he asked Allah to show him a means of nearness — a path that would rescue him from confusion. In that state, he fell asleep.

A short while later, without any prior intention and without it being his habit, he woke from sleep. He went onto the internet and, unknowingly, arrived at a website whose name he had never even heard

before that night. Upon seeing the first videos and materials, a strange state arose within his heart — a state he himself described as an “inner attraction.”

After contact was established between him and me, he joined the Tariqa. He was able to preserve that inner longing and, by Allah’s grace, move step by step along a path of light and tranquility.

Narrative 76 – The Banner of Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH)

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

At the age of nine, on the night of Ashura — the night between the ninth and tenth — I saw a dream that I never forgot. I found myself in the plain of Karbala. The sound of crying, lamentation, and anguish filled the space. The bodies of the martyrs lay on the ground, and the sight made my whole being tremble. I could do nothing but weep. In that plain, no one was present except Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH).

With my childlike heart, I cried for his loneliness and isolation. In that state, Imam Hussein came toward me and said:

“Do not cry. Pick up that spear lying on the ground and give it to me.”

I picked up the spear and placed it in his blessed hand. Then he gave me the green banner he was holding and said:

“You must keep this banner.”

Crying, I said, “Do not leave me alone here.”

He replied, “I will not leave you alone.”

My crying in the dream was so intense that my parents woke me. When they asked what I had seen, I told them the dream. Both congratulated me. My father kissed my face and said:

“Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) has chosen you for his path — the path of calling and guidance.”

At that time, I did not understand the meaning of my father’s words. My mother said this dream was the answer to a prayer she had made years earlier. She said:

“When you were not yet born, beside the takiya of Haj Khalifa Fattah, I kissed the door of the takiya and asked the Kasnazani masters to pray that Allah would grant me a son who would one day become a khalifa of the Kasnazani Tariqa. Allah willing, this dream is the answer to that prayer.”

Years passed after that vision. At seventeen, I entered the Tariqa, and one year later I went into military service. Near the end of my service, I was falsely accused of theft. When I saw that I had no way to prove my innocence, I turned inwardly to the Master of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), and asked for his help.

A few days later, a final review session for my case was held in the base commander's office. During that meeting, I again inwardly sought Hadrat Sheikh's help. Suddenly, I saw him clearly present in the room. With

anger, he struck the base commander with a firm slap and said:

“My dervish is not a thief!”

Then he turned to me and said:

“My son, do not worry. The real thief has been identified.”

After that, he disappeared from my sight. No one else saw anything, because this vision occurred in the inner realm, not the outward one. Shortly afterward, the session ended. The commander came toward me with his head lowered and said:

“Forgive us, Sayyid. The thief has been found. You are innocent.”

After completing my military service, I returned to my city. From

then on, the blessed image of the Master of the Tariqa remained constantly before my inner sight, and I kept myself busy with dhikr and awrad. A few years later, I married. Around those same years, our province was struck by a drought that lasted three years.

In the last month of the summer of those years, out of love for Allah, His Messenger, and the Kasnazani masters, I built a takiya. To receive permission to begin its work, I visited the Master of the Tariqa and explained the drought conditions of our region. While granting me the decree of khilafah, he said:

“Allah willing, your water shortage will soon be resolved.”

I returned to my city and told friends and acquaintances:

“When the banner of our takiya is brought, this province will be saved from drought.”

Many mocked me. But in my heart I said: Laugh now — when the banner comes, I will be the one who laughs.

By order of Hadrat Sheikh, a delegation representing one of the khalifas came to our region. On the day of the takiya opening, the weather was sunny. When the banner was brought, my eyes fixed upon it — and suddenly a memory from

twenty-three years earlier came alive within me.

Yes — it was the very same banner I had received in my childhood dream from Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH).

That night, the dhikr circle was established. The remembrance had not yet begun when a light rain started to fall, then quickly grew heavy. The rain became so intense that it was no longer possible to remain outdoors, and everyone moved inside the takiya. The rainfall continued until morning.

The next day, those who had mocked me came and apologized. The provincial news announced that

in less than ten hours of rainfall, the dams and water reserves of the region had filled, and the province's water needs for several years had been secured.

Final Reflection

This narrative is not merely the account of a dream or an extraordinary event; it is the story of a trust being entrusted. A trust placed in a human heart in childhood through a vision, and years later realized in the fabric of life. The banner given in the dream was a symbol of responsibility, not

privilege — a sign of a path, not a reward.

In this grace, the link between a mother's pure intention, divine selection, years of gradual formation, and fulfillment at the proper time can be clearly seen. The rain did not descend randomly and without measure, nor did divine help appear without preparation. Everything occurred in its proper place and time — when the heart was ready and the covenant had not been forgotten.

This account reminds us that some missions begin in childhood but do not become manifest until a person reaches maturity in patience and

certainty. It also shows that the friends of Allah, though outwardly unseen, are more present than anyone at decisive moments.

The rain of that night was not only rain of water — it was rain of confirmation: confirmation of a dream long held in the heart, confirmation of a path accompanied by the mockery of others, and confirmation of a promise given to the bearer of the banner:

“I will not leave you alone.”

Narrative 77 – Reviving a Non-Functional Computer

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Several years ago, when I had only recently entered the Tariqa, I had four computers in my private school. One of them suddenly stopped working. Since my field is computer engineering, I examined the system repeatedly and became fully certain that the IC installed on the main board (motherboard) had burned out.

This was very upsetting for me. Our class had twenty-four students and only four computers available. Moreover, it was not possible to

obtain a replacement motherboard in our city, and it had to be purchased from the provincial center. At that time, heavy snowfall had blocked the roads, and there was practically no immediate way to solve the problem.

At the height of my frustration and helplessness, my brother — who was a khalifa of the Kasnazani Tariqa — said to me:

"Come, let us seek help from Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). Allah willing, it will be fixed."

Honestly, I laughed inwardly at the suggestion. I thought to myself: Is not the Master of the Tariqa for spiritual

and religious matters? What does that have to do with a burned computer component?

My brother said:
“Let us try once.”

We performed two units of prayer and sincerely sought help through Hadrat Sheikh. After that, with complete hopelessness, I pressed the computer’s start button. The system powered on.

I was surprised and told myself that perhaps the motherboard had not been fully burned and was only partially damaged. I shut the computer down and tried again to

turn it on — no matter what I did, it would not start.

My brother said:
“You still doubt that it was really broken.”

I replied:
“Yes — honestly, I still doubt it.”

He said:
“If we seek help again and it turns on once more, will you stop doubting?”

I said:
“No — this time I will certainly not doubt.”

We sought help again and powered on the machine. Once more, it started without any problem. Our astonishment became complete when

that computer continued to function without fault for several years afterward — until it was eventually retired through normal obsolescence.

That day left me with a lasting lesson: that divine assistance and the grace of the friends of Allah are not limited to what we consider "spiritual" matters. Wherever there is a real impasse and sincere trust, a way can open — even where calculating reason no longer sees any hope.

Narrative 78 – The Healing of a Hair Loss Disease

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Many years ago, I developed a strange and rare illness the like of which I had never seen before. A portion of the hair on my face — in a circular patch about two to three centimeters wide — suddenly fell out. At first, I consulted a doctor in my own city, but I got no result. Then I went to another city with more specialized physicians; there too, no effective treatment was achieved.

Finally, I went to the provincial capital and visited a dermatologist. I asked about the cause of the condition. The doctor stated clearly that I had a disease in which the body's white blood cells attack

various areas, including the hair follicles, and destroy them. He said:

"A part of your body has turned against you. There is no definitive cure. I may be able to slow its progression, but it is possible that all the hair on your head and face may fall out."

I used the medications carefully and regularly, but contrary to expectations, the number of bald patches on my head and face increased day by day.

That same year, I performed the 'Umrah pilgrimage. At my family's insistence, I repeatedly washed my head and face with Zamzam water,

but this too had no effect, and the illness continued to progress.

About two months later, we visited the Master of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). At my father's insistence, I explained my illness and asked for help. Hadrat Sheikh said:

"Go to a doctor."

I replied, "Master, I have gone, but it has not helped."

He said:

"Go to the shrine of my father, Sheikh Abdulkarim, in Karbchina. Take some soil from there, mix it with water into mud, and apply it to

your head and face. Allah willing, you will be healed."

I went to Karbchina and prepared the soil from the shrine as instructed. By the grace of the Master of the Tariqa and by carrying out what he directed, after seven days the hair on my head began to grow again, and after fifteen days the hair of my face also returned. My illness was healed in a completely unexpected and miraculous way — leaving no trace behind.

Narrative 79 – A Stain on the Shirt, a Light in the Heart

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Together with a group of dervishes, we traveled to the village of Karbchina in Iraqi Kurdistan to visit the shrines of the masters of the Qadiri Kasnazani Path (Q). After the visitation, we sat down to eat. The weather was hot, and the fatigue of the journey weighed on me. In that very moment, Satan cast a false thought into my mind. I said to myself:

"What benefit have I gained from all this coming and visiting?"

My thought had not yet fully formed when my hand struck the food dish, and some of the bean stew spilled onto my white shirt. Annoyed, I set the tray aside and began cleaning it with a tissue, but not only did the stain not disappear — it became worse and more unsightly. Its mark remained clearly visible and disturbing.

The meal ended, and as we were boarding the bus, my eyes fell on my shirt again. At that moment, I froze in astonishment.

There was no trace of the stain. The shirt was completely white and

clean — as if nothing had ever been spilled on it.

A deep sense of shame filled my being. I said to myself:

"They have answered me…"

The masters of the Path had responded to that false inner thought — without words, through a silent and profound act. The stain that could not be removed by hand and tissue had been removed by another power. Just as this outward impurity was cleansed, surely the inner impurities and sins of the human soul can also be cleansed.

When I returned home, I removed that shirt with respect and kept it in a

special place as a blessed keepsake — not because of the cloth itself, but because of the lesson contained within it.

Final Reflection

Sometimes our questions are not answered with words,
but with a silent sign, a simple event, and a gentle, profound training.

That stain was not merely a stain on a shirt;
it was a mirror showing that the Path, before being a way of speech, is a way of purification of the heart.

Narrative 80 – The Greeting of a Flower That Was Heard

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

On the night before I was to travel to Sulaymaniyah to visit the Master of the Tariqa, I saw in a dream that the Dieffenbachia plant we keep in our home spoke to me. The plant said:

"You are going to visit the Ghawth of the time?"

I said, "Yes."

It said, "Convey my greeting to him as well, and visit him on my behalf too."

I replied, "Very well."

It asked again, "Do you promise?"

I said, “I promise.”

The next morning, together with my wife and a group of friends, we set out for Sulaymaniyah. The takiya of Hadrat Sheikh was very crowded, and many people had come for visitation. Along with the other dervishes, we approached in line one by one, offered our greetings and visitation, and then sat collectively in his presence to benefit from his guidance.

As soon as I sat down, I suddenly remembered that the night before I had promised our Dieffenbachia flower that I would convey its

greeting to Hadrat Sheikh. In my heart I said:

"Salam to you from our Dieffenbachia flower, O Master of the Tariqa."

Then I thought to myself:

"I delivered the greeting — but what about its visitation?"

This thought had not yet fully passed through my mind when, among that large crowd, Hadrat Sheikh suddenly pointed to me and said:

"Khalifa — come here… and make the visitation again."

At that moment, the promise I had made in the dream came vividly back

to me — a promise that had not only been heard, but whose answer had been given even before it was spoken aloud.

Narrative 81 – A Healing That Occurred in Silence

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Some time ago, at the takiya, I received from a fellow member of the Path a small amount of soil from the retreat place of Shah Hussein — one of the earlier masters of the Tariqa — as well as a piece of green cloth blessed through Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan (Q), the previous Master of the Kasnazani Tariqa.

After the Thursday night dhikr gathering, around midnight, I went to my father's house. My mother was asleep. I gently passed my hand over her head. She suddenly woke up and said:

"My son, what beautiful fragrance are you wearing?"

Out of affection for my mother, I placed a small amount of the blessed soil into a glass of water, dipped the green cloth into it as well, and asked her to drink some of it. After drinking, she said:

“My son, did you put rosewater in this? It tastes very pleasant. Tonight it feels as if the fragrance of Paradise is in our home.”

The next day, together with my parents, we traveled to their native village. There I saw my wife’s aunt — a noble and pious sayyida, devoted to prayer and Qur’an — who had breast cancer. It was feared that, like her sister who had recently died from the same illness, she might not survive. Sorrow and suffering were visible on her face, and my heart was deeply moved.

After returning to the city, I performed ablution and prayed two

units of prayer over a small amount of the blessed soil. I dedicated the reward of the prayer to the Master of the Tariqa and sought his help for the healing of that woman. Then I prepared three glasses of water: one with the intention of my wife, one for my father, and the third for the sick woman. I placed a small amount of the blessed soil into each glass and dipped the green cloth into them.

Nothing unusual happened with the first two glasses.

But when I dipped the cloth into the third glass — the one intended for the sick woman — a pleasant

fragrance, like the scent of flowers, suddenly reached my nose.

I gave the blessed cloth and that glass of water to my mother to deliver to her. The next day, the woman came to my mother's home and, according to the instruction, placed the cloth on the painful area of her breast and drank the water.

That same night, she saw in a dream an unknown person who told her:

"Wake up — you have been healed."

Then she saw in the dream that an opening formed in her breast and pus and blood flowed out, and her illness came to an end.

When she woke in the morning, she remembered the dream and felt happy. But when she saw no wound or opening on her breast, she became disappointed and said to herself:

"Perhaps it was only imagination."

A few hours later, she went to bathe, accompanied by her small child. While washing, suddenly — exactly as she had seen in the dream — an opening appeared in her breast and pus and blood began to flow out. The bleeding was so heavy that she feared she might faint under the shower and endanger the child.

According to her own account, the bleeding continued for about two

minutes, then stopped, and the opening closed completely.

When she came out of the bath, she realized that her breast pain had entirely disappeared. After visiting her doctor, the physician announced with astonishment:

"A miracle has occurred. You have been completely healed."

Narrative 82 – The Inner Perspective on Lawful (Halal) Provision

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, together with Khalifa Karim — who was over one hundred years

old and one of the karamah-endowed khalifas of the Path — we attended a gathering for a Mawlid celebration. At the gathering, a young boy brought a large plate of rice with noodles and chicken and said, “This food has been sent for you and Khalifa Karim.”

As I was about to eat, Khalifa Karim immediately said:

“Do not eat from this — it is not good. Come and eat from this bread and yogurt that I have brought myself.”

I said, “But Khalifa Karim, rice and chicken are better than bread and yogurt.”

He insisted, “Put it aside and eat this.”

I said, “If we do not eat it, the host will be upset.”

With displeasure he replied, “Must everything be explained to you? My dear, this food contains the property of an orphan. If you eat from it, your heart will grow dark.”

It was difficult for me to believe this. I said, “The one who brought it is the son of Khalifa Sadiq — they are people of faith.”

Khalifa Karim, tired of my insistence, said, “Do whatever you want.”

To set my mind at ease, I called the boy who had brought the food and asked, “Did your mother send this food?”

He said, “No.”

I asked, “Then who did?”

He pointed to a woman sitting nearby with several children and said, “That lady.”

I asked, “Where is her husband?”

He replied, “Her husband has passed away — these children are orphans.”

That was when I understood how Khalifa Karim saw reality — not with the outward eye, but with the heart.

On another occasion, this same Khalifa Karim — who was full of spiritual gifts — was speaking about the Master of the Tariqa of his time. He said:

"I have been a dervish of Sheikh Qadir, Sheikh Hussein, and Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), the previous Ghawths. I was also a khalifa of Sheikh Abdulkarim. But this present Master of the Tariqa, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), is different from them all. He is dangerous."

When I asked the reason, he said:

"About six months had passed since Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

had taken the seat of spiritual leadership. He had not yet undertaken a formal retreat or any outward austerities.

I — who had performed years of spiritual discipline and retreats, and had lived a long time on unsalted soup — went with hidden pride to Penjwen in Iraq to see the new Sheikh.

Hadrat Sheikh received me with great respect and said:

'Khalifa Karim, you were a khalifa of my father, and he loved you — I too love you.'

After some conversation, he said before the gathering:

‘When you return to your village, bring me a local wooden staff.’

I considered this request a great honor. After returning, I proudly told others about it. A few days later, my son brought a beautiful carved wooden staff and said:

‘Father, I bought this staff for you to take to Hadrat Sheikh.’

I was so happy I could hardly sleep. Early in the morning I set out and presented the staff to Hadrat Sheikh. He looked at it and said with displeasure:

‘Khalifa Karim, I asked for a staff from your own village. This staff is of no use to me.’

I said, troubled, ‘Master, in our village no staff worthy of you can be found.’

He said, ‘This is not the staff I asked for.’

Out of pride, I spoke boldly and said, ‘What is wrong with this staff?’

Hadrat Sheikh said:

‘What kind of dervishood have you practiced? This staff belonged to a man who was executed and whose property was confiscated. Do you want me to accept his staff?’

It was as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over my head. I returned without a word. When I

reached home, I asked my son where he had obtained the staff. He said:

‘It belonged to a department head who was executed and whose property was confiscated. I bought it.’

That was when I understood how the Master of the Tariqa shattered my pride of a hundred years — not to humiliate me, but to awaken me. I realized that whatever I had was from spiritual support and gracious regard, not from my own self.”

Narrative 83 – The Healing of Cataract at the Moment of Bay‘ah

A narrative by the author of the book

At one of the takiya gatherings, a woman from another city was present. After she received the bay‘ah of the Tariqa, she said in a state of astonishment:

“At the very moment I was reciting the words of the pledge, I suddenly saw a light in one of my eyes — a light like a camera flash that appeared suddenly and then disappeared.”

After the bay‘ah was completed, she asked me for paper and a pen to write down the instructions of the Tariqa. But while writing, she said with surprise that she felt her eyesight was disturbed and that she could not see

properly. She mentioned it briefly, and the gathering ended.

A few weeks later, the same woman returned to the takiya — this time with a different state and a calm face. She said that on the day after the bay‘ah, she realized that the eye which had been affected by cataract could now see clearly, as if a veil had been lifted from her sight.

According to prior arrangements, she visited her doctor and was scheduled to undergo cataract surgery that same week. After a careful examination, the physician declared with astonishment that there was no trace of cataract in her eye

and that the condition was not medically explainable.

According to the doctor, what had occurred was nothing other than a remarkable and unexpected event.

Narrative 84 – Deliverance from Possession at the Moment of Bay‘ah

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a woman called me and said she had received my number from one of the murids. With a tired and trembling voice, she explained that for years she had been suffering from a deep and exhausting affliction — a suffering that had turned her life into a real hell. When I asked her to

explain further, she said she preferred to speak in person. I gave her the address of the takiya and suggested that, if she was able, she should attend the Thursday dhikr gathering.

She said that unknown forces within her controlled her — forces that physically harmed her if she resisted their demands. For years she had been under the care of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, but none of the treatments had produced results. She experienced only slight relief when taking heavy psychiatric medications — drugs that left her in a

dull, half-asleep state throughout the day.

With sorrow, she recounted that for about a year and a half she had also been handed over to groups claiming to be dervishes and exorcists, who subjected her to various practices and claims, without the slightest improvement. When I asked whether they had taken money from her, she said, “A great deal.” I told her, “Do not continue with them. One who works for Allah does not demand money from Allah’s servants.” They had told her she suffered from a “double possession,” and had used this claim as a pretext to exploit her.

She believed I might be able to help her and was even willing to pay whatever I asked. I told her plainly, “We take no money from anyone. The only thing I can do for you now is to give you the bay‘ah of the Tariqa.”

After performing ablution, she prepared for the bay‘ah in the presence of about fifteen people. She sat on the floor and held the large prayer beads I had in my hand. Even before the bay‘ah began, signs of disturbance appeared in her.

As she recited the phrases of the pledge, a strange and frightening scene unfolded. She displayed

behavior that alarmed many of those present. Whenever the names of the masters of the Tariqa were mentioned and she was to repeat words of repentance and affirmation, her body reacted violently — as if an inner force were assaulting her. She was suddenly thrown up and down, forcefully opening and closing her hands, shaking her head from side to side, and screaming.

At one moment, she raised both hands and lunged toward my head, but an unseen force seemed to push her back. The prayer beads were pulled so violently that their thick cord — like a shoelace — nearly

snapped. The dervishes present formed a circle around us to help and began loudly reciting Surah al-Nas.

Near the end of the bay‘ah, everything suddenly changed. The violent movements stopped. It was as if the tormenting inner forces had surrendered. Her body went limp and she fell to the ground. A deep calm settled over her face — a calm she had not experienced for years.

What occurred in those moments was, for those present, nothing less than a visible manifestation of a struggle between good and evil — a struggle that ended at the moment of

bay‘ah, with darkness yielding and light prevailing.

Final Reflection

In this karamah, what appears most clearly is the truth of bay‘ah as a point of rupture from captivity and the beginning of the soul’s freedom. This woman’s suffering did not end through medication, dramatic claims, or costly rituals, but at the moment when her heart was sincerely entrusted to divine refuge.

This account shows that some wounds are not merely psychological nor treatable by ordinary means. They belong to a domain that finds

rest only through true spiritual connection and the light of guidance. Here, bay‘ah is not a mere outward rite, but a field of confrontation between light and darkness — where darkness cannot endure.

This karamah also draws a clear boundary between the way of Allah and the way of pretenders — between service offered without expectation and exploitation fed by fear and money. Wherever sincerity is present, peace arrives; and wherever true peace appears, one may recognize that the hand of guidance has been at work.

This reflection is an invitation to recognize the true sources — that real deliverance lies not in the multiplicity of paths, but in the correctness of the path.

Narrative 85 – Deliverance from Nightmares

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Before becoming acquainted with the Tariqa, my family and I went through a long and exhausting period of inner unrest. Life's difficulties weighed upon us one after another, and gradually signs appeared for which we had no clear explanation.

Disturbing dreams and recurring nightmares, sudden awakenings with fear and heart palpitations, and the sense of being followed or of an unseen presence became part of our nights. This condition was not limited to me alone; at times other members of the family experienced similar symptoms, which increased our shared anxiety.

Over time, the fears took on a more defined form. Some nights I felt as if a force jolted me awake or my body moved involuntarily. At times I would fall asleep with the Qur'an beside me in hopes of finding some peace, yet the worry still remained in

my heart. Searching for a solution, and on the advice of others, we went to individuals who claimed to diagnose and remove such problems. Various rituals and practices were performed that were supposed to be protective, but they brought no result except increased psychological pressure and heaviness. I was even given objects to carry with me, yet their presence not only failed to bring calm, it increased my anxiety.

During those days, through a relative, we became acquainted with the Tariqa — someone who had himself reached peace through this path after a difficult experience. His

words sparked a light of hope in my heart. When I heard that he spoke simply of repentance, remembrance, and heartfelt connection — without dramatic promises and without worldly demands — I decided to try this path as well, for I felt I had nothing left to lose.

A day was set for me, my mother, and my brother to visit the khalifa. In that gathering, before anything else, he spoke about the reality of the Path and the meaning of sincere return to Allah. During the talk, I felt a strong discomfort and burning sensation in the area where I was carrying one of those objects; it distracted me from

listening. At the khalifa's indication, the object was set aside, and the bay'ah of the Tariqa was performed. The atmosphere of the gathering was calm, but within me it felt as though a silent struggle was taking place.

That night, something happened for which I had long been waiting: a peaceful sleep — without nightmares and without fear. I felt as if I were inside a secure enclosure, as though something would not allow the darkness of the past to approach. In the following days, I experienced a tangible lightness and calm. However, after a short while, some heaviness

returned — not as intense as before, but enough to worry me.

By explaining what was happening and again seeking help through the Master of the Tariqa, a new stage began. In one of these states, I had a dreamlike experience in which I felt a compassionate presence and attention — accompanied by remembrance and sound — followed by a brief but releasing inner burning. After that came a deep sense of lightness and calm, along with uncontrollable tears — tears not of fear, but of release.

From that time on, the nightmares ceased, the night fears subsided, and

the atmosphere of our home gradually became peaceful. Today, when I look back on those days, I understand that true deliverance is not found through noisy and scattered methods, but through sincerity with Allah, genuine repentance, and connection to a clear path. The peace I now have is, for me, a testimony that guidance — even if it seems delayed — when it arrives, restores everything to its proper place.

Narrative 86 – Saved from the Severing of the Fingers

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

One day at home, I was working with an electric vegetable chopper. My father and my two sisters were also in the house. In the middle of the work, I turned the machine off so I could wash it and then use it again for other ingredients.

After washing the device, I plugged it back in to start it again. At that very moment, my eyes fell on the blades and I remembered that they needed to be set back in place. I did not realize that the plug was still in the

outlet. Without paying attention, I picked up the blades to install them.

The on/off switch of the machine was positioned on its rim in such a way that when the lid was locked into place, the machine would start, and when it was lifted, it would stop. As I was fitting the blades, my hand accidentally struck that edge, and suddenly the blades began to spin.

Everyone in the house screamed in terror. I froze. I could see the blades moving across my fingers and was certain that my fingers had been severed at that very moment. The only thought passing through my mind was that people whose fingers

are cut off do not feel anything at first — and perhaps that was why I still felt no pain.

After a few seconds — which felt like a lifetime to me — I finally pulled my hand back and the machine stopped.

In astonishment, I raised my hands and shouted loudly:

“I still have my fingers… my fingers are not cut… I still have my fingers…”

We were all in shock and disbelief. The house was filled with cries and tears.

My two sisters, who had witnessed the event, wept from relief and joy — and that very night, after seeing this

karamah and divine protection, both of them entered the Tariqa with conviction and certainty. That day I understood:

Sometimes the protecting hand of Allah is closer than the blade itself… and if Allah wills, even the most dangerous things become guardians instead of harm.

Narrative 87 – Returning to the Path

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Many years ago, I was afflicted with a severe and prolonged difficulty that placed my life under great pressure. The only thing that sustained me

throughout that period was trust in Allah and hope in His mercy. I constantly spoke to Allah in my heart and asked Him for guidance and a sign.

During those years, I saw several meaningful dreams — among them a dream in which I saw Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH) looking at me with a smile, and another in the shrine space of Imamzadeh Saleh, where a great luminous being approached me. Although I did not understand their interpretation at the time, they remained within me as special signs.

Some time later, I attended a university class on Islamic mysticism.

One of the students was speaking about the stages of spiritual wayfaring in the Tariqa and writing them on the board. Suddenly, an unusual state came over me. It was as if my entire life passed before my eyes like a film, and I felt that many of my past sufferings and events had been stages of a single path. In that moment, I understood that my life had not been random or without order, but had meaning within a hidden framework.

That same day, I said spontaneously to my mother:

"Mom, I want to become a dervish."

This was despite the fact that I previously had no serious familiarity with dervishhood or the Tariqa.

After some time, at the invitation of an acquaintance, I attended spiritual gatherings. There, I felt as though I had returned to a place to which I had always belonged — as if Allah was bringing me back to the starting point of my bond with Him. After several sessions, we were invited to the home of a respected doctor, and there I received the Tariqa. My heart reached a deep peace.

Shortly afterward, in the privacy of my room, I was speaking with Allah. I had heard that Sheikh Muhammad

al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), in the station of Ghawthiyyah, hears the cries of those in distress. Facing the mirror, I said:

"O Sheikh Muhammad, I do not know exactly who you are, but they say you hear the voices of Allah's servants. If the path of the Tariqa is not good for me, let this necklace remain around my neck — and if it is good for me, remove it from my neck."

I had not yet finished my sentence when the necklace came off my neck and fell into my hand — even though I had worn it for years and its clasp had never opened before. In that very

moment, without any doubt, I fully perceived the reality of the Ghawthiyyah and the attentive care of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q).

Narrative 88 – The Acid Splash

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

One of my friends had recently moved into a new home and bought several new items for it. Among her belongings was an old table that she decided to repaint. For that purpose, we obtained a very strong paint remover and placed it on the balcony.

It was summer, and the weather was extremely hot.

About half an hour later, I went to the balcony to pour the chemical into another container so we could begin the work. Just as I was opening the container, I suddenly heard a voice within me say:

“Close your eyes.”

I had only enough time to shut my eyes. At that very moment, the paint remover splashed onto my face. Yet I felt no burning and no heat. Without panic, I set the container on the ground, went and washed my face with soap, and returned to clean the area.

My friend came to help as well. Almost at the same time, the tips of our fingers touched the substance. We immediately looked at each other in shock — we both felt an intense burning sensation and quickly went to the sink and held our hands under running water for a long time.

Afterward, when I read the product instructions, I realized it was a highly powerful and dangerous chemical compound whose direct contact with skin could cause serious injury, and that working with it without protective gloves and goggles was strictly prohibited.

It was then that I understood: if that inner warning and that timely closing of my eyes had not occurred, an irreparable disaster to my eyesight might have taken place.

Narrative 89 – The Healing of a Severe Headache through the Grace of Hadrat Sheikh

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For a period of time, I suffered from a severe and unusual headache — so intense that at times my vision would darken and I was unable to continue my work. I went to the provincial center for examination. After taking

images of my head, the doctor said seriously: two of the blood vessels in your brain are completely blocked, and a very expensive and rare injection must be administered, otherwise you may face serious danger.

I searched throughout the city for the injection, but despite all my efforts, I could not find it. Distressed and anxious, I headed back to the doctor's office to inform him. On the way, with a broken heart, I said:

"O Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad, do not let me be disappointed."

When I arrived, the doctor called someone and said:

“Go check whether they still have that injection I sent to that department a few months ago. If they do, bring one.”

A few minutes later, the man returned with a single injection. Without asking me for any payment, the doctor administered it and said:

“The real effect of this injection will become clear after six months.”

I returned to my hometown. A few nights later, in a dream, I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). He said to me:

“Go again to the same doctor and take another head scan.”

In the dream I said, “I do not have the money.”

He replied, “It does not matter — go.”

The next morning, with that same trust and reliance, I went again. When I told the doctor I wanted another scan, he said in surprise:

“Are you out of your mind? You just had one a few days ago! The medicine does not show results for at least six months. Why waste your money?”

But after my persistent insistence, and to my surprise, he ordered

another scan without taking any payment.

When he saw the new image, he was completely astonished and said:

“I have been in this profession for decades and have never seen anything like this. This is a miracle. I injected only one dose intended for one of the blocked vessels, and a separate injection was supposed to be given later for the second vessel. But within just a few days, both vessels have completely opened — whereas it should have taken at least five to six months for any sign of improvement to appear.”

Narrative 90 – The Dream of Uways al-Qarani (Q)

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One of the brothers, before repentance and entering the Tariqa, had been counted among the most corrupt elements of society. He was known for drinking alcohol, extorting money, and oppressing people, and his life passed in the darkness of sin and heedlessness. But divine grace reached him, and the door of repentance and guidance was opened for him. He made a sincere repentance, took the bay‘ah, and entered the path of spiritual

wayfaring at the hand of the Master of the Tariqa. Through sincerity of intention and persistence in inner struggle, he advanced until, by Allah's grace, he became a person of spiritual standing and attained a rank and nearness with Allah.

Several years ago, I traveled with this man to visit the shrine of Uways al-Qarani (Q). We spent the night beside his blessed tomb. Many pilgrims, like us, remained awake in worship, remembrance, and supplication, and the atmosphere of the shrine was filled with spiritual presence and light.

In the morning, a man was moving among the visitors and calling out loudly:

“Is there anyone here whose name is so-and-so, son of so-and-so?”

— clearly stating the name of that very brother.

I pointed to my companion and said, “Yes, this is the person you are calling.”

As soon as the man saw him, he immediately fell to his knees, kissed his feet, and said with tears and humility:

“Last night I saw Uways al-Qarani in a dream. He said to me:
‘Because this man has come to visit

me, I have accepted the visitation of all the pilgrims who are present here tonight.'"

All those present were struck with awe and reverence upon hearing this, and they understood that the presence of this man had become a cause for the acceptance of others.

Final Reflection

This karamah makes clear that the divine court is not a place of despair. No human being has fallen so far that the path of return to Allah is closed to them. True repentance not only wipes away past sins, but can raise a person to a station where their very

presence becomes a source of blessing, acceptance, and mercy for others.

This account testifies that the friends of Allah look to the inner reality of a person, not to their past. Whoever returns to Allah with sincerity and truthfulness can move from the ruin of the ego to the flourishing of the spirit — and from the darkness of sin to the light of nearness.

Narrative 91 – The Elderly Woman Who Returned Her Tariqa

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (female)

A very devout and pious elderly woman came to me and, with great eagerness, received the Tariqa. But only a few days later, under the influence of criticism and negative remarks from some of her relatives, she returned and said with distress:

“You deceived me — I do not want this Tariqa.”

I said nothing, and she left.

Two days later, with great insistence and while crying intensely, she asked me to come to her home, saying that due to physical weakness she was unable to travel. When I visited, she pleaded tearfully that I renew the Tariqa for her.

I asked what had happened and what had caused her change of heart.

She explained that a distant acquaintance — a very elderly woman known among people for her piety and religious devotion — had seen her late son in a dream the previous night. Her son had passed away more than twenty years earlier and, during his lifetime, had been known as a good, respected, and well-loved man.

That woman had seen him in a very distressed condition — his clothes torn and worn, his state sorrowful and broken. In the dream he said with anguish:

“You do not know what wrong my mother has done! She has hurt the heart of a great Sayyid and has disgraced me here. I can no longer raise my head before the Imams and the righteous ones. Tell my mother she has only three days to make amends.”

This dream had a profound impact on the elderly woman, because in more than twenty years neither she nor any of her relatives had ever seen her son in a dream. For that reason, she took the dream very seriously and realized that what she had done was not merely a simple emotional

reaction, but something with serious spiritual consequences.

Her face had turned pale, her lips were trembling, and she was crying intensely. She kept repeating:

“I was wrong. I was misled by people’s words. Give me the Tariqa again quickly. If I die without the Tariqa, how will I look into the eyes of Lady Fatimah (PBUH)?”

No matter how much I tried to calm her, I could not succeed. Only after she received the Tariqa again did she finally become peaceful.

Final Reflection

This account shows that spiritual bonds are not playthings of passing emotions or uninformed opinions. Sometimes, through a hasty decision, a person severs a divine connection whose effects are not limited to this world, but are reflected in other realms as well.

It also reminds us that the hearts of Allah's friends are places of divine regard and grace. To wound such a heart is not like hurting an ordinary person; it is a form of disrespect toward a path opened toward Allah.

At the same time, divine mercy always precedes divine wrath. Just as

this elderly woman was able to correct her mistake through awakening and sincere repentance, any person who awakens in time and returns with sincerity will find the door of mercy open.

This story teaches that firmness of heart, disregard for the discouraging words of others, and reverence for the divine path are among the greatest signs of spiritual growth. Sometimes a dream is not merely a dream, but a wake-up call from the unseen — sent to rescue a heart standing at the edge of error.

Narrative 92 – The Dervish's Freedom on the First Night in the Grave

A narrative by the author of the book

On a Friday afternoon, a group of dervishes from a city in Kurdistan called me and reported that about an hour earlier, one of our dear friends — Khalifa Mustafa, a senior and spiritually distinguished khalifa — had passed away in a car accident.

At that time, one of Khalifa Mustafa's closest friends, Rahman, was working at our factory and was hospitalized due to illness. I had previously assigned another dervish,

Muhammad, to stay at the hospital and take care of him.

Upon hearing the news, I immediately contacted Muhammad, informed him of Khalifa Mustafa's passing, and strongly emphasized that under no circumstances should he tell Rahman — because Mustafa had been like a brother to him, and Rahman himself was not in good physical condition.

The next day, Muhammad called me and said with surprise:

"Last night at the hospital, I was in Rahman's room. He was asleep. Near the time of the dawn adhan, I suddenly saw Khalifa Mustafa

standing beside Rahman's bed and speaking with him. His presence felt completely real. At that exact moment, Rahman's alarm — which had been set for the dawn call to prayer — went off, and as the sound began, Khalifa Mustafa suddenly disappeared."

Muhammad continued:

"A few moments later, Rahman woke up. Without me saying anything, he turned to me and said: 'Muhammad, do you know who I was just dreaming about?'

I said, 'No.'

He said, 'I saw Khalifa Mustafa standing beside my bed, telling me:

“What’s wrong, man? You’re fine! Get up and go back to your work!”””

Rahman had no knowledge whatsoever of Khalifa Mustafa’s death, yet his dream described exactly the same scene that Muhammad had witnessed while awake — with the same appearance, the same presence, and the same words.

Final Reflection

This event lifts a corner of a profound reality:

For the traveler on Allah’s path, death is not an end — it is a transfer.

The cage of the body breaks, but the spirit does not remain confined.

The freedom of a dervish on the first night in the grave is a sign that his connection with the unseen world was formed even before death, and that his soul had already become familiar with higher realms. Such a person experiences death not as a fall, but as a passage.

This account shows that the spirits of Allah's friends may remain tasked, even after their passing, with bringing reassurance, strength, and encouragement to their companions. Just as Khalifa Mustafa, with the same gentle and fatherly tone, said:

“What’s wrong? Get up — go back to your work!”

Meaning: the path continues, the mission is not finished, and life on the path of truth does not come to a halt.

This karamah teaches us that the Tariqa prepares a person before death for freedom after death — and one who becomes inwardly free in this world will remain free in the intermediate realm as well.

Narrative 93 – The Dance of Particles in the Air

A narrative by the author of the book

Regarding the late Khalifa Mustafa, whom I mentioned in the previous narrative, there is another account worth relating.

Many years ago, we traveled to a small town where Khalifa Mustafa lived in order to visit the brothers of the Tariqa. One of the dervishes invited us to his house, located outside the town. About twenty of us were seated around the room along the walls. The atmosphere of the gathering was filled with silence, respect, and inward presence.

Next to me sat a dervish who had only recently entered the Tariqa, and on his other side sat the late Khalifa

Mustafa. Khalifa Mustafa took the newcomer's hand and began the state known among Kurdish dervishes as **suz** — a condition of tearful supplication and heartfelt appeal to the Master of the Tariqa; a cry rising from the depths of the soul, not merely from the tongue.

Holding the man's hand firmly, with tears flowing from his eyes, he pleaded with complete sincerity — addressing the Master of the Tariqa, who was not physically present in that gathering — asking that the truth of the Path be unveiled to this new dervish. Gradually, the spiritual weight of the assembly deepened, as

if everyone were holding their breath in expectation of something unseen.

After a few minutes, a strange wave of spiritual emotion and energy overtook the newcomer. Suddenly, he began to weep intensely — a deep, burning, uncontrollable cry — in such a way that all present stared at him in astonishment. The force of his weeping was such that it seemed as if his inner being had been split open and a great reality was passing through him.

In the midst of this state, powder-like particles suddenly began falling from above his head. At first it looked like ceiling plaster being worn away

and drifting down as dust. But it quickly became clear that these particles were nothing like plaster or ordinary dust.

They were silver in color, at times shining like tiny grains of diamond or glass. Their movement was strange and indescribable. They did not fall in a simple downward motion nor scatter randomly. Rather, with a remarkable order, they moved in gentle waves to the left and right — as if dancing in the air. Their motion was soft, coordinated, and rhythmic, like particles of light dancing in another realm.

The scene lasted only a few seconds, but the effect it left upon our souls was lasting. The particles settled gently upon the hair and shoulders of that new dervish. More astonishing still: although I was seated right beside him and Khalifa Mustafa was on his other side, not a single particle fell on us, on the floor, or on anyone else's clothing. It was as if this phenomenon had been created solely for him.

At that moment, everyone present in the room began to weep involuntarily. A state of spiritual self-forgetfulness and annihilation overcame the gathering. I too, like the

others, was unaware of myself for several minutes — as if the intellect had fallen silent and only the heart remained aware.

When we gradually returned to a normal state, no trace of the particles remained — not on the floor, not on the clothes, and not even on the hair of the dervish. It was as though what we had witnessed belonged not to the material world, but to another realm.

Final Reflection

This event is a sign of the truth that existence is not limited to what the outward eye can see. At certain moments, a veil is lifted, and for a

few brief seconds a person witnesses a manifestation of the hidden order and beauty of the unseen realm.

Those particles carry a silent message for us: that existence is alive — that divine love can set even space itself into motion and dance — and that when a human heart truly opens, the universe responds in welcome.

What we saw may not have been mere “particles” or “dust,” but a sign of heaven’s response to earth’s supplication — a sign that when a plea rises from the heart, the answer does not come only in words. Sometimes it comes as light, sometimes as movement, and

sometimes as a dance of blessed particles in the air.

Narrative 94 – The Cry That Was Heard

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Many years ago, together with about twenty dervishes, we set out for Iranian Kurdistan to visit Hadrat Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). After that, we planned to continue from Kurdistan to Sulaymaniyah in Iraq.

Along the way, the dervishes filled the bus with a spiritual atmosphere through daf-drumming and

devotional chanting, and interestingly, many of the other passengers also joined in with us.

Among the passengers was an elderly Kurdish man who participated in the chants with remarkable enthusiasm. Several times we asked him:

— “Are you a dervish?”

Each time he replied with a gentle smile:

— “I do not consider myself a dervish.”

When we reached the city, it was morning. The old man said:

— “If you want to know who I am, come to my house for breakfast.”

We accepted his invitation. He led us to an old neighborhood and stopped in front of a worn house. He knocked and said:

— “This is my home. I live here with my sons.”

But no one opened the door.

Suddenly, with astonishing agility, he climbed the wall like a young man, jumped into the yard, opened the door from inside, and invited us in.

The house was simple, with no signs of comfort or wealth. Yet he insisted on preparing for us everything he had—eggs, butter, local cheese, and the small provisions that seemed to

be his family's food for an entire month.

After breakfast he said:

"Now that you have kept your word, I will tell you my life story."

He said:

"In my youth, when Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q) was present in Iran, my father was one of his khalifas. One day I decided to go to Tehran with a few friends to look for work. My father took me to Hadrat Sheikh to receive his blessing.

He said:

'Your father is our khalifa, and you are under the banner of our Tariqa.

Go and fear nothing; we are watching over you.'

We did not know the Fars region. A group claiming to arrange jobs took us along toward Tehran.

On the way, near a city called Zanjan, we reached an old, abandoned caravanserai. They said, "Let's make some tea here with firewood and drink it, then continue on our way."

As soon as we entered, one of them—a large, strong man—shut the door and stood behind it. The others pulled out their knives and said: 'Hand over whatever money and belongings you have—now!'

A strange fear seized me. But suddenly, without knowing why, the remembrance of Hadrat Sheikh came to my heart, and inwardly I said:
Ya Ghawth Karim...

Only a few minutes passed while we were pleading, when suddenly there was a powerful blow against the door. The door was torn off its hinges, and the man standing behind it was hurled aside.

A young man wearing Kurdish trousers, with a giant build, entered. He threw those armed men around one by one like helpless children, and they fled.

He then introduced himself and said:
'I am a dervish who works at a cattle farm nearby. Suddenly a voice cried out in my ear: Ya Ghawth Karim... I left my work involuntarily and ran here.'

What amazed us was that I had said that call only within my heart, without uttering a sound.

The young man took us to the owner of the cattle farm. The owner said he was gladly willing to give us work, because since that dervish had come there, the cows' milk had increased, births had risen, and everything had become blessed.

We worked at that cattle farm for nearly two years. After that, I returned to Kurdistan and went to visit Sheikh Abdulkarim to give thanks.

When I entered the takiya, he was preaching to the dervishes and had his back to the door. Without turning around, he extended his hand toward the entrance and said:
'I heard the sound of your cry from Zanjan. My dervish does not fear; whoever fears is not my dervish.'"

When the old man reached this point, he fell silent. Then he said softly, "With such sheikhs… I do not consider myself a dervish." And thus

the story he wished to tell us came to an end.

Narrative 95 – Rescue from the Smugglers

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Many years ago, four men came to me with their car and asked me to transport a quantity of frozen chicken to the provincial center using my pickup truck. One of them sat beside me, and the other three followed behind in a separate vehicle. On the way, the man next to me offered me a drink. As soon as I drank it, I became severely dizzy and lost consciousness.

Later it became clear that they had mixed a sleeping drug into the drink. Their plan was to steal my pickup, use it to transport smuggled goods, and ultimately kill me. They tied my hands and feet and, while I was in a semi-unconscious state, threw me into the back of my own truck.

I understood nothing while unconscious, until I found myself bound hand and foot in a room. I realized they had transferred me to a northern city in the country. For several days I was in a very harsh and painful condition. From time to time they injected substances that kept me in a coma for hours.

After a few days, one of them—older than the rest, about sixty years old—came to me and said:
“Last night a person named Shah Hussein appeared to me in a dream, wearing black clothes and a black turban. He said to me: Why do you want to kill this innocent man? What has he done to you? I will not allow you to kill him.”

Then he turned to me and said:
“I will speak with the others and I will not let them kill you.”

Later I learned that he had spoken with the others and changed their minds. They left me, while I was unconscious, inside my car near a

mosque. The police found me and transferred me to a hospital. When I regained consciousness the next day, I found myself in a hospital in a remote city, having been saved from certain death.

(Shah Hussein (Q) is one of the Sheikhs of the Qadiri Kasnazani Tariqa who passed away in 1939.)

Narrative 96 – Healing of Back Pain

A narrative from one of the Khalifas of the path (male)

Several years ago, due to a severe disc condition, I suffered from extremely intense back pain—so severe that I was confined to my home for nearly

two months and unable to move. None of the medical treatments or therapies proved effective in improving my condition, and the pain was so intense that my daily life was completely disrupted.

During that time, many dervishes came to visit me and all prayed for me, yet apparently no change occurred in my condition. At the peak of pain and helplessness, one night I saw a remarkable dream.

In the dream, I saw myself lying on a large bed, and Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) was sitting beside me on the same bed. As soon as I became aware of his

presence, despite my weakness and inability to rise, I pulled myself toward him, touched his blessed garment, and wiped it over my face and body.

A profound sense of peace and reassurance filled my entire being.

When I awoke in the morning, I noticed that my condition had improved significantly. The pain had greatly decreased, and my ability to move had returned. Over the following days, I fully recovered my health, to the point that no trace of the severe pain remained.

A few weeks later, my brother went to visit Sheikh. Among the large

crowd of visitors, Hadrat Sheikh turned to my brother and said:
“Khalifa, how is your brother? Has he improved?”

My brother, astonished by this attention and awareness, looked at him in surprise for a few moments and then said:
“Yes, sir—by your grace he has been healed.”

Narrative 97 – The Shaving of the Khalifa’s Hair, One Day Before His Passing

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the most dangerous enemies of a spiritual seeker is attachment to

the world—worldliness and the love of rank and status—which gradually empties the heart of light and distances a person from the path of truth.

Many years ago, I became acquainted with one of the khalifas of the Tariqa, a righteous man devoted to the spiritual path and a person of long discipline and struggle. He came from a small village and at first was not widely known. He had a humble, gentle, and composed character, and among the dervishes he was known for his sincerity and purity.

But over time, as he repeatedly visited our city and people began

gathering around him, his behavior gradually changed. The very person who had once embodied humility slowly became harsh, arrogant, and attached to financial matters and social standing. Worldly concerns settled in his heart, and his spiritual character declined. His graces disappeared, and his conduct began to harm and trouble the dervishes.

After some time, without the permission of the spiritual master, he entered seclusion and undertook a forty-day retreat. When I objected and told him that such an act without the master's permission leads to spiritual downfall, he replied:

“People have expectations of me; I must be able to fulfill them.”

I told him:

“You are supposed to fulfill people’s expectations? Whatever grace you had until today was entirely from the blessing of the master of the Tariqa, not from yourself. But you have come to think that this rank is your own.”

Because of these behaviors and other inappropriate matters I observed from him, I decided to distance myself. Despite his repeated calls, I told him plainly that I did not wish to continue the friendship.

Some time later, he was afflicted with an incurable illness. From his calls I understood that his condition was worsening day by day, until the news came that he had passed away. (Allah willing, may Allah and the masters of the Tariqa grant him mercy and forgiveness.)

Several years later, I met one of the dervishes associated with him. He said:

"On the day the khalifa passed away, a few of us went to wash his body. To our great surprise, we saw that all his hair had been completely shaved off, and nothing remained of the long white hair that had reached his waist."

One of the dervishes angrily protested to his sons and said:
“Why did you shave this old man’s hair?!”

His sons, while crying, swore and said:
“By God, he himself forced us—harshly and even with blows—the day before his death to shave his hair, and the very next day he passed away.”

Final Reflection

This account presents a frightening image of the fate of a person who was once on the path of light, but gradually became consumed by the love of status and attachment to the

world. Spiritual decline is not always sudden; it can occur quietly and gradually—so quietly that a person may not even notice the moment when the path has changed.

Shaving the hair on the last day of life was not merely an outward act; it was a sign of inner turmoil, spiritual anxiety, and perhaps an unconscious attempt to erase the marks of a past in which truth and light no longer remained.

This story is a warning to all seekers:
No one is immune from slipping. Neither rank, nor history, nor past graces guarantee a good ending.

What preserves a person is:
constant humility,
complete reliance on the master and the Tariqa,
and continual fear lest the heart become attached to the world instead of Allah.

Sometimes Allah grants His servant many years of opportunity,
but if he does not awaken, the signs of downfall may become visible even in the final moments of life.

Narrative 98 – Guidance Through the Qur'an

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

During the blessed month of Ramadan, through a friend, I went to the takiya. From the very first visit I said to myself, “What a strange place… how different and pleasant its atmosphere is.” After attending four gatherings at the takiya, I took the Tariqa. But inwardly I set a condition for myself: if I did not see an effect in my life, I would simply walk away from it, like many other past experiences.

In the first three days, I performed the dhikr, but I felt tired. I kept saying to myself:

“Oh… this is so much! Do I really have to recite all these dhikrs all the time?

Then what about my life? What about my wife and children?”

Deliberately, I did not go to the takiya for four consecutive weeks. But I saw that no—something like an invisible rope kept pulling me back there. I again told myself, “Fine, I’ll go this week, and then I won’t return.”

During that period, I heard various things from different people about the friends of Allah and Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q), and these words affected my heart. Last week, on Thursday, I went to the takiya, but because of a personal issue, my inner state was not good and I did not feel anything special. At

the end, I said inwardly:
“Goodbye, Tariqa… O Sheikhs, you tolerated us during this time—now we are leaving.”

But the next day, Friday, after the dawn prayer, a state came over my heart urging me to perform dhikr. I did the dhikr. After the noon prayer the same thing happened, and after the afternoon prayer I again engaged in dhikr. During the recitations— I do not remember exactly whether it was in the middle or at the end of *Astaghfirullah al-Azim* — Sheikh suddenly appeared before me.

He pointed to the Qur’an placed on the shelf and said:

“My son, read page 296, verses 27 to 31.”

As soon as he said this, he disappeared from my sight. In a state mixed with astonishment and awe, I picked up the Qur’an and opened page 296. It was Surah al-Kahf. I read verses 27 to 31. Then I referred to the translation and a book of commentary. When I saw the meaning, I said to myself, “What an extraordinary thing… it truly feels like a miracle.”

From that day on, these verses became a point of inner reliance for me. Now I always read these verses before sleep, or whenever I enter the

house from outside, so that I remember which path I am on and what covenant I have made with Allah.

Final Reflection

What multiplies the depth of this account is that these verses were revealed concerning the People of the Suffa, and in them Allah directly addresses the Noble Messenger ﷺ and speaks about these special servants. Allah commands His Prophet to remain with those who call upon their Lord morning and evening, seeking only His pleasure, and commands him never to turn his

gaze away from them. These verses are a divine defense of the people of remembrance and those in spiritual poverty before Allah—a defense that reveals their lofty rank in the sight of Truth.

This is exactly the same reality that is alive in the Tariqa. The Tariqa is the continuation of the path of the People of the Suffa—the path of those whose worth lies not in outward rank, wealth, or power, but in sincerity of heart, constant remembrance, and connection with Allah. When Sheikh referred the person to these verses, he was in fact indicating that this path is not new or

personal, but a direct continuation of the very school that Allah Himself has guarded and whose people He commanded His Prophet to accompany.

The Tariqa means choosing the path of the People of the Suffa in another age: preferring remembrance over heedlessness, sincerity over outward display, and truth over the deceptive attractions of the world. These verses became for that person a clear sign that the pull he felt in his heart was not merely a passing emotion, but a divine invitation to stand among those servants whose

names Allah has made enduring in the Qur'an.

Narrative 99 – The Importance of the Descriptive Salawat

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

At the beginning of my entry into the Tariqa, I became acquainted with the **Descriptive Salawat** (wasfiyya) that is recited in the Path. At first, it was not easy for me to accept it. I said to myself:

"This salawat has been formulated by the people of the Tariqa, and it is unlikely that such a remembrance

would be accepted in the Divine Presence."

In my heart I had doubt and could not embrace it with full certainty.

One night, in a dream, I saw myself in the sacred shrine of Imam Ali ibn Musa al-Rida (PBUH). I was standing before the tomb enclosure, and the shrine was completely empty of visitors. The atmosphere was calm and filled with a special majesty and light. In that state, a hand was placed on my shoulder and my name was called.

When I turned around, I felt a deep awe and reverent fear. That noble figure said calmly:

“Do not be afraid — I am Imam Ali ibn Musa.”

Then, with a tone full of kindness and assurance, he said:

“My daughter, send the Descriptive Salawat. We ourselves have spoken this salawat so that you may send it.”

Upon hearing these words, all my doubts fell away. I understood that what flows within the Tariqa does not arise from personal taste or individual invention, but is rooted in a truth guarded and guided by the friends of Allah themselves. From that night on, the Descriptive Salawat was no longer an ordinary invocation for me, but a sign of the Tariqa’s

connection with the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT) and a clear confirmation from the unseen realm.

Final Reflection

What makes this account worthy of reflection is that the Descriptive Salawat appears not as a merely personal or preferential formula, but as a remembrance presented as having a source beyond individual interpretation. This indicates that within the Tariqa, many invocations and practices are formed upon a spiritual tradition whose deeper meanings gradually become known to the seeker.

In essence, the Tariqa is an effort to preserve connection with the broader path of remembrance, inward attention, and relationship with Allah. From this perspective, what truly matters is not the outward form of the invocations, but intention, sincerity of heart, and constancy in remembering Allah. The reported dream can be understood as an inner reassurance that transforms the seeker's initial doubt into peace and acceptance.

Narrative 100 – If You Have Questions, Ask...

A narrative by the author of the book

A group of people who had recently entered the Tariqa went together to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), accompanied by a khalifa who himself did not yet have long experience in spiritual wayfaring. Each of the dervishes had questions in mind, and it had been agreed that when they reached Hadrat Sheikh's presence, the khalifa would present these questions so that he could answer them.

Most of the questions concerned matters of Shari‘ah, Imamate, and related issues that could naturally lead to disagreement and sensitive sectarian debate — questions which, even if answered correctly, might still provoke dispute and division.

When they entered the gathering, the khalifa sat near Hadrat Sheikh’s chair, and the dervishes sat in a row facing him.

As soon as Hadrat Sheikh entered, he looked at the khalifa and calmly said:

“Khalifa, how are you?”

This single sentence was enough for the khalifa to be overwhelmed by

Hadrat Sheikh's spiritual presence. He broke down and began to cry intensely. Throughout the entire time Hadrat Sheikh was present, his head remained lowered. He neither looked at the group nor was he able to speak; it was as if he had been immersed in an ocean of spiritual awe and light.

The dervishes who had coordinated with him beforehand to raise their questions looked at him with surprise and, at times, dissatisfaction. They waited for him to lift his head so they could prompt him — but he was no longer in a state in which he could speak at all.

During his talk, Hadrat Sheikh said:

“Those who have questions should present them within their hearts; Allah willing, they will receive the answer in their hearts.”

A deep silence filled the gathering. Each person turned inward and asked his question silently within.

After that visit, at least six of those present told me:

“The moment we asked our questions inwardly, we found the answers clearly in our hearts — without any words being exchanged.”

Months later, while reciting the Qur’an, I came upon this verse from Surat al-Ma’idah:

O you who believe, do not ask about things which, if they are made clear to you, may distress you. But if you ask about them while the Qur'an is being revealed, they will be made clear to you. Allah has pardoned them, and Allah is Most Forgiving, Most Forbearing.
(5:101)

Immediately, that gathering and Hadrat Sheikh's words came back to my mind. I referred to the commentaries. There I read that at the time of revelation, some of the Companions understood that the atmosphere of Qur'anic revelation was an atmosphere of truth-unveiling

— such that if someone asked a question, the answer might descend directly from Allah.

For this reason, questions were sometimes asked about deeply personal and hidden matters, such as:

"How long will I live?"

"Is this person truly my father or not?"

But since unlawful relationships had been widespread in the Age of Ignorance, the answers to such questions could expose truths that would be painful, humiliating, and devastating. Therefore Allah said: do not ask questions whose answers, if disclosed, would cause you distress.

That is:
not all knowledge is beneficial for a person,
and not every question leads to light.

At that moment I understood that what happened in Hadrat Sheikh's gathering was a reflection of this same Qur'anic truth. Just as, in the time of revelation, divine speech carried a light that disclosed truth directly into hearts, Hadrat Sheikh's words also carry a light that brings the prepared heart to its answer — not through argument and reasoning, but through inner illumination.

Final Reflection

From the events of that day, it became clear that Hadrat Sheikh led those present away from the arena of dispute-provoking questions and brought them into the arena of inner, heart-based reception.

A question born of argument brings division;
a question born of seeking brings light.

Just as at the time of Qur'anic revelation, the message was not merely information but the realization of truth, the speech of a friend of Allah is not merely verbal expression, but a means for divine

light to flow into hearts. This is karamah — not legislative revelation, but the continuation of revelatory light in the station of sainthood — where a person hears the answer not with the ear, but with the heart.

Narrative 101 – The Staff of "Man Tashā"

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, together with about seventy dervishes, we traveled by two buses to Sulaymaniyah to visit Hadrat Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q).

While we were gathered waiting to see Hadrat Sheikh, my attention fell

on one of the dervishes who had recently joined our Tariqa from another order. It was said that his late father had been among the leading figures of that path. I noticed he was holding a piece of a tree branch with a rounded top.

Hadrat Sheikh arrived and sat on his chair. All the dervishes who had come with us, along with about fifty Kurdish dervishes from Iranian Kurdistan, moved toward him and gathered around. Suddenly I saw Hadrat Sheikh point to that same dervish, who was standing in the last rows about ten meters away and was

tall in stature. He gestured and said, “You — come forward.”

The crowd opened, and the man came forward and knelt before Hadrat Sheikh. I then saw him extend that wooden piece toward Hadrat Sheikh and say, “Master, this belonged to my late father.” Hadrat Sheikh took it and said, *“Say: it has reached me.”*

The man asked, “To whom should I say it?”

Hadrat Sheikh gave no reply.

After the gathering ended, I asked him somewhat sharply, “What did you do that Hadrat Sheikh called you

forward? And what was that piece of wood you gave him?”

He said: “I was standing outside the circle. Hadrat Sheikh said that non-Kurds could ask their questions. But all the Kurds began speaking. I objected to the crowd and said: Hadrat Sheikh said non-Kurds should speak, not Kurds. Someone next to me said: speak louder — Hadrat Sheikh cannot hear you.

In that moment I said inwardly: if the Master of the Tariqa cannot hear my voice from ten meters away, how can he rescue me from kilometers away?

Immediately, Hadrat Sheikh stretched out his hand toward me and said: come forward."

He then explained about the wooden staff:

"This is a blessed staff from our former Tariqa. People used to make vows with it, and its name was the Staff of Man Tashā' ('whom You will'). They said this staff would accomplish whatever one asked.

This wood, which has forty knots at its head, belonged to one of the old dervishes who found it beside himself after completing a forty-day retreat and seclusion. After that dervish passed away, it was given to my

father, who was one of the elders of that order. My father would give anyone whatever they asked of him — except this staff. He never gave it to anyone.

After his death, I searched for someone worthy of it but found no one. Before traveling to Sulaymaniyah, it suddenly came to my heart to present it to Hadrat Sheikh."

Some time later, I met this dervish again, and he told me a remarkable continuation of the story. He said:

"After we returned from Sulaymaniyah, one day I went to the

mosque near our house for prayer. I saw the grandson of the former Sheikh of our previous order. After our Sheikh passed away, and because I had joined the Kasnazani Tariqa, all the people of that path had turned against me and no one would approach me.

That day, contrary to habit, Hadrat Sheikh's grandson came toward me and said: Well, Sayyid — how is your Tariqa doing?

I said: Praise be to Allah, it is well. He said: How is your Sheikh?

I said: He is well. He said: Have you seen your Sheikh? I said: In fact, I

visited him in Sulaymaniyah just last week.

He said: Then tell me about your visit. I said: I gave the Staff of Man Tashā' to Hadrat Sheikh.

He paused, then began to cry and said:

I swear by your grandfather (the Prophet of Allah ﷺ)— the true owner of Man Tashā' is your Sheikh.

I said: But it belonged to one of the old dervishes of your Tariqa.

He said: The night before last I saw my grandfather in a dream. He was very happy and said: *The Staff of Man Tashā' has returned to its rightful owner."*

He continued:

“I returned home astonished. My uncle came to our house and, as soon as he saw me, said: *Sayyid, your father had a staff — where is it?*

I said: Glory be to Allah — why is everyone speaking about this staff today?

He said: Last night I saw your father in a dream. He was very happy and said something about that staff — but when I woke up, I forgot the rest.”

Narrative 102 – A Sermon in the Rain

A narrative by the author of the book

On the night following the event described in the previous narrative, another astonishing incident took place.

Hadrat Sheikh came to deliver a sermon, and we were all seated on the ground in his presence. In the middle of the speech, as the sky was growing dark, we noticed—under the bright projector lights—that rain had begun to fall. The fine droplets were clearly visible in the beams of light. A wave of concern spread among those present; everyone worried that Hadrat Sheikh might get wet and that the speech would have to stop. Yet he

continued calmly, without the slightest attention to the rain.

Gradually, the rainfall intensified. The drops grew heavier, and the ground around us became completely wet. Yet we felt no moisture on our bodies and saw no sign of dampness on our clothes. It was as if we were enclosed within an invisible barrier.

When the sermon ended, Hadrat Sheikh offered prayers for those present and announced that whoever wished could go and rest. He then proceeded into a large hall adjacent to the dhikr square. The moment he entered the hall, the rain began to fall

heavily upon the dervishes who remained outside.

I too entered the hall with Hadrat Sheikh and sat on the ground near him. He took his place on his seat, and the chanters began their recitations. From outside, the voices of the dervishes could be heard performing dhikr under the rain.

During the chanting, whenever the blessed name of the Noble Messenger ﷺ was mentioned, Hadrat Sheikh—holding his blessed staff—would suddenly close his eyes and move his head in a distinct manner. In that state, his face would become flushed, and his head appeared noticeably

larger than usual. At the same time, loud cries of spiritual fervor and joy would rise from the dervishes outside.

After the chanting concluded, Hadrat Sheikh left the hall. I went out among the dervishes and saw that they were all standing in the rain, waving their banners, completely soaked. At that moment, the dervish who had presented the Staff of Man Tashā' to Hadrat Sheikh came to me and said:

"You don't know what happened. At certain moments, a cloud of deep azure color would emerge from the hall where Hadrat Sheikh was, move

toward us, pass through the dervishes, and as it passed, it created such a state in the heart that one felt ready to soar from overwhelming joy and ecstasy."

I realized at once that these moments coincided exactly with the times when Hadrat Sheikh was moving his blessed staff.

The wonder did not end there. Two to three hours after the event, the dervishes' hair and clothes—some of which were long and heavy and normally took great effort to dry even with a hair dryer—as well as their banners, had become completely dry in a most unusual

way, as if they had never been exposed to rain or moisture at all.

Years later, while I was writing the book *The 19-Step Course Toward peace of mind*, I came across an account about the sanctuary of Fatima in Portugal describing a similar occurrence:

after rainfall, within about half an hour, the people's hair and clothing—and even the ground on which they stood—had dried in a miraculous manner.

In the next narrative, I have reproduced that account exactly as it appears in *The 19-Step Course Toward Peace of Mind*.

Narrative 103 – The Vision of Lady Fatima (PBUH)

A narrative by the author of the book

On the thirteenth day of six consecutive months beginning in May 1917, a radiant lady appeared to three shepherd children and introduced herself as “the Lady of the Rosary.” These visions took place near the village of Fatima in Portugal.

In the first encounter, a ten-year-old girl named Lucia, together with her cousin Francisco, age nine, and her cousin Jacinta, age seven, were tending their sheep when they suddenly saw a lady who, in their words, was “brighter than the sun.”

The children described her as follows:
“A light radiated from her that was brighter than the sun, casting rays in all directions—like a crystal sphere placed in direct sunlight, filled with pure, transparent light.”

A noteworthy point in this description is that **al-Zahra** (“the Radiant One”) is one of the titles of Lady Fatima (PBUH) and means “the luminous-faced.”

The name *Fatima* in Latin languages is the same European form of the name *Fatimah*, which adds further depth to this shared naming and spiritual association.

The later appearances of this radiant lady were also reported to have occurred on the thirteenth day of the following months—June and July. In the second vision, Lucia asked:

"Will we go to Heaven after death?"

The Lady replied:

"Yes. I will soon take Francisco and Jacinta to myself, but you will remain longer in the world so that you may spread purity, spirituality, and the light of faith among the people."

This prediction was fulfilled exactly. Francisco died two years later and Jacinta three years later during the influenza epidemic that spread

across Portugal. Lucia, however, lived until 2005 and, up to the age of ninety-seven, spent her life as a nun devoted to the service of God.

In her conversations with the children, the Lady urged them to *repent for the forgiveness of sins* and to strive for the salvation of sinners. Deeply affected, the children fasted for periods of time and refrained from food and water during parts of the day.

She encouraged them in daily remembrance and rosary prayer, teaching them that constant remembrance of God is the key to

peace and salvation for each person and for all humanity on earth.

News of the children's visions had a powerful effect on public belief at the time and played a significant role in distancing many people from the spread of communism and secular anti-religious ideologies that were rapidly growing in Europe.

According to the children, the Lady of Fatima revealed three secrets to them, later known as "the Three Secrets of Fatima." The first and second secrets were disclosed twenty-four years later, in 1941, by Lucia, who said she had been granted permission to reveal them.

Concerning the third secret, she stated that the Lady had instructed that it be made public in 1960. For unknown reasons, however, the Vatican did not permit its release. The written text was sealed and stored in the Vatican archives, out of public reach.

In the year 2000—forty years after the date it was said to be revealed—the Vatican published a text titled "the Third Secret of Fatima," whose authenticity was questioned by many researchers and experts.

As news of the Lady of the Rosary spread, thousands of people from surrounding towns and villages

traveled to Fatima to see the children and witness the events. The government of the time, which held secular and anti-religious views, imprisoned the children to control the situation and prevented them from being present at the announced meeting on the thirteenth of the month.

They were interrogated and placed under severe pressure to disclose the three secrets. Officials even threatened to boil them in oil if they refused. Despite their young age and the intensity of the threats, the children resisted and did not reveal the secrets.

After their release, the children reported that in that month, instead of the thirteenth, they saw the Lady on August fifteenth.

Following the July vision, the children announced that the Lady had promised to show a clear miracle on her final appearance on October thirteenth so that people would believe.

On that day, according to prior announcement, about seventy thousand people—including ordinary citizens, journalists, and photographers—gathered at the site. At the appointed hour, the steady rain suddenly stopped, and a thin layer of

cloud covered the sun so that people could look at it without harming their eyes. *The clothes of the crowd, which had been completely soaked, dried in a short time in a mysterious manner.*

After a few minutes, Lucia—apparently under a powerful unseen influence—called out for the people to look at the sun. Most of those present, and even people living within a forty-kilometer radius, reported witnessing a strange and extraordinary phenomenon.

Ovelino de Almeida, a journalist from Portugal's most prominent newspaper and himself anti-religious

and supportive of the secular government, described it this way:

"Before the astonished eyes of the crowd, the sun began to spin and displayed violent and indescribable movements, contrary to all known celestial laws."

Ordinary people called this event, which lasted about ten minutes, "**the Dance of the Sun.**"

Dr. Domingos, an ophthalmologist, described it in a local newspaper interview:

"The sun, covered with red flames and surrounded by yellow and purple halos, began rotating. At moments it seemed to detach itself from the sky

and move toward the earth despite its intense heat."

During the event, people fell to their knees, stretched their hands toward the sky, and prayed with tears and supplication.

In the accompanying images, photographs are shown of the Lady of the Rosary, the three children holding rosaries, the gathered crowds, the rotating sun, and local newspaper reports of the event.

The first secret revealed to the children was a vision of Hell. Lucia described it:

"The Lady showed us a vast sea of fire that seemed to be beneath the

earth. In that fire were demons and souls in human form, transparent like burning embers, floating amid flames.

People appeared in black and bronze tones, with flames and smoke rising from within them, thrown upward and falling in all directions like weightless sparks, amid cries of pain and despair.

The demons were recognizable by their terrifying and repulsive forms, like strange black animals, also transparent.

Though it may have lasted only a few moments, it filled us with terror. Had Our Lady not prepared us by

promising to take us to Heaven, we would have died of fright."

References to a sea of fire, cries of pain, despair, and utter helplessness are central elements of this vision and closely correspond to Qur'anic descriptions of Hell.

The second secret concerned the salvation of people from Hell. According to Lucia, the Lady said:

"You have seen Hell, where the souls of sinners go. To save them, God wishes that people purify their souls. If what I tell you is done, many will be saved and there will be peace on earth. The war now underway will soon end, but if people do not stop

offending God, a greater war will come.

Its sign will be an unknown and brilliant light seen in the night sky. This will appear when God is about to punish the world for its sins with war, famine, and suffering.

If my requests are heeded, Russia will change. If not, its system will spread and, through war, terror, and opposition to religion, will bring great harm to humanity."

Regarding the sign of the coming war, on January 25, 1938, a brilliant light covered the northern hemisphere. A similar phenomenon had only been recorded once before,

in 1709. People in Paris and elsewhere thought a massive fire had broken out and alerted fire brigades.

Lucia, the only surviving seer of Fatima, wrote the next day to church authorities stating that this was the very sign foretold by the Lady and that a great war would soon occur.

Her prediction proved correct: only one month later, Hitler annexed Austria and World War II began.

One month after the miracle at Fatima—in November 1917—the communist revolution in Russia succeeded, establishing the first major openly anti-religious state. During its rule, thousands of

churches and mosques were destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of faithful men and women were killed, tortured, or persecuted.

An image of the statue created based on the children's description, showing the rosary in her hand and the white veil covering her.

Image of the three children holding rosaries who witnessed Lady Fatima in 1917.

O SECULO

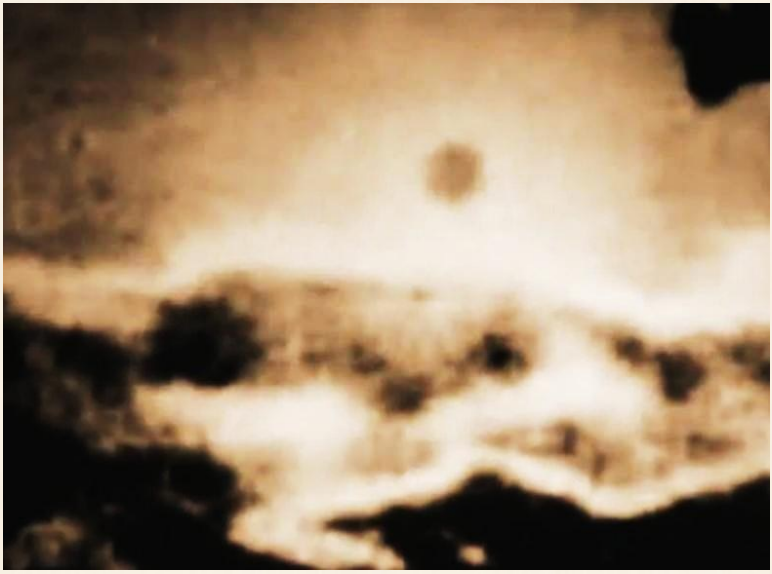
AS ELEIÇÕES SUPLEMENTARES DE HONTEM

COISAS ESPANTOSAS:
COMO O SOL BAILOU AO MEIO DIA EM FATIMA

The Miracle of the Sun
was reported in the anti-clerical press, *O Seculo*.

O MILAGRE DE FÁTIMA

Newspapers of that time that described the event as a miracle.



Two images of the sun during its rotation and movement in the sky.

Narrative 104 – A Poem for Lady Fatimah (PBUH)

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

My wife and I were both employed by the Department of Education in our city. After many years of service, I was appointed as the regional director. Some time later, the former director-general retired and another person took his place. Since he knew that I was a khalifa of the Path, he did not treat me well from the very beginning. Gradually his behavior worsened, until finally, on weak and unfounded pretexts, he removed me from my position.

After that, in an official letter, he notified me that within a short time I had to vacate the organizational residence that had been assigned to us and hand it over to someone he had appointed in my place—one of his own associates. This sudden decision placed heavy pressure on me, both emotionally and financially. Losing my job, worrying about the future, and facing the possibility of being without a home all weighed on my heart at once.

One night my wife was asleep, and I sat immersed in sorrow, engaged in dhikr. Anxiety and worry would not leave me. I sought help from the

Master of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). In that state, it suddenly came into my heart to compose a poem for his mother, Lady Fatimah al-Zahra (PBUH).

Without hesitation I sat at the dining table, opened my notebook, and began to write. The words flowed onto the page so smoothly that it felt as if they were coming from beyond my own thought and will. I myself was astonished at the speed and the state that had overtaken me.

After some time, my wife suddenly came out of the bedroom and asked, “What are you doing?”

I was surprised, because when she slept, she normally would not wake at that hour of the night. Without thinking I said, “I’m writing a letter to the director-general.”

For the first time in our life together, she spoke to me in a firm tone and said, “You are not telling the truth.”

This upset me deeply, because she had never spoken to me like that before. Then she added:

“I saw you writing something, and a young lady with a white covering over her head was standing above you, looking at what you were writing.”

At that moment I broke down in tears. I showed her the poem, of which about ten lines had been written. When she saw it, she too began to cry. A state of wonder, reverence, and deep calm filled the house.

Less than a week passed before news arrived that the new director-general had been dismissed due to embezzlement. His replacement was someone who knew me. Not only did he restore me to my position, he also granted me an additional salary increase. All those worries and pressures turned, in a short time, into a clear and unexpected relief.

Final Reflection

This event was a living lesson in the reality of seeking intercession, sincerity, and taking refuge with the friends of Allah. When all doors appeared outwardly closed, a way opened from where no material calculation could have predicted.

The poem of that night was not merely a poem; it was the voice of a broken heart seeking refuge in Lady Fatimah al-Zahra (PBUH). The response was not only the return of a job or the solving of a worldly problem, but a deep certainty that in the hardest moments, if the heart turns toward heaven, the earth too

becomes at peace. This story reminds us that sometimes the greatest openings begin at the very point where a person loses all outward hope and seeks refuge only in the realm of light.

Narrative 105 – A Sword for the Men of Allah

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a dervish who at that time was considered among the best and purest-hearted people of the takiya came to me and, in a very particular state, related a strange dream. He said:

“I saw in a dream that some time had passed since the event of Karbala, and I had arrived at the place of the tragedy. Everywhere was filled with burned tents. Smoke was still rising from some of them. A heavy atmosphere prevailed; it was as if sorrow and a deep sense of injustice filled the air.

I walked toward the tents. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a sword lying on the ground. Its blade was stained with blood and it shone on the sands of Karbala. The sword was of normal size—neither large nor small.

I said to myself that I should pick it up. I bent down to lift it, but the moment I took hold of the handle, I felt an unnatural weight—like not one sword, but the burden of dozens, even hundreds of swords falling into my hands.

I placed my feet on either side of it, gripped the handle with both hands, and gathered all my strength. It rose slightly from the ground, but immediately slipped from my grasp. I tried again. Sweat was pouring from my face and head. Still I could not lift it. A third time I exerted all my power, but I became so exhausted that I could no longer even move it.

In that moment, a voice said to me: ‘This sword is very heavy. Only men of Allah can lift it.’

Right then, I woke up.”

When he told me this dream, a strange sadness settled inside me. I thought to myself:
This man is a sincere dervish, pure and devoted to dhikr—why could he not lift the sword?
Why was he told, even in the dream, that this burden is borne only by the men of Allah?

Years passed. That same dervish married and gradually became entangled in the struggles of life.

Economic pressures, family tensions, and inner hardships weighed on him one after another. Slowly his presence in the takiya decreased, his dhikr weakened, and an invisible distance grew between him and the Path. Eventually, he cut the hair he had grown in the sunnah of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ and left the Path. After a few months he realized his mistake and returned, but sadly he was never again the same dervish he had once been.

Only then did the meaning of that dream become clear to me.

Final Reflection

That sword was not a sword of iron and steel.
It was the sword of responsibility,
the sword of faithfulness to the end of the path,
the sword of standing firm against the pull of the world,
and the sword of keeping one's covenant with Allah under the hardest conditions of life.

Lifting that sword is not by the strength of the arms,
but by the strength of the heart,
by the endurance of the spirit,
by the ability to remain on the path

even when everything turns against a person.

The voice that said,
“Only men of Allah can lift it,”
was not humiliation and not rejection.
It was the announcement of a deep truth:

The path of Allah does not begin with enthusiasm alone.
It continues with patience,
and it is completed with fidelity.

Many enter pure and sincere,
but cannot bear the weight of this sword to the end.
Few are those who, until the last,

carry the trust upon their shoulders and do not set it down.

Narrative 106 – Balls of Fire and a Warning Before a Fall

A narrative by the author of the book

The dervish I mentioned in the previous narrative became engaged to a woman a few years later, and they were preparing for marriage. Around that time, his sister's family had gone on a trip and had given him the key to their house so he could look after it.

One night, I saw this dervish come to the takiya together with that same lady. Both of them were extremely

pale; the color had drained from their faces and their bodies were trembling with fear. They were clearly not in a normal state. They had barely sat down when the dervish said in a shaking voice:

"We went together to my sister's house. We were sitting inside and talking when something very strange happened. From one side of the wall, balls of fire — each about twice the size of a basketball — began shooting into the house at very high speed and exiting through the opposite wall, one after another, continuously.

But even more frightening than the fireballs themselves was the sound of

the flames — a terrifying, roaring sound, as if the fire were alive and crying out as it moved."

He paused, took a deep breath, and continued:

"We were so terrified that we could not even think. We immediately ran out of the house and came straight to the takiya without stopping."

In both of their eyes, a deep fear could be seen — along with a kind of awakening. It was not merely the fear of witnessing something strange, but the fear that comes from sensing a hidden meaning behind an event.

Final Reflection

This event reminds us that
sometimes a person is warned before
actually falling into wrongdoing —
not through words,
not through preaching,
but through a scene that shakes the
soul.

Those balls of fire were not merely
a frightening phenomenon;
they were a symbol of a fire that, if
one ignores the boundaries,
can ignite within one's own life —
a fire of lapse, heedlessness, and
crossing divine limits.

Sometimes Allah frightens a person
before a fall

in order to save them.
Before the fire of sin ignites,
He shows the image of fire
so that the heart may awaken.
This is mercy, not wrath —
a mercy that wants a person to see the path of return before being burned.

Narrative 107 – When the Master's Heart Trembles

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

In the Tariqa, respect for the master is not merely an outward courtesy; it is something connected to the order of the unseen realms.

I have been close to two masters of the Path, and from both of them I tangibly experienced one shared truth: displeasing the master of the Path is not merely displeasing a person — it is disturbing a balance established between the outward and the inward worlds.

The first point I learned over these years is that the master may overlook your mistake, forgive you, and even show no sign of displeasure outwardly. Yet around him are forces and agents from the unseen realm for whom such personal forgiveness has no meaning. They carry out divine justice, not human emotion. If

disrespect or insolence toward the master occurs, these forces do not remain still; they bring about consequences in hidden and sometimes frightening ways.

The second point is deeper and heavier:

If the heart of the master of the Path trembles, the order of affairs is disturbed — not only in the seeker's life, but in the environment, in objects, and even in the unseen currents surrounding him.

One day I prepared a message to send to Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q). I knew that reading it would upset him. At the same time, I was

certain that if I did not send it, I would be held accountable — outwardly or inwardly — for concealing a truth.

In that moment, the only thing I could do was seek help from him inwardly and, with trust, press the WhatsApp send button.

I knew he would see the message immediately.

Only a few seconds passed before a storm arose inside me — a strange, heavy, burning state, as if his inner condition had been transmitted into my soul. While still in that state, suddenly the electric water pump sitting on the purified-water

container switched on by itself and began pouring water onto the carpet.

I pressed the off button — it did not stop.

I pulled the device out of the container — it was still running.

In astonishment, I threw it aside.

At that very moment, I deleted the message.

Instantly, everything became calm.

The pump stopped.

The atmosphere of the house returned to normal.

My heart became still.

I was certain that Hadrat Sheikh had read the message and had perceived my inner state when I

deleted it. It was as if the incident had occurred not as punishment, but as a warning and awakening for me.

This experience reminded me of an account from the late Mam Hussein, one of the old khalifas of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), a man known for karamat, of which I myself had seen signs. He had gone blind, and one of the dervishes was assigned to serve him.

That dervish related:

“At a time when Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) was the master of the Path and Sheikh Shamsuddin (Q) was still young, we obtained permission for Mam

Hussein to visit the Sheikh. As I was leading him toward the gathering, we heard Hadrat Sheikh Shamsuddin speaking loudly to someone.

Suddenly Mam Hussein's face turned pale. He gripped my hand and said:

'Take me back. Arrange another time. When this family becomes angry, they are dangerous.'"

Not from fear for his life — but from awe of an inner state capable of shaking the order of things.

Final Reflection

This narrative is not merely a simple ethical warning; it expresses a metaphysical reality. The master of the Path is not only a teacher on earth; he is a point of connection between the outward and inward worlds.

If his heart is at peace, the surrounding field remains in balance. If he is distressed, that distress does not remain confined within him; it flows through an unseen network of existence.

Not displeasing the master is not only a Sufi courtesy —
it is the preservation of balance

within the portion of existence entrusted to you.

Many afflictions people consider accidental
may in fact be the echo of acts of disrespect
they never imagined
could carry such weight in the unseen order.

Narrative 108 – The Meaning of "Dā'im–Dā'im" Dhikr

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

For a long time, I regularly attended gatherings of dhikr and devotional chanting, and I always had a question

in my mind: what is the meaning of the dhikr that is recited with the phrase “Dā’im–Dā’im” (Continuous–Continuous), and why do dervishes reach such particular spiritual states during it?

For a period, I was in retreat at the takiya and was observing a forty-day fast. On the thirty-fifth night, around three in the morning, in a state between sleep and wakefulness, I saw myself engaged in dhikr and heart-connection with Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). Suddenly, a voice called me from a banner standing in the corner of the

takiya and said:
“Come.”

A gentle fear mixed with awe settled in my heart, but I moved forward in obedience to that call.

Then I was addressed and told:
“Whenever you hear the sound of the drum and the daf, begin the (Dā’im–Dā’im) dhikr and report your state to me.”

Moments later, I felt a hand take hold of my hand and spin me like a feather — a rotation like the blades of a fan, so fast that nothing could be seen. With great difficulty I managed to say:
“Someone is holding my hand.”

The voice replied:
“This is the hand of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.”

When the “Dā’im–Dā’im” dhikr ended, I asked:
What is the benefit of this dhikr?

I was told:
“This dhikr has three great benefits:

First: through this dhikr, the friends of Allah move in their spiritual journey from one station to another and from one city to another — a movement along the path of calling, guidance, and divine wayfaring.

Second: this dhikr becomes a cause for the forgiveness of the disciple’s sins, because within it flows the

constant remembrance of Almighty Allah, and a true striving against the ego is formed through movement, exertion, humility, and the breaking of self-importance.

Third — and greatest of all: During the performance of this dhikr, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ is present at the center of the circle of remembrance. He extends his noble hand and touches whom he wills. Whoever is honored by that touch is forgiven by the permission of Almighty Allah, purified, and becomes sinless like the day he was born from his mother — and, Allah

willing, the Fire of the Hereafter will not touch him."

When this spiritual state ended, I returned to myself with a heart filled with awe, tranquility, and certainty. I recount what happened to me as a divine trust and a testimony to the truth of this experience — not as a claim, but to fulfill the duty of conveying what was entrusted.

Narrative 109 – The Dervish's Turning During Dhikr

A narrative by the author of the book

For those who read the previous narrative, the matter of a dervish spinning within the circle of dhikr

may seem somewhat exaggerated or difficult to believe. For this reason, I find it necessary to recount an experience that I personally witnessed without any intermediary.

One of the dervishes had married a woman who held a very negative view of the Path. She would constantly tell her husband that these matters were not real and were nothing but imagination and delusion. This difference in outlook led to continuous arguments between them, and their relationship had come close to separation.

This dervish shared the matter with me. I told him:

“Bring your wife to the takiya. Let us speak with her after the dhikr gathering.”

That night, during the dhikr assembly, the woman went to the women’s section and the dhikr began. In the middle of the remembrance, a long, piercing, and unusual scream was suddenly heard from the women’s side. The dervish hurried to me and said:

“That is my wife’s voice.”

At first we assumed it might be a passing condition and did not react, but the sound was so intense, continuous, and abnormal that the dervishes were forced to stop the

drum and daf. As soon as the dhikr stopped, the screaming also ceased abruptly.

The dervish and I immediately went to the women's section. The khalifa responsible for that section said:

"During the dhikr (I do not recall whether it was the Dā'im–Dā'im dhikr or another), this woman suddenly began to spin and started screaming intensely."

After she calmed down, the woman herself said:

"I was in dhikr when I suddenly felt that someone took my hands and spun me like the blades of a fan."

Her statement was exactly the same as what had been described earlier in the previous narrative — without her having heard or known anything about it.

Thus, what may at first appear exaggerated is, in reality, an experience that can occur in the state of dhikr and spiritual connection, for different individuals and under different conditions, independently and without prior suggestion. In any case, this incident led the woman to accept the Path and to change her attitude toward her husband.

Narrative 110 – Turning in the Sky

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Two of my daughters and two of my sons had joined the Path. After some time, our house became a place for holding dhikr, and a collective dhikr gathering was held there every Monday.

The change in my children's behavior was completely clear. Instead of going to parties, playing, or spending time on their phones and computers, they devoted most of their time to remembrance and worship. Even so, I still had a hidden doubt inside me at times. I would say

to myself that perhaps some of the movements performed in the dhikr circle — such as shaking the head and certain outward states — were somewhat artificial.

For this reason, during dhikr I often kept my eyes open and watched others with a kind of inner distance mixed with mild mockery — not out of hostility, but out of unfamiliarity with that state and atmosphere.

One night, during the Dā'im–Dā'im dhikr — the remembrance in which everyone continuously repeats "dā'im, dā'im" while moving their heads left and right — I said to myself:

“Let me close my eyes this time like they do and see what happens.”

The moment I closed my eyes, I felt that two people came and took my hands. I sensed that they lifted me off the ground and carried me upward toward the sky. Then they began spinning me in the air so rapidly that I felt like a spinning top turning in an endless space.

Terrified, I opened my eyes. I saw the house beneath my feet and felt that I was at a distance from it. Fear overtook my whole being. I screamed:

“Let me go! Let me go!”

and began shouting uncontrollably.

I do not know how or at what moment that state ended. I only remember that suddenly I found myself in front of the door of my son's bedroom — about one and a half meters away from the dhikr circle, where there was also a step. I fell onto that step as if I had truly been dropped from a height.

My body was trembling and my heart was beating intensely — but deep inside, something had broken: my wall of doubt and my mocking attitude toward dhikr.

Final Reflection

As long as a person stands only as a spectator, they do not truly understand.
They see the dhikr, but they do not taste it.
They see the movement, but they do not touch the meaning.

She watched with open eyes, but judged with a closed heart.
The moment she closed her eyes, another door opened — a door not to imagination, but to experience.

This event taught her that dhikr is not a bodily game,
not a theatrical movement,
and not blind imitation.

If dhikr rises from the heart, it lifts a person from the ground — even if the body still stands on earth.

Sometimes Allah grants a sudden experience to break our hidden pride, so that we may understand the distance between “watching the path” and “walking the path.”

That night she understood:
dhikr cannot be judged from the outside —
it can only be tasted from within.

Narrative 111 – The Manifestation of Light

A narrative by the author of the book

I will recount another account which, in terms of time and circumstances, is not directly connected to the previous narrative, but in meaning and spiritual truth follows the same path.

Many years ago, one of the factory craftsmen who worked in the carpentry section — and who had taken the Tariqa — came to me one day in distress and said:

“My wife is in contact with some people who consider themselves spiritual scholars. They say the Path is invalid, and based on their words she strongly opposes me. She even tore

my prayer beads and says she will not allow me to go to the takiya."

I told him:
"Bring your wife to the takiya so I can speak with her."
He said: "She won't come."
I said: "Tell her that if you don't come, it will cause trouble for me, because the takiya's khalifa is my manager."

A few days later, on the day of dhikr, I saw the man arrive with his wife. She went to the women's section and the dhikr gathering began.

In the middle of the dhikr, a continuous scream and intense crying from a woman in the women's

section suddenly rose — so loud and unusual that everyone noticed it. The sound continued until the end of the dhikr.

After the gathering finished, the man called his wife to bring her to me. But she said:
“There is no longer any need to talk. I have accepted the Path.”

I did not ask her why.

After the guests had left, I asked my wife — who was the khalifa of the women’s section — about what had happened. She said:
“The carpenter’s wife entered the gathering in a very arrogant and mocking state. While everyone stood

for dhikr, she sat outside the circle on a small sofa near the stairs to the second floor, watching the dervishes with a look of ridicule.

Suddenly she threw herself to the ground and began screaming and crying intensely."

After the dhikr, the woman herself said:

"I did not accept your Path, nor your Sheikh, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazani.

But suddenly I saw him descending the stairs, wearing the same Kurdish clothes shown in the poster inside the takiya.

When I saw his radiance, his majesty, and his divine purity, I felt like filthy garbage in front of him — completely stained with sin. I had no choice but to throw myself at his feet and weep with all my being."

And in that same moment, a heart filled with denial and mockery turned into a heart filled with surrender and certainty.

Final Reflection

Light needs no argument.
When it appears, it is its own proof.

Many people deny with their tongues,

but the soul recognizes truth — even when the intellect resists.

Before true light, pride collapses, claims fall silent,
and a person sees themselves as they truly are:
needy, poor, and dependent on mercy.

Such manifestations are not for humiliation,
but for awakening —
not to break the person,
but to break the false self within.

Blessed is the one who bows willingly before the truth
before the light itself brings them to their knees.

Narrative 112 – Resistance to Accepting the Path

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

All the members of my family had joined the Path, but I resisted accepting it. Finally, at my brother's insistence, I accepted the Tariqa. Outwardly, I knew that the Path was the way of Allah and that its dhikr was accepted in the Divine Presence, but inwardly doubt still remained. I would say to myself:

"What if this sheikh is not truly upon the truth? What if this practice—Allah forbid—contains

some element of association with Allah (shirk)?”

These thoughts occupied my mind and deprived me of peace.

One day, while I was deeply troubled by these doubts, I suddenly heard the sound of the house door opening. From behind the kitchen wall, I looked and saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad entering the house and walking toward me. My heart began to pound.

With a gaze full of kindness and a voice filled with affection, he said:

“My daughter, within my chest I carry the light of the Prophet

Muhammad ﷺ. Come, so that I may give this light to you as well."

At the very moment he spoke these words, he pointed to his blessed chest, and suddenly a great white light radiated from it and filled the entire space of the house — a light unlike any ordinary light, impossible to describe in common language, a light that settled into the heart with peace, awe, and deep certainty.

Narrative 113 – The Crown Placed Before Its Time

A narrative by the author of the book

Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q) has a son named Sheikh Tijan who, Allah

willing, will assume the position of the sheikhship of the Tariqa after him.

The word “Tijan” in Arabic is the plural of “taj” (crown). In mystical literature, a crown is not merely a symbol of outward kingship; rather, it signifies divine grace, honor, spiritual rank, and the light placed upon the heads of Allah’s chosen servants. Thus, the name “Tijan” itself carries a deep meaning of crowns of grace and luminous spiritual stations.

Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) showed special love and attention toward Sheikh Tijan. When he was still a very young child, the

Sheikh seated him upon his own special chair, placed a crown upon his head, draped a cloak over his shoulders, and placed a distinctive staff with a spherical top in his hand.

A photograph of this scene was later published. This act astonished many, because even the closest and most distinguished children of the Sheikh would never, in his absence, dare to sit on that chair. The act carried a deep symbolic message far beyond a simple gesture of affection toward a child.

Yet an even more remarkable event occurred in connection with that very image.

Several months before the photograph was published, one of the young dervishes of our takiya — a teenage girl — had fallen into a severe spiritual and family crisis. At night she would weep and seek help through supplication to the Sheikh of the Tariqa, asking Allah for relief.

One night, in a dream, she saw a child wearing a crown, with a cloak draped over his shoulders, and holding a staff with a spherical top. The child approached her gently and said:

“My sister, do not weep. The Sheikh of the Tariqa is aware of your

condition. Your problem will be resolved."

Some time later, by the grace of Allah, her difficulties were resolved and peace returned to her life.

The astonishing point was this: when the girl described her dream to my wife — who was the khalifa of the women's section — none of us had any knowledge of such an image, or of a child wearing a crown, a cloak, and holding a staff.

Only several months later was the official photograph of Sheikh Tijan published, showing him with that same crown and the same spherical

staff — exactly as the girl had seen in her dream.

This remarkable correspondence held a deep meaning for us. It showed that the rank of the sheikhs of the Tariqa is not something accidental or the result of outward or worldly upbringing, but rather a divine destiny written for them from childhood.

Final Reflection

Sometimes Allah reveals the truth to pure hearts before people see it outwardly.

Before ranks are established in the visible world, they have already been decreed in the unseen realm.

And before a crown is placed upon a head, the spirit of that crown has already been chosen in the world of the unseen.

This narrative reminds us that the Tariqa is a continuation of a divine design —
a design shaped not by human standards, but by the will and wisdom of Allah.

Narrative 114 – The Return of Faith through a Child

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

About a year after my wife and I had joined the Path, we came under the influence of constant slander, criticism, and negative propaganda from a group of extremists and fanatics—people who outwardly presented themselves as defenders of Islam, but whose words planted seeds of doubt and fear in our hearts. Gradually, we became disheartened toward the Path. One night we were sitting at home, and after long discussions, we concluded that we

should abandon it. My wife agreed with this decision, and both of us felt that we had to set aside the path we had begun.

At that very moment, our one-year-old daughter—who had only recently learned to stand on her own feet—crawled past us and moved toward the living room. Suddenly we heard a voice:

"Allah... Allah..."

But it was with the same rhythm heard in the collective dhikr gathering, and in a soft, childlike tone.

In astonishment, we went to the living room and were faced with an

extraordinary scene. Our daughter, who had only just learned to stand, was standing upright and, in a state resembling the dervish turning movements, was repeating the collective dhikr “Allah Allah.” Her movements were coordinated, natural, and exactly like what we had seen in dhikr gatherings.

When she saw us, she gestured for us to come closer. We went toward her. She took our hands and led us to stand before a small photograph of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) that we had in our home. At that moment, she changed her dhikr from

“Allah Allah” to “Hay Allah, Hay Allah.”

Our state was transformed. Something within us broke, and something else replaced it—peace, certainty, and deep reassurance. We understood that the decision we had made only moments before had been born of fear and the influence of others’ words, not from the depth of our hearts or faith.

What made this event even more astonishing for us was that whenever our daughter came with us to the takiya, she would sleep throughout the dhikr, and she had not yet even learned to speak. Yet how had she

learned the movements of dhikr? How had she been able to utter the different dhikrs of the Tariqa so naturally and in perfect harmony?

From that night onward, with renewed confidence and certainty, we returned to the dhikrs of the Path and to adherence to its instructions. We realized that sometimes Allah chooses the simplest and purest means to bring back wavering hearts—even a child who has not yet learned to speak.

Narrative 115 – Caring for the Family

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day I intended to travel to another province in order to guide and invite people to the Path. My mother, with concern, said to me:

"Don't go, my son... Don't spend all your money on these journeys. Save it. If you become penniless, you will have no future."

I said to her:

"Dear mother, I am going to guide people to the way of Allah, and I spend these expenses in the path of Allah. I am lending this money to Allah. Has Allah not said in the Qur'an:

‘Who is it that will lend to Allah a goodly loan so that He may multiply it for him?’

Do not worry—these are loans to Allah.”

My mother fell silent, but then, with a voice full of compassion, she said:

“My son, do not leave your elderly parents alone. If something happens to us, what will you do?”

I said:

“Mother, the Sheikh has said that whenever you leave home for the purpose of guidance, we ourselves watch over your family.”

I spoke these words and set out on my journey.

About fifty days later I returned. Early in the morning I arrived home. My mother welcomed me warmly and kindly. I saw that she had prepared a generous breakfast table, sat beside me with affection, and looked at me with joy. This behavior seemed unusual to me—not that my mother was not always kind, but that day her kindness had a different tone, as if a deep peace had settled within her.

I asked her:

“Mother, did you miss me?”

She said:

“Of course, my son… very much. But let me tell you something.”

Then she continued in a calm voice:

"On the night you left home, I was very distressed. I was alone, and your father was at your sister's house and returned late. I had fallen asleep when I felt that someone was inside the house. I became frightened. I pulled the blanket aside slightly and looked to my left; I saw the legs of a man wearing Kurdish trousers beside my head. Out of fear, I went back under the blanket.

I moved the blanket again and this time looked to my right; again I saw the same legs. I covered my head once more. After some time, I gathered the courage to raise my

head. I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad sitting on the sofa above my head, looking at me. I became very frightened and said:

‘I am afraid… for the sake of Allah, please go.’”

My mother paused for a moment and then said:

“From that night onward I did not see him again, but until just last night I had a strange sense of security within me—as if someone was always watching over our home and our lives.”

Final Reflection

This account teaches us that when a person steps forward for the sake of Allah, Allah Himself takes charge of all their affairs—even those things we fear losing and which tempt us to withdraw from the path of truth.

My mother worried about my financial future, worried about her own loneliness, and worried about the safety of the house.

But Allah showed that when a servant moves for His sake, He also moves for the servant.

We think that if we leave our family, they will be left unprotected; yet if we go for the sake of Allah, the

family comes under the direct protection of Allah.

This event clarifies the true meaning of reliance upon Allah:

Reliance means to lift the heart away from outward causes and entrust it to the One who controls all causes.

It does not mean irresponsibility, but rather knowing that behind all forms of protection there is a divine hand at work.

And that night, Allah showed my mother that:

The true guardian of a home is neither a locked door nor the presence of a child,

but the watchful gaze of divine mercy—
for when it is present, no danger can approach.

Narrative 116 – A Story of Intention and Destiny

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

I had an uncle from whom I had been out of contact for many years and whom I had not seen again. In my childhood memories, I remembered him as a man devoted to prayer and worship. But later I heard that he had gradually drifted away from prayer and had even reached the point of

doubting many religious beliefs. He had a restless and unusual temperament; at times he would suddenly disappear for long periods, losing himself in mountains and deserts, as if seeking to distance himself from everything and everyone. Despite this, I always prayed for him in my heart and hoped that one day I would be able to introduce the Path to him.

One day we were informed that my uncle had passed away, and we were invited to attend the funeral gathering. We were present at the ceremony, but after returning home my mind found no peace. I kept

wondering what his destiny would be, considering both his earlier life of faith and devotion and the spiritual state he had fallen into during his final years.

On the seventh night after his passing, I saw him in a dream. In the dream, I found myself in an extremely magnificent duplex house—a home shining with perfect cleanliness and filled with precious and valuable objects. A large number of servants were present there. In astonishment, I asked my uncle:

"Uncle, what are you doing here? Are you a servant in this house?"

He smiled and said:

“No, this is my house, and all of these are my servants.”

Then he paused and asked me:

“Do you know someone named Shamsuddin?”

I said:

“Yes, he is my Sheikh. Why?”

He replied:

“I have all of this because of Shamsuddin.”

At the end, he looked at me deeply and said in a calm yet firm tone:

“By the way, whatever you do, let your intention be solely for the sake of Allah—whatever you do.”

Narrative 117 – The Fragrance of Presence

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

From the time I accepted the Path, I constantly listened to the lectures of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). One statement of his had settled deeply in my heart and I never forgot it. He would say:

"Whoever hears the instructions of the Path and acts upon them, I promise to place his hand in the hand of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ; and if I fail to fulfill this promise, then his sins will be upon me."

This statement was both astonishing and comforting to me. The greatness of such a promise made my heart tremble, yet at the same time it planted a deep hope within me. From that time on, as much as I was able, I tried to remain faithful to the instructions of the Path and to practice them in my life.

One night, which coincided with the birthday of the Noble Messenger ﷺ, one of the brothers of the Path sent a congratulatory message containing a poem in praise of the Messenger of Allah. After reading the poem, I said to myself:

“Blessed is the one who has been granted the honor of visiting the Prophet ﷺ.”

With that thought in my mind, I fell asleep.

In my dream, I saw myself walking through a narrow alley at the end of which stood a house. When I reached the end of the alley and entered that space, I beheld the Noble Messenger ﷺ. He was wearing a completely green robe, and his face was filled with light, love, and serenity. His gaze was full of compassion and affection, and he looked at me with a gentle smile. Sheikh Muhammad al-

Muhammad (Q) was standing to his right.

When I approached them, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ extended his blessed right hand toward me and said:

“Come, my son, offer your greeting.”

I moved to kiss his blessed hand when suddenly an extraordinary fragrance reached me—a scent I still remember: like fresh flowers, slightly sharp, very delicate, and profoundly pleasing.

Then the Messenger of Allah ﷺ extended his left hand and said:

“My son, greet this hand as well.”

At that moment I noticed that my khalifa was standing behind me, smiling. Then Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) signaled to the khalifa to take my hand. The khalifa took my hand, and the Sheikh held the hand of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and said:

"Come—this is your hand, and this is the hand of the Messenger."

At that moment, my hand was placed in the hand of the Messenger of Allah. Suddenly, the words of the Sheikh came alive in my mind—the very promise I had heard years before. In that state, I awoke from the dream, my heart filled with

astonishment, peace, and a deep sense of presence and meaning.

Narrative 118 – The Gaze of the Sheikh of the Tariqa

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Three religious scholars from Iraq—known in Kurdish as *mamosta*—went to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). Before this meeting, they spoke with one of the old khalifas of the Tariqa and asked him about the programs and methods of spiritual discipline in the Path.

That khalifa, who could neither read nor write, said with simplicity and sincerity:

“In the Tariqa we have dhikr and acts of worship, but what truly brings about our spiritual progress is the gaze of the Pir of the Tariqa.”

This statement was difficult for the three scholars to accept. With surprise and even some displeasure, they said:

“What is this ‘gaze of the Pir’? We do not have such a concept in the Shari‘a. Each person progresses only according to their own actions and worship.”

No matter how much the khalifa explained the meaning of this “gaze” and its effect in the spiritual journey, they were not convinced and regarded the concept as outside the framework of their understanding of the Shari‘a.

After some time, permission for the audience was granted, and they entered the presence of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). Before they could say anything, the Sheikh addressed them:

“I have a question for you.”

The *mamostas*, taken by surprise, respectfully replied:

“Please, go ahead.”

He said:

“Do not worry, it is not a difficult or legal question—just a simple one. A turtle does not give birth; it lays eggs, correct?”

They said:

“Yes, that is correct.”

He continued:

“A turtle has a hard, bony shell, and the underside of its body is also firm. If it were to sit directly upon its eggs, they would be crushed. So how does it protect its eggs so they remain safe and come to fruition?”

One of the scholars answered:

“They say that the turtle digs a hollow in the ground or sand, places

its eggs there, and then sits nearby, keeping watch over them so they remain protected and develop."

The Sheikh smiled and said:

"Mamosta, if a speechless animal like a turtle can keep watch over its eggs so they come to fruition, how can the Pir of the Tariqa not cast his Gaze upon his dervish so that his heart comes alive and his path bears fruit?"

The mamostas, who had just explained how the turtle watches over its eggs, were astonished by this wise response and began to reflect more deeply on a meaning they had previously dismissed.

Final Reflection

This narrative does not seek to prove the concept of the “gaze” as a binding doctrinal principle. Rather, it explains it as a spiritual and pedagogical metaphor. In this view, the “gaze of the Pir” is less a supernatural claim and more an expression of guidance, attentive care, spiritual support, and the reassurance provided along the path of inner development.

The story, in simple language, illustrates that just as in nature indirect care and meaningful presence can ensure preservation and growth, so too in the spiritual journey the human bond, trust, and

companionship of a guide can play a decisive role in a seeker's stability and progress. It invites the reader to reflect on the meaning of guidance, the influence of the teacher–disciple relationship, and the importance of psychological and spiritual support on the path of faith.

Narrative 119 – A Flower Reciting Dhikr in the Takiya

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

In one of the takiyas of Kurdistan, I was sitting beside a noble dervish. My heart was troubled, and I was in need of prayer and spiritual support. I

asked him to pray for me. Calmly, he took my right hand in his, closed his eyes, and in a silence filled with presence, sought help from the Master of the Tariqa.

Only a few moments passed before a strange state arose within me. A deep longing and an indescribable warmth filled my entire being—as if a gentle wave had risen from my heart and flowed through my whole existence. Tears streamed from my eyes without restraint. At the same time, a certain heaviness and lightness overtook me, as though I were distancing myself from the weight of the material world.

Suddenly I felt that the objects around me had lost their ordinary state. Everything seemed to move in a wave-like motion, as if the world were oscillating between fading away and reappearing. In that state, my gaze fell upon a flower placed in a pot on the ledge beside me. To my astonishment, I saw that the flower was moving gently and rhythmically, in harmony with the atmosphere.

But what caused my heart to tremble was not merely the movement of the flower—it was the feeling that its very existence was engaged in dhikr. Within myself, I clearly perceived:

“Hayy Allah… Hayy Allah…
Hayy Allah…”
Not with a tongue, but with its being.
Not with a sound, but with presence.

In that moment I understood that dhikr is not merely words spoken by the human tongue; it is a reality flowing throughout existence. Every particle, every creature, every movement in the universe, in its own way, is engaged in glorifying and praising Allah. I had simply been granted permission to witness it for a brief moment.

Final Reflection

This event teaches us that dhikr is not confined to human speech. The universe itself is a vast sanctuary, and all its beings are in a state of worship and glorification. We humans are often so absorbed in the noise of our thoughts and daily concerns that we are deprived of hearing this universal remembrance.

The movement of the flower shows us that:

True dhikr is harmony with the divine flow of existence.

True dhikr is when the human soul becomes in unison with the entire creation.

And perhaps the prayer and supplication of that dervish lifted the veil for a brief moment so that this person could see:

The universe is alive…
and everything within it is engaged in the remembrance of Allah.

This is precisely the meaning of the verse in the Qur'an:

"The seven heavens and the earth and all who are within them glorify Him. And there is nothing except that it glorifies Him with His praise, **but you do not understand** their glorification."
(Qur'an 17:44)

Narrative 120 – Water Droplets Reciting Dhikr

A narrative by the author of the book

I traveled to one of the cities to invite people to the Path, and there a group of seekers—including a fourteen-year-old boy—entered the Tariqa. About forty days later, I returned to the same city for another occasion. The dervishes of the takiya came to meet me, and a simple, warm gathering was held.

Among those present were two students of Islamic studies who already held negative views about the Tariqa and had clearly come with the intention of debating and opposing it.

The atmosphere of the gathering had become somewhat heavy, and everyone was waiting for them to begin speaking.

But just before they found the opportunity to speak, that same fourteen-year-old boy who had recently joined the Path began to talk calmly and sincerely. He said:

"Since I entered the Tariqa, I have felt a strange love for Allah arise in my heart—a feeling I had never experienced before. Two nights ago, I woke suddenly from sleep hearing the sound of 'Allah... Allah...' When I opened my eyes, I saw that my room was full of movement. The walls, the

door, and everything around me seemed alive and were engaged in the remembrance of Allah."

A deep silence fell over the gathering. The boy continued:

"Out of fear and astonishment, I ran to the kitchen. There I saw that even the droplets of water falling from the tap were saying with each drop:

Allah... Allah..."

There was such sincerity in his words that it left no room for doubt. He was neither exaggerating nor trying to prove anything—he was simply recounting an experience that had encompassed his entire being.

At that moment, all eyes turned toward the two students. The color had drained from their faces. Their silence spoke louder than any words. Not only did they utter nothing in opposition to the Tariqa, but it seemed that they too had fallen into reflection and astonishment before this living reality.

The gathering ended without any debate; yet the impression that the boy left upon the hearts was heavier and more penetrating than thousands of arguments and discussions.

Narrative 121 – The Reappearance of the Prayer Beads

A narrative by the author of the book

Together with a group of dervishes, I traveled by my car to one of the cities to invite and promote the Tariqa. When we arrived at our destination and began unloading items from the trunk, my eyes suddenly fell upon two large yellow prayer beads that had a distinctive and unusual pattern. Their presence there was completely unexpected.

One of my companions exclaimed in surprise and excitement:

“These beads belong to Muhammad’s prayer beads—my friend!”

I looked at him in astonishment and said:

“What are Muhammad’s prayer beads doing in the trunk of my car?”

He replied:

“By Allah, I do not know either. A few days ago, we were sitting on a bus. We were laughing about something with one of the passengers when suddenly Muhammad’s prayer beads snapped and scattered onto the floor. We searched everywhere, but three of the beads could not be

found. Now I cannot understand how two of them have appeared here."

I said to him:

"Search carefully—perhaps the third bead is here as well."

We all began searching with great attention. We even removed the rubber lining of the trunk and checked beneath it. We thoroughly examined every corner, but the third bead was nowhere to be found. Only those two beads were there—as if they had appeared to give a sign, not to complete the story at that moment.

By the grace of Allah, our journey was very blessed. Many people repented and joined the Tariqa. The

atmosphere of the city and the hearts of its people became filled with light and enthusiasm. After completing our programs, we returned to our own takiya. While unloading the items from the trunk, I lifted the last bundle of books, and suddenly my eyes fell upon something. Right beneath that bundle lay the third bead of the prayer beads.

I stood still for a moment. My heart trembled.

The three beads that had once been lost elsewhere had revealed themselves one by one, at different times, along the path of service to the Tariqa.

Narration 122 – The Ark of Salvation

A narration from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Since childhood, I had always loved Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH). Many times I had heard the famous hadith:

"Indeed, Hussein is the lamp of guidance and the ark of salvation."

When I accepted the Path, I was told that this is the Path of Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH). From that time on, this meaning took deep root in my heart. At night, I would often weep and, with all my being, cry out in tears and supplication:

"O Imam Hussein, by your, let me board your ark of salvation."

This prayer was no longer just a phrase; it was the cry of a broken heart seeking refuge in his presence.

One night, during those nights when I was weeping intensely and calling upon him with all my soul, a spiritual state suddenly overcame me. In that state, I saw Imam Hussein enter the room where we had hung the banner of the Tariqa on the wall.

The light of his presence filled the space. With a calm and celestial dignity, he stood beside the banner. Then, with his blessed hand, he struck it three times and said:

“This is my ark of salvation; remain with it, and you will always be safe.”

After speaking these words, he disappeared from my sight, but the impact of that statement remained deeply engraved within my soul.

Final Reflection

From this account, it becomes clear that the Ark of Salvation is not merely a historical concept or a symbolic expression in narrations; rather, the Ark of Salvation is a path that connects a person to Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH).

Any way that leads a human being to truthfulness, sincerity, remembrance of Allah, and genuine

love for the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT) is itself that very ark of salvation.

True security lies not in the absence of storms,
but in being aboard the ship whose captain is Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH).

Narration 123 — The Breaking of the Prayer Beads

A narrative by the author of the book

On Wednesday afternoons, we held a gathering for those who wished to become acquainted with the Path. Usually, after a lecture lasting about forty-five minutes, those who felt inclined would take the initiation. By the grace of Allah and the efforts of

the Master of the Path, most of the attendees—typically between thirty and forty people—would accept this way. After receiving a sheet containing the instructions of the Path, they would then leave the takiya.

One day, just as the session had ended and everyone was preparing to depart, one of the participants asked aloud:

“Khalifa, is it better to recite the dhikr using prayer beads or with an electronic counter?”

I replied:

“It is better to recite dhikr with prayer beads, and you should also

attach a small safety pin to them to help keep track of the count."

He asked:

"For what purpose?"

I said:

"So that if the string of your beads breaks without an apparent reason, or if the safety pin falls off, you will know that something in your conduct requires attention and correction, so that your Path may remain protected."

At that very moment, I realized that I should not have said this in the presence of those who had just taken the initiation. Such a matter was understandable for long-time

dervishes, but for newcomers it might appear superstitious and could alter their perception of the Path. I thought to myself that I had made a mistake by expressing it so openly.

For a moment, the atmosphere of the gathering grew heavy. Some looked at one another in surprise. Two young university students who had just taken the Path exchanged glances whose meaning was clear—as if they were thinking, “These words are merely imagination.”

At that very instant, something happened that no one expected.

The strings of the prayer beads of two individuals who were standing

together in a corner of the hall—each holding large beads in their hands—suddenly snapped. The beads scattered across the floor with a distinct, repeated sound that broke the silence of the gathering and drew everyone's attention.

Eyes widened in astonishment.
A deep silence settled over the room. No one spoke.

Not only those two students, but all who were present were struck with profound amazement at this strange coincidence.

Contrary to my concern, this event did not discourage anyone; rather, it awakened a sense of attentiveness and

reflection within their hearts. It was as if a truth had revealed itself without words—something that even a thousand explanations could not have conveyed with such impact.

Narration 124 — The Breaking of the Prayer Bead Clasp

A narrative by the author of the book

For counting their litanies, some dervishes attach a safety pin or a small clasp—like those used for necklaces—to their prayer beads. Each time they complete one thousand repetitions of dhikr, they move that pin or clasp forward by one bead. Among the people of the

Path, the unexplained falling of the counting pin or the breaking of the prayer beads is regarded as a sign of a flaw or impurity in the dervish's state and conduct.

There was one dervish whose counting pin would repeatedly fall off. Each time he came to speak with me, it became clear that on that very day, or in the days before, he had committed some error or wrongdoing. It was as if the beads spoke of his inner state before his tongue did.

One day, his pin fell off again. I spoke with him, and it became clear to him that an action he had

performed that day—and the money he had received for it—had not been lawful, and that he should not repeat it. During our conversation, his gaze kept turning to the large prayer beads in my hand, on which a sizeable necklace clasp was attached. Suddenly, he said:

"Khalifa, where can I buy one of these large clasps? They don't open or fall off like safety pins."

I replied:

"With the things you have been doing, do you think that attaching such a clasp to your beads will solve your problem? The issue is not the

clasp—it is your state. Still, come, I have an extra one."

I removed one of the spare clasps from my own beads to give to him. At that very moment, a sentence slipped from my lips involuntarily—one that I still do not know why I uttered:

"These clasps may even break in your hands."

Before I had finished speaking, the necklace clasp in his hand broke.

His face turned pale with fear and astonishment. With trembling hands, he looked at the broken clasp, then called out to his friends who were with him and loudly recounted what had just happened.

At that moment, we all understood that the matter was neither the pin, nor the clasp, nor the prayer beads; the matter was the state of the human heart.

Narration 125 — The Prayer Beads That Revealed the Rights of Fifteen People

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a dervish who was the manager of a factory came to see me. His face showed clear signs of worry and distress. He said:

"Khalifa, today when I was closing the door of my car, my prayer beads

got caught in it. When the door shut, fifteen of the beads broke."

I paused for a moment and then said to him:

"You have probably done something that was not right, and in some way it is connected to the number fifteen. Think carefully—perhaps something will come to your mind."

Only a few seconds passed before the color drained from his face, as though a sudden truth had been revealed to him. In a trembling voice, he said:

"Yes… you are right. I did not fully pay the rightful wages of fifteen

workers. I took their signatures, but I knew their due had not truly been fulfilled."

He fell silent and lowered his head. Then he continued:

"Now I understand that the Master of the Path wished to make me realize that what I had done was unjust and wrong."

At that moment, it became clear that the breaking of fifteen beads was not a simple accident; rather, it was a mirror that exposed an injustice hidden within the routines of daily work.

Final Reflection

At times, a person tries to conceal his wrongdoing behind signatures, legal forms, or outward appearances of correctness;
yet the heart keeps another record that no signature can close.

In this narration, the prayer beads were not merely an instrument of remembrance;
they were a scale of justice.

And the number fifteen was not a coincidence, but a precise sign of a violated right.

The Path teaches us that the rights of others are accounted for not only in courts,

but first within the conscience and the heart of a person.

And no amount of dhikr can substitute for restoring what is owed to people.

Narration 126 — Money Earned Through Usury

A narrative by the author of the book

Two brothers and a young sister from the same family had recently joined the Path. Not long afterward, the younger brother came to me and said that his prayer beads had broken without any apparent reason. A few days later, their sister—who was younger than both of them—said in

surprise that the safety pin she had attached to her beads for counting her litanies had fallen off; yet when she picked it up from the ground, she saw that it was still closed and locked. It seemed strange to her how a closed pin could have separated from the beads at all.

Some time later, the elder brother contacted me and said that he had seen a very disturbing dream: he had dreamt that his entire body was covered with impurity and that he was even eating from it. This dream had left him deeply distressed.

When I considered these three signs together, I thought to myself that it

was unlikely for three members of the same family—especially at the beginning of their spiritual journey—to experience such signs simultaneously unless there were a common root within their family life.

On the night of dhikr, I called all three of them and discussed the matter with them. Then I asked:

“What is the source of your family’s income, and how do you earn your livelihood?”

They replied:

“Our mother has entrusted a sum of money to someone, and he pays us a fixed amount every month. We live on that income.”

I said to them:

“It is very likely that this arrangement constitutes usury, because receiving a fixed profit differs from a lawful investment partnership. In a partnership, profit and loss are shared, but here a guaranteed, fixed return is taken, which is usury. Investigate this carefully and tell me the result.”

After making inquiries, they returned and said:

“Yes, our mother receives a fixed percentage from that money.”

I told them:

“You must persuade your mother to withdraw that money and invest it in a lawful way.”

When they discussed this with their mother, she replied:

“I will not do that, and I will not allow you to interfere in my affairs.”

Her children answered:

“You are our mother—we love and respect you. But as long as the food of this household is obtained through unlawful money, we will not eat it. We will either eat at our friends’ homes or at the takiya.”

This statement weighed heavily on their mother. She became upset, but after some reflection she said:

“I promise that I will change my source of income and will no longer bring money gained through usury into this house.”

Praise be to Allah, after this decision everything returned to normal.
No prayer beads broke again,
no pins opened without reason,
and no troubling dreams recurred.

It was as though, with the purification of their sustenance, their hearts too found peace.

Final Reflection

This narration shows that the Path is not merely the recitation of dhikr with the tongue; before that, it

requires purity of sustenance and the lawfulness of one's livelihood.

Dhikr within a heart tainted by unlawful wealth is like light shining upon a dirty pane of glass: the light exists, but it does not pass through.

At times, Allah sends subtle signs to awaken a person:
the breaking of prayer beads,
the opening of a locked pin,
or a disturbing dream.

These are silent warnings that say: "Correct the root, not the branches."

When sustenance becomes pure,
dhikr comes alive,
sleep becomes peaceful,

and the path of spiritual journey becomes smooth.

The Path, before being the way of the tongue, is the way of one's sustenance and intention.

Narration 127 — The Eye That Was Not Healed

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

During my childhood, one of my eyes was severely injured and I completely lost its vision. I lived with this condition for many years, until two months after taking the Path, when I had a dream that forever

changed my understanding of suffering and meaning.

In that vision, I saw the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ and Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q). The Sheikh took me by the hand and, with the utmost respect, brought me into the presence of the Messenger ﷺ.

The Messenger said:

“He is truly and sincerely one of our dervishes.”

With a trembling heart filled with reverence, I said:

“My master, I have one request.”

He asked:

“What do you desire?”

I replied:

“I wish that you would heal my eye. I was injured in childhood, and now I see only with one eye.”

The Messenger of Allah ﷺ, with a gaze full of mercy, said:

“I am the head of a great family, and I have many children. If I restore your eye to you, all the dervishes and believers will ask me to heal them as well. Leave your eye as it is and let it remain so; in return for your patience, you will have exalted ranks in Paradise.”

At that moment, a profound peace settled within my heart—a peace greater than any healing.

From that day, I understood that sometimes the persistence of a hardship is itself a blessing, and certain deprivations are bridges leading to a higher nearness.

Narration 128 — The Ring That Remained in Trust

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

I had recently been married. A group of people from a distant neighborhood asked me to visit their area to introduce the Path. The road was unpaved and extremely rough, full of bumps and stones. After

traveling for some time, one of my car's tires went flat.

To change the tire, I removed my wedding ring—which had not been long purchased—from my finger so it would not be scratched while I worked. I placed it on the rear bumper of the car and began fixing the tire.

After replacing the tire, since it had grown late, I hurriedly got into the car and continued on my way. About fifteen minutes later, when my eyes fell upon my hand on the steering wheel, I suddenly realized the ring was no longer on my finger. At once, I understood that I had left it on the

bumper. Deeply distressed, I immediately stopped the car.

A thousand thoughts raced through my mind. I wondered what I would say to my wife and how I could possibly obtain another ring. In that state, I involuntarily said in my heart to the Master of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q):

“My master, if it is destined that this ring be taken from me, I submit to your will. Whatever you wish is what shall be.”

At that very moment, I heard a voice within my heart saying:

“Go—the ring is on the bumper.”

I opened the door and went to the rear of the car. To my astonishment, I saw the ring exactly where I had left it. When I tried to pick it up, I noticed that it was stuck to the bumper as if a magnet were holding it to iron. Throughout that long journey on the rough dirt road, full of jolts and vibrations, the ring had not moved even slightly from its place.

Final Reflection

This event stands as a clear sign of divine trust and protection. At times, a person believes that something has been lost, while in reality it remains

preserved under the care of Allah, serving only as a test for the heart.

This account teaches us that when the heart reaches a state of surrender and a person sincerely says, “Whatever You will,” the answer is given within the heart even before it manifests outwardly in the physical world. The voice that said, “The ring is on the bumper,” did more than reveal a material fact; it pointed to a deeper truth—that whatever is entrusted to Allah is never truly lost.

Narrative 129 — The Glasses That Came from the Unseen

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, a group of friends invited me to visit them in order to introduce the Path. Since I always strive to keep my commitments on time, I was in a hurry. The mechanical work on the vehicle I had been repairing took longer than expected, and this delay made me anxious, for I feared that if I arrived late, the people might disperse and the gathering would fall apart.

In haste, I put on my helmet, mounted my motorcycle, and set off.

After traveling a short distance, I entered the highway. My entire attention was focused on reaching my destination as quickly as possible. My mind was so preoccupied with arriving on time that I did not realize I had left my glasses in the washroom when I had washed my hands.

A few moments later, I suddenly noticed that my vision was unclear. I felt that something was wrong. I touched my face and realized with certainty that my glasses were not on my eyes. A strong wave of anxiety overtook me. The road was long, and I would have to return via a U-turn, retrace the entire route, and this

would cause a serious delay. I thought to myself that by the time I went back, most of the people would likely have left.

Distressed, I signaled to change lanes. As was my habit, I looked into the mirror. At that very moment, to my utter astonishment, I saw that my glasses were on my face. At first, I thought it must be an illusion. I touched my face again. The glasses were firmly in place upon my eyes. My vision had become completely clear and natural, as though they had never been removed at all.

For several seconds, I remained in shock and bewilderment. I had not

turned back, I had not stopped, nor had I picked up any glasses from anywhere. Yet the glasses were exactly there—resting upon my eyes.

At that moment, I understood that when a person's intention is to serve in the path of Allah and his heart is devoted to guiding others, sometimes the hand of divine grace intervenes in subtle and hidden ways—silent, without display, yet entirely real.

Narrative 130 — "Give Me Back My Rank"

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the senior khalifas of Kurdistan—who had been a khalifa

during the time of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad and Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), the father and grandfather of the present Sheikh, and who, by the grace of Allah, is still alive today—used to relate the following account:

He said:

During the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan, I was sitting with a group of dervishes in his presence, benefiting from his exhortations. In that gathering, one of the well-known khalifas, a man over fifty years old, was standing at some distance. He had lowered his head onto his staff, was weeping, and kept

repeating in a broken, trembling voice:

“Master… my Master… for the sake of Allah, return to me what You have taken from me.”

At first, the Sheikh paid no attention to him. After some time, however, he called him firmly:

“Khalifa! Come here.”

Then he turned to the dervishes and said:

“This man was once among the great saints. He had attained such a rank that when we wished to grant him the spiritual degree of a certain eminent Naqshbandi Sheikh, he would not accept it. But he became

unworthy, and we took his rank away from him."

He then addressed that khalifa and said:

"Go! Do not weep and do not plead. Whatever we take, we do not return."

That day, this sentence was engraved in the hearts of all of us—a weighty, meaningful, and deeply stirring statement.

About twenty years passed. Sheikh Abdulkarim returned to his Lord, and his son, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad, became the Sheikh of the Path for many years. One day, I traveled to the mountainous region of Karbchina to visit him. While I was

waiting for the Sheikh to come out of his house, I saw that same khalifa, now a very aged old man, standing among the dervishes.

As soon as he saw me, he came forward and said:

“Khalifa, you hold a special place with the Sheikh of the Path. During his father’s time, I had a high spiritual rank, but I became unworthy and it was taken from me. Please ask the Sheikh to restore my rank to me.”

He did not know that twenty years earlier, when he had been weeping and pleading, I had been present in that very gathering and had witnessed everything. I said to him:

“By Allah, even if I wished to ask something for myself, I would not dare to make such a request to the Sheikh—how could I possibly make such a request on your behalf?”

Before I could finish speaking, the Sheikh came out of the house. From a distance of about twenty meters, without that khalifa saying a single word, he raised his hand toward him and declared:

“Khalifa! Whatever we take from someone, we do not return.”

Subhanallah…

It was exactly the same sentence that his noble father, Sheikh

Abdulkarim, had spoken twenty years earlier in that very incident.

Final Reflection

This account is not merely a story from the past; it is a lesson about the true nature of spiritual rank, divine trust, and the heavy responsibility that accompanies it. In the Path, rank and station are not personal privileges but divine trusts granted according to worthiness and withdrawn when unworthiness appears. Tears, pleading, and years of waiting cannot replace sincerity, humility, and steadfastness. What is lost is not restored through

lamentation, but through the purification of the heart and inner transformation.

Perhaps more importantly, this narrative shows that in the realm of spiritual truth, the word of truth is one—whether it is spoken by a father or by a son. Truth does not change; individuals come and go, but the divine law governing the training of souls remains constant.

Narrative 131 — Help in a Foreign City

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Several years ago, we had just moved to a city where we knew no one. Financially, we were in the most difficult circumstances imaginable, as I had lost my previous job and had no source of income. At that time, my son was only one year old. My wife and I were sitting at home, preparing to eat. She removed the pot of stew, which was boiling on the stove, and placed it on the floor mat.

At that very moment, my son, who had only recently learned to walk, came toward the mat and suddenly thrust his right hand into the pot of boiling stew.

It was a scene I will never forget.

In terror, we pulled his hand out, but the heat had been so intense that his hand quickly swelled, its color changed, and it became nearly twice its normal size. The child cried intensely in pain, while we, overwhelmed by fear, anxiety, and helplessness, did not know what to do. We wanted to take him immediately to a doctor, but the bitter reality was that we did not have even the smallest financial means to do so. With the little money I had, I went to a pharmacy and was only able to purchase a simple herbal ointment for burns. When I returned home and applied it to his hand,

nothing changed; the child remained restless, crying, and the swelling continued.

At that moment, we had no refuge except Allah.

My wife and I held our child in our arms and, with broken hearts, sought help and mercy from the masters of the Path—Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad and Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q).

A few minutes later, the child calmed down and fell asleep.

About one to two hours later, when he awoke, we witnessed a sight that brought tears of relief and gratitude to our eyes:

His hand had returned completely to normal. The swelling had disappeared, and only a very small blister remained upon it—a faint trace of an incident that could have become a great tragedy.

Narrative 132 — We Take the Harm Upon Ourselves

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One night, I had gone to the takiya for dhikr. After the collective remembrance ended, I remained seated, waiting for the frame-drum players to sit down so that we could begin the devotional chanting. A flask

filled with boiling water was placed beside me. My three-year-old son, who was playing nearby, came toward me and began playing with the flask. Suddenly, I saw that the flask, full of boiling water, spilled onto my child's leg.

Terrified, I quickly untied the shawl I was wearing on my head and wrapped it around his leg, while at the same time calling for help and seeking intercession. My child cried out intensely from the pain, screaming in distress. After a few moments, I unwrapped the shawl from his leg. I was certain that his skin would be severely burned or

covered with large blisters. Yet, to my astonishment, I saw that the skin of his leg was only slightly reddened, with no sign of burns or blisters at all.

That night, after returning from the takiya, I saw Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) in a dream. I saw that his blessed foot was covered with blisters, bearing clear signs of burns. With concern and sorrow, I asked:

"Master, what has happened?"

He replied:

"We do not allow our disciple to be harmed in the takiya; we take the harm upon ourselves."

Narrative 133 — The Remembrance of God Flowing Everywhere

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Many years ago, when my children were between the ages of fifteen and thirty, they joined the Path and began holding collective dhikr gatherings in our home. Their friends would come every Monday for remembrance. Although I had no objection to the mention of Alklah's Names and saw that these young people had abandoned their former ways and turned toward worship, deep within I still felt a sense of doubt and uncertainty about the Path. My heart,

so to speak, had not yet become fully clear, and a kind of caution and hesitation remained within me.

One night, after the dhikr gathering had ended and the dervishes had left, I went to sleep. Not long afterward, I suddenly awoke upon hearing the sound of dhikr. The words “Allah… Allah…” were clearly audible. I said to myself:

“Why does my son not consider others? Everyone is asleep, yet he is reciting dhikr aloud.”

I rose from my bed and looked toward his room. He was fast asleep, and no sound came from there. I looked at my wife; she too was

sleeping. The house was completely silent—except for that sound of dhikr, which continued to be heard.

I thought perhaps I was imagining it. I decided to go to the kitchen for a drink of water. As I moved closer to the kitchen, the sound of dhikr grew clearer and stronger.

Near the kitchen door, we had placed a large standing clock. When I approached it, I was astonished to discover that the sound was coming from the clock itself. I listened carefully and could hardly believe what I was hearing: the dhikr of "Allah" seemed to emerge from the clock, as though the steady ticking of

its second hand was repeating the Name of God—Allah… Allah… Allah…

It was neither an artificial sound nor a mistake of hearing. The rhythm of the clock's motion had become synchronized with the cadence of dhikr, as if the clock itself were engaged in the remembrance of Allah.

At that moment, something within me broke. The hidden doubt that had long remained in my heart collapsed. I realized that the remembrance of Allah is not confined to the human tongue; everything can become a vessel for dhikr—even metal, gears, and the hands of a clock.

Final Reflection

This account reminds us that the remembrance of Allah does not flow only upon the lips of the dervish or the seeker; dhikr is a reality that permeates the entire universe.

If the heart is prepared, one begins to hear it everywhere:
the walls remember,
the wind remembers,
time itself remembers,
and even a clock, with each passing second, repeats the Name of Allah.

This event teaches us that the Path, before being an outward practice, is an inner awakening—an awakening of the ear of the heart to hear the

remembrance that is always and everywhere in motion.

Narrative 134 — A Spiritual Visitation

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path(male)

I had a deep devotion to Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH), and for many years I had striven to serve in his path. I even once set out to visit Karbala for pilgrimage, but I fell ill along the way and was unable to attain the blessing of visiting his sacred shrine. This left a great sense of longing in my heart, and many times I would say to myself:

“Perhaps my master has not accepted me… perhaps I am not worthy in his sight.”

Years passed until, through my children, I became acquainted with the Path. We turned our home into a takiya, and on Monday nights dervishes would come to our house for dhikr. After some time—through much inner struggle, long reflection, and witnessing several spiritual signs—I embraced the Path with my heart.

One night after dhikr, the conversation turned to the greatness and compassion of Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH). At that very moment, my

heart trembled deeply, and a profound sorrow settled within me. I said to myself:

“Perhaps my master truly has not accepted me…”

That same night, I saw in a dream that I was traveling with a group to visit a certain place. When we arrived and sat down, I suddenly saw that Imam Hussein was present. He was seated on a chair and, with the utmost kindness, welcomed everyone. The atmosphere was filled with light and serenity.

Then he gestured toward me and said:

“You—come forward.”

With a heart filled with both longing and awe, I stepped forward and kissed his blessed feet. He then said:

“What do you wish? Ask for whatever you desire.”

At that time, my knees were in severe pain, and doctors had told me that I would need surgery and artificial joints. With humility and reverence, I said:

“My master, my knees hurt greatly, and the doctors say I must undergo surgery.”

Imam Hussein ibn Ali (PBUH), with a gaze full of compassion and

tranquility, placed his blessed hands upon my knees and said:

"No—do not worry. Your knees have no problem."

I awoke from sleep still filled with that feeling.

From that night onward, the pain in my knees disappeared completely, and to this day it has never returned, not even for a moment.

Narrative 135 — Calm After the Storm

A narrative by the author of the book

Some time ago, I had published a book about the miracles of the

Qur'an. One day, a man called me and said:

"I am Dr. so-and-so. I received your number from one of the dervishes. My wife, who is also a doctor and a university professor, and I are researchers, and we would like to speak with you about your book and about the Qur'an."

We arranged to meet on Friday. Exactly at the appointed time, he arrived at my home with his wife and a little boy about five years old. After introductions, he handed me a booklet of about two hundred pages and said:

“From your writings, it is clear that you are a good person. However, this is the result of my wife’s and my research. If you read it, you will realize that what you say about the Qur’an and Islam is incorrect and that this path leads nowhere.”

I replied:

“I do not have the opportunity to read such a large volume. Please explain verbally the main reasons why you believe I am mistaken.”

He and his wife said:

“We cannot stay long, because this child cannot possibly sit quietly for even five minutes; he will start shouting and causing trouble.”

I said:

“For now, he seems calm. Whenever he becomes restless, you may take him away.”

The discussion began. For nearly two hours, whatever they raised, I answered with reasoning and evidence. The atmosphere of the conversation was respectful, yet a certain hidden tension could be sensed within them. When the discussion turned to the Path, they became visibly more uneasy, though they maintained their courtesy.

I said to them:

“Come and take the Path. Free yourselves from this inner conflict

and constant unrest—an unrest that I am certain also exists in your personal lives."

They fell silent and looked at one another, as though I had spoken aloud something that had remained hidden in their hearts for years.

Then I added:

"Would you not like to attain the same calmness as this child?"

Suddenly, both of them turned to look at their son, as if they had only just remembered his presence. The boy was lying on the sofa beside us in an extraordinary state of calm, his eyes open, his gaze gentle and filled

with stillness, as though he were immersed in a subtle trance.

I said:

“Did you not say that this child cannot remain in one place even for five minutes? Yet he has now been lying here peacefully for nearly two hours. You have filled your home with thoughts of darkness and opposition to the pure human nature. It is natural that this child would be restless in such an environment. Here, however, the atmosphere is one of remembrance and tranquility, and his nature resonates with it.”

I then continued:

“Come and take the Path, and transform your home into a place of light and peace—for yourselves and for this child. Turn the knowledge that you now use to oppose Allah into a means of showing others the way to light and serenity.”

Both of them remained silent for some time—a heavy yet transparent silence.

After a few moments, the lady doctor quietly said:

“What must we do to take the Path?”

A few minutes later, both of them received initiation into the Path. Their spiritual state became remarkably calm, as though a storm

that had raged within their hearts for years had suddenly subsided.

At the moment of initiation, their little child also, as a blessing, placed his hand in mine—without fear, without hesitation, with the trust that is found only in pure hearts.

Final Reflection

Sometimes a person struggles for years, armed with intellect and knowledge, within the storm of inner conflict, yet finds peace not through argument, but through surrender.

That child had perceived the truth before his parents:

Peace is not attained through debate;
it is attained through connection to the Light.
And for this family,
the Path marked the end of the storm and the beginning of a safe shore.

Narrative 136 — Taught by a Three-Year-Old Child

A narrative by the author of the book

One of the senior khalifas used to relate the following account:

"At the time when Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) had newly assumed the position of spiritual leadership, I still had a deep

attachment to Sheikh Abdulkarim, the previous Sheikh who had passed away. His love was alive in my heart, and I had not yet formed that same inner bond with the new Sheikh. For this reason, in my conversations I constantly mentioned the former Sheikh and rarely spoke the name of the new one.

One night, a friend had come to visit our home. He, my wife, and I were sitting in the living room talking. Our little three-year-old daughter, who was ill and had a fever, was lying on a bedding nearby so that we could keep an eye on her.

As usual, throughout the entire conversation, I did not mention the name of the new Sheikh even once; I spoke only about Sheikh Abdulkarim.

Suddenly, we saw that the child—who had been asleep with a fever—woke up. Calmly, she rose and walked toward the shelf where a photograph of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) was placed. With a gesture, she indicated that she wanted the picture.

I handed it to her. The child respectfully kissed the photograph, placed it upon her head, held it there for a moment, then returned it to me. After that, she went back to her

bedding and immediately fell into a deep sleep, as though nothing had happened.

At that very moment, I struck my head with my hand and said with sorrow and shame:

"Woe to me! What kind of khalifa am I, that a three-year-old child must teach me the manners of dervishhood?""

Final Reflection

At times, truth does not reach us through scholars or elders,
but through the pure heart of a child who is not yet veiled by habit or prejudice.

This narrative shows that the Path is, before anything else, not a title or rank, but the etiquette of the heart—the recognition of the living saint of the time, and unconditional surrender to the truth that Allah manifests in every age.

Sometimes, to awaken the heart of a seeker, Allah appoints not a Sheikh, but a three-year-old child as his teacher.

Narrative 137 — The Grandfather's Dream

A narrative by the author of the path

We were planning to travel to Sulaymaniyah to visit Sheikh

Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). One of the young girls from the takiya had also registered to join the trip. However, after some time she informed us that she would not be able to come. Despite her tears and repeated pleas, her mother—who strongly opposed the Path—had refused to give her permission.

The girl's grandfather had passed away many years earlier. He had been a kind, charitable, and deeply upright man, known among relatives for his honesty and purity of character.

Two days before our departure, the girl came to the takiya with a face full of joy and excitement. She said:

“Last night, my grandfather appeared in my mother’s dream. He spoke to her sternly and said: ‘Why are you preventing this girl from going? She wishes to travel for the Hajj.’”

Narrative 138 – The Grace of Restored Sight

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For ten days, I had completely lost my vision. While driving across a bridge, my eyes suddenly grew dim, and the world went dark before me. I consulted every doctor I knew or was referred to. I underwent an MRI and

numerous medical tests, yet no diagnosis was found. Eventually, I was referred to a special medical commission, and they told me:

"From our perspective, there is nothing wrong with you."

But I could see nothing.

I went to the takiya seeking healing, but at first there was no change. On my way back, I was completely blind. I could not see anything—I could neither drive nor even eat on my own. My family had to feed me.

After two days, I returned to the takiya once more. By the grace and spiritual support of Sheikh

Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q), my sight was restored.

Narrative 139 – The Flight of the Soul

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

One day, I was working at the factory, doing welding. The machine kept cutting in and out. To fix the problem, I stepped forward to adjust the wire. The moment my hand touched it, an electric shock suddenly seized me. My hands locked onto the wire, and my whole body began to tremble. It lasted only a few seconds, but within those few seconds

something happened that forever changed my view of life.

I felt as though I had separated from my body. I saw myself standing at a height of about six meters, near the ceiling of the workshop. From above, I looked down at my own lifeless body lying on the ground. I felt neither fear nor anxiety. On the contrary, a deep and indescribable peace filled me—a peace unlike anything I had ever experienced in ordinary life.

From that vantage point, I saw workers rushing toward my body one by one. They were all distressed and frantic, trying to help. Among them, I

noticed one worker running from a distance toward the main electrical fuse. A moment later, he cut the power.

At that instant, it was as if a force pulled me back into my body. Everything suddenly went dark. A few minutes later, I opened my eyes and found myself lying on the ground, surrounded by my coworkers who had gathered around me. My body still felt heavy, but I was alive and breathing.

When I felt a little better, I called the worker who had cut the fuse and thanked him. I said to him, “If you

hadn't turned off the power, I might not be alive now."

He looked at me in astonishment and replied, "How did you know I cut the fuse? You were unconscious on the ground!"

At that moment, I realized that what I had seen was not merely imagination or illusion. I had witnessed something that, under normal circumstances, could not have been seen.

Narrative 140 – The Rosary That Reminded of Courtesy

A narrative by the author of the book

A group of members from a poets' association had joined the Path and would occasionally come to the takiya to participate in the dhikr gatherings.

One day, one of the men from this group happened to board a bus at the same time as a lady from the same circle, as both were heading to the takiya. The bus was crowded, with no empty seats available. They were both standing, each holding onto a pole to keep their balance.

During the movement of the bus, their hands accidentally touched for just a brief moment. Before that very instant had even passed, the rosary in the man's hand suddenly snapped

with a loud sound, and all its beads scattered across the floor of the bus.

The sound of the breaking rosary was so clear that it drew the attention of nearby passengers, and both of them were deeply astonished.

When they arrived at the takiya, the man came to me and, with a mixture of surprise and emotion, recounted the entire incident.

After the gathering ended, my wife independently heard the same story from the lady—without any addition or omission.

Two separate accounts, from two different voices, yet carrying one shared truth.

Final Reflection

This incident reminds us that in the Path, dhikr is not merely words.

Dhikr is the cultivation of presence, the cultivation of courtesy,
and the cultivation of awareness in both heart and conduct.

At times, a brief and unintended lapse—
not born of sin,
but of a moment's heedlessness—
is gently brought to one's attention through a subtle yet striking sign.

The breaking of the rosary in that moment
was not a cry of punishment,

nor a form of retribution,
but a compassionate reminder:
“Dhikr is not only spoken by the tongue;
it must flow through the gaze, the movement of the hands, and all of a person’s actions.”
And perhaps this is among the greatest blessings of the Path:
that a person is returned to divine courtesy
through a small sign—
before a mistake becomes heavy.

Narrative 141 – The Rosary That Revealed the Intention of the Heart

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, a group of dervishes and I were reciting the *Wird al-'Asr*, a dhikr considered among the most important and foundational invocations of the Path. The atmosphere was calm, solemn, and filled with deep presence. Each person in the circle sat with head lowered and heart attentive, absorbed in repeating the remembrance.

In the midst of the dhikr, a sudden loud sound shattered the stillness of the gathering. The rosary in the hand of one of the dervishes—who was

known for his sincerity and good character—burst apart with unusual force, and its beads scattered in every direction. Several beads struck the nearby window with a clear, sharp sound.

Everyone was stunned. Faces grew pale. For a moment, a heavy silence fell over the gathering, yet the dhikr continued until the session concluded.

Afterward, I called that dervish to me and gently asked:

“What was passing through your heart at that moment?”

With honesty and humility, he replied:

“While I was reciting the dhikr, my mind turned toward one of the people in the circle. I said to myself: ‘What kind of dervish is this whose worship is so little? Why is he so weak in his devotion?’
The moment this thought crossed my mind, the rosary burst in my hand.”

As he spoke, his head was lowered. There was neither fear nor defensiveness in his expression—only a quiet sense of shame mixed with awakening.

Final Reflection

This incident revealed that dhikr is not merely the movement of the tongue; it is the presence of the heart.

And the heart, before the tongue, is what stands before Allah.

A person may appear outwardly engaged in worship,
yet inwardly be caught in judgment, comparison, and feelings of superiority.
And this is precisely where dhikr begins to lose its true essence.

The breaking of the rosary at that moment
was not a sign of anger,

nor a punishment,
but a living and clear reminder:
"In the house of Allah, no one is the measure by which another is judged.
Each heart has its own path and its own state.
And Allah is more aware of hearts than anyone else."
Perhaps that rosary broke to teach us this lesson:
True dhikr is when
not only our tongues,
but also our gaze, our thoughts, and our judgments
are purified and made divine.

Narrative 142 — A Sign of Remaining in the Embrace of Mercy

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

I know a man who is a singer and plays musical instruments. He is not a dervish of the Path, but he occasionally attends the Mawlid gatherings at the takiya of Sulaymaniyah. For some time, he had been struggling with severe difficulties in life; emotional pressures, inner sorrow, and a growing sense of despair had gradually cast a shadow over his being.

At times, his heart would become so heavy that he would say to himself: “Have I drifted away from the path of the community of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ? Have my deeds become displeasing to Allah?”

Two days ago, he called me. His voice was filled with emotion and tears. He said:

“Last night I was in a very strange state. I was deeply sorrowful and full of despair. Before sleeping, I cried so much that I became completely exhausted. In my heart, I spoke to the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and said:

O Messenger of Allah, I am a sinful man, but keep me near you. Do not

let me drift away from the path of Allah. Do not abandon me."

He said that while crying in this state, he fell asleep. Then, with a trembling voice, he continued:

"In my dream, I saw the Messenger of Allah ﷺ. Even now, His radiant face remains before my eyes. He possessed a light beyond description. Beside Him sat a person so close that his arm was touching the blessed arm of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.

When I approached to kiss the blessed hand of the Messenger ﷺ, I suddenly realized that the person beside Him was Sheikh Shamsuddin Nahro Kasnazan (Q). He too was

looking at me with a gentle smile—calm, kind, and reassuring."

He paused for a few moments, then said: "That single look was enough. It was as if all my fears, sorrows, and doubts vanished. I understood that I had not been abandoned. I understood that I was still within the path of Allah's mercy."

Narrative 143 — An Invitation from the Unseen Realm

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (female)

My brother had long been in a very poor emotional state and, unfortunately, had become addicted

to narcotic drugs. Despite the many efforts of our family to save and treat him, none were successful, and with each passing day his condition worsened.

During that time, I myself had become acquainted with the Path. I recited the dhikr, attended the circles of remembrance, and constantly prayed with all my heart for my brother's recovery. One night, my heart was deeply broken, and I felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness. On my way to the takiya, I sincerely sought help from the Pir of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan, and Sheikh Shah Hussein

Kasnazan (the Pir of the Path before Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan, to whom the dervishes hold deep devotion). I asked them to take my brother's hand, rescue him from that darkness, and restore healing and peace to his heart.

Two days later, I went to my father's house. To my great astonishment, my brother, with a look of disbelief, asked me:
"Do you have a khalifa named (so-and-so)?"

I replied,
"Yes—why do you ask?"

He was stunned and could hardly believe it. Then he said:

“Two nights ago, when I was in my room about to sleep, a man entered through the balcony door. I was terrified. He said to me: ‘Do not be afraid—I am your friend, Khalifa (so-and-so).’ I told him I did not know him. He said: ‘I am a friend of your sister’s khalifa, and I have come to help you. If you want to get better, come this Thursday to such-and-such a takiya. I will be waiting for you there.’

After saying this, he left the room.”

Exactly on that Thursday, my brother went to the takiya whose name had been mentioned to him in the dream. Astonishingly, the very

khalifa he had seen had come that same day from another city to guide people there. The khalifa gave him initiation into the Path and sought help from the Pir of the Path for his healing.

By the grace and care of Allah, the pains and suffering of addiction within my brother seemed to collapse almost overnight. His dependency disappeared, and his emotional state changed in a clear and remarkable way. A deep peace emerged in him—something he had been deprived of for years.

That day, I understood that when a prayer rises from the depths of the

heart and is joined with sincere seeking of help and intercession, the doors of divine mercy open in ways that the ordinary mind cannot comprehend.

Narrative 144 — Friday Healing with Black Grapes

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Many years ago, on a Friday, we were present at the takiya of one of the old khalifas in a village in Kurdistan. Suddenly, a family rushed in, distressed and anxious, carrying a child. They said that their child had accidentally swallowed a needle. The

area was completely rural, with no medical facilities or immediate access to treatment. Anxiety and fear were visible on everyone's faces.

The khalifa calmly reassured them and said:

"Today is Friday—everything is closed, and there is no access to a doctor. Be patient, and let us see what the Pir of the Path will arrange for this child."

He then sent the child with his mother to the women's section and asked his wife:

"Do we have any fruit in the takiya?"

She replied:
“Yes, one of the dervishes brought some black grapes.”

The khalifa said:
“Extract half a glass of juice from those grapes and give it to the child to drink.”

Several hours passed. About three to four hours later, the khalifa called his wife and said:
“Go and gently run your hand over the skin of the child’s abdomen and see whether you feel anything.”

She went, and after a few moments returned and said:
“Yes, it seems that the tip of the

needle can be felt beneath the skin of the child's abdomen."

The khalifa calmly said:
"Use a pair of tweezers and carefully pull it out."

It was unbelievable. A few minutes later, the khalifa's wife came back holding a needle in her hand—the very needle the child had swallowed—removed from his body without any surgery or injury.

Everyone was astonished. That day it became clear to those present that when trust in Allah, faith, and sincere seeking of help from the friends of Allah are present, pathways open that

have no place in ordinary calculations or medical expectations.

Narrative 145 — The Blessing of Obedience: Provision Granted in Ten Minutes

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One of the elder khalifas of the Path had come to our city and was to return the next day. It was Friday afternoon—a time that, for me, was the most important period of business. I thought to myself that if I went to visit the khalifa, I would lose the main income of that day. In my

heart, I was torn between worldly concerns and spiritual priorities.

But suddenly I said to myself: the khalifa has come for guidance—to keep hearts alive and to connect people with Allah. Is it right to forgo this spiritual opportunity for the sake of a few hours of trade? Out of respect for the Sheikh of the Path, I closed my shop and went to visit the khalifa.

It was around eleven o'clock at night. The khalifa suddenly turned to me and said:

"So-and-so, did you close your shop today for the sake of the Sheikh of the Path?"

Out of astonishment and respect, I did not respond.

He then said:
“Now go and open your shop.”

Surprised, I replied:
“It is already late at night—no one will come to buy.”

He said:
“No—go and open it. Allah willing, someone will come.”

At that moment, nothing remained in my heart but obedience. I stood up, went to my shop, and opened it. Less than ten minutes had passed when a man entered carrying two large suitcases. He said directly:

“I buy defective headscarves for resale in another city. Do you have any defective headscarves?”

I paused in surprise and said:
“To be honest, I have been collecting them for years, and no buyer has ever been found.”

He said:
“Bring all of them.”

I brought out all the headscarves that had been sitting in storage for years without any customer. Without bargaining, he bought every one of them. He paid an amount so large that I was completely astonished, placed them into his suitcases, and left.

Narrative 146 — Freedom from Stuttering: A Healing That Began with Initiation

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (female)

From the fourth grade of elementary school until the early years of university, I lived with severe stuttering. For me, this problem was not merely an inability to speak—it was a heavy burden on my soul and mind. I constantly felt embarrassment and distress and did not dare to answer questions in class, because I feared my classmates would laugh at me. This deeply weakened

my self-confidence and pushed me into isolation.

During those years, I visited many treatment centers. I tried various methods and exercises, but none brought results. The stuttering remained with me, and despair gradually began to take root in my heart.

Then I became acquainted with the Path. One day, while sitting in the home of a khalifa, I prayed with all my heart to Allah to bring me closer to Him, just as He had brought that khalifa and his wife close to Him. Deep inside, I longed for a profound change in my life—not only to

overcome my speech problem, but also to find peace and greater closeness to my Lord.

When the time for initiation arrived, I felt an intense fear. I was worried that while repeating the words of the pledge, my tongue would falter and the same old problem would humiliate me again. But contrary to all my past experiences, the words flowed from my mouth smoothly and without any hesitation. In that moment, it felt as though I had been born anew.

After that, my stuttering disappeared completely. A condition that had accompanied me for years

and had not been resolved by any treatment vanished suddenly and profoundly. My family members were astonished by this change, and all of them said, “This is a miracle.”

For me, it was not merely a physical or psychological healing—it was a clear sign of divine grace and a blessing that began to flow into my life through initiation and entering the path of the Tariqa. This experience taught me that true healing sometimes does not begin through outward means, but from the depth of the heart’s connection to Allah.

Narrative 147 — Healing from Psoriasis

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Many years ago, after the death of my wife, I developed an autoimmune disease—psoriasis—due to severe emotional stress and a grief that was beyond my endurance.

It was an illness that, with its pain, emotional exhaustion, and persistent lesions, took away a portion of my peace each day.

I consulted many doctors. They all agreed on one point:
there is no permanent cure for this disease—only ways to control it.

One day, when the illness had reached its most severe stage and my physical and emotional strength had greatly weakened, I played Surah Yasin on my mobile phone and lay down on my bed.

In that state, a strange feeling came over me.

The sound of Surah Yasin transformed into the Salawat Wasfiyya — a special salawat of the Tariqa — recited in the voice of Sheikh Shamsuddin Kasnazan (Q).

At that very moment, I saw the Sheikh standing beside my bed, holding his blessed staff.

He gently placed the staff upon my head and said:

“Recite the Salawat Wasfi.”

With all my being, I began to recite the salawat.

When I came back to myself, I realized that nearly seven hours had passed while I had been continuously sending salawat. A state of deep peace and an indescribable lightness had filled my being.

Afterward, I discovered that no trace of psoriasis remained on my body—
no lesions, no inflammation, no sign of the illness that had accompanied me for so long.

Narrative 148 — Healing from an Autoimmune Hair-Loss Disorder

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

Some time ago, when my granddaughter was about four years old, she began to experience hair loss in the form of small circular patches on her scalp. After visiting various doctors and undergoing medical examinations, she was diagnosed with alopecia areata—an autoimmune disease in which the immune system mistakenly attacks the hair follicles.

Unfortunately, over time the condition worsened, and the hair loss was no longer limited to her scalp.

Gradually, her eyebrows, eyelashes, and even the fine hair on her body began to disappear. After undergoing numerous treatment courses, and when very little hope for recovery remained, I brought the child with me to the takiya and sought help for her from the master of the Path.

By the grace of Allah, after several months of my regular participation in the circles of dhikr of the Tariqa, and as a result of the spiritual and emotional calm that developed, signs of improvement gradually appeared, and the hair loss stopped. Thereafter, her hair began to regrow, and the

child unexpectedly returned to full health.

Narrative 149 — Healing from an Autoimmune Skin Disease

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (female)

My brother Mustafa had developed an autoimmune skin disease. He sought treatment from the most skilled physicians in the city and used the best prescribed medications, but unfortunately his condition worsened day by day. It reached a point where he could barely walk; whenever he placed his foot on the ground, the skin on the soles of his feet—having

become extremely thin—would crack and bleed. In short, even the most experienced doctors were unable to cure him.

Our entire family was deeply worried about his condition. My sister had recently taken initiation into the Path and came to the takiya on a Thursday night to attend the collective dhikr. At the end of the dhikr, while the gathering was chanting the hymn, “Ya Mustafa, Ya Mustafa, Anwar al-‘Alam Mustafa...,” she raised her hands and, with a broken heart, prayed silently:

“O Mustafa..., grant healing to our Mustafa.”

A few days later, Mustafa was healed. When he went to his doctor's office for a final check-up, the doctor and all the patients present were astonished. The other patients kept asking him:

"What did you do to recover so quickly, while we, after so many years, are still not healed—even though we are all under the care of the same doctor?"

They were unaware of the hidden treasure of the Kasnazani Path—a very special gift granted only to a small number of people on this earth.

Narrative 150 — The Glad Tidings of Light and a Destined Hospitality

A narrative by the author of the book

Several years ago, one of the khalifas of the Path came to visit us from abroad. We decided to take him to one of the pleasant recreational areas outside the city to refresh his spirit. One of the dervishes suggested going to his friend's villa, located in a lush and beautiful spot. While we were on the way, he suddenly called and, apologizing, said that due to a power outage in the area, it would not be possible to use the villa.

Since we had already spent considerable time traveling, one of

the khalifas said:
“My aunt’s husband has a villa nearby—a very large and elegant one—but on such short notice, it might be difficult for them to host us.”

Nevertheless, he called. Only a few sentences had been exchanged when he suddenly exclaimed in astonishment:
“SubhanAllah…”

We were all surprised and did not know what was about to happen. The aunt’s husband explained that his wife—the khalifa’s aunt—had seen a remarkable dream earlier that same day during her afternoon rest.

She said that a great golden light suddenly descended from the sky toward their villa—a light that enveloped not only the house but the entire surrounding area and even the whole neighborhood, filling the atmosphere with a sense of awe and tranquility.

In any case, as soon as we arrived at the villa, the aunt's husband, the aunt, and their children welcomed us with indescribable warmth. They offered a hospitality that, according to all the dervishes present, was entirely unprecedented—as though their hearts had been prepared in advance,

and the hosts had been invited even before the guests arrived.

Thus, what had been seen in the dream as light and glad tidings was fulfilled in the waking world as hospitality and grace.

Narrative 151 — A Sign That Lifted the Veil

A narrative by the author of the book

One of my wife's friends, who along with her husband had joined the Path several years earlier, called her one day and shared an incident that was deeply instructive in many ways.

Some time before, this woman had traveled to Canada with her only son

to enroll him in university and help him settle there. When it came time to return home, the separation from him was extremely painful, as she was deeply emotionally attached to her child. She said that in those moments of farewell, with a broken heart and tearful eyes, she inwardly addressed the Sheikh of the Path, saying:

"I entrust this son to you. Will you watch over him?"

At that very moment, while she was still crying, a very large butterfly with bright green, radiant colors suddenly appeared inside the apartment—despite all the doors and windows being closed. It circled in the air and

then gently landed on her son's shoulder. The scene astonished both of them, and she took it as a sign of divine care and attention.

After returning from her trip, she gradually noticed a change in her husband's behavior. He no longer performed his prayers, had abandoned dhikr, and had grown indifferent toward spiritual matters. He would come home late and had become secretive in his conduct. Even when she told him the story of the butterfly, he was not only unmoved but mocked it and denied his belief in the spiritual path.

Some time later, an unexpected event occurred. One day, her phone rang. When she answered, she realized that the call had been unintentionally placed from her husband's phone. She heard his voice at his workplace, speaking on the phone with his closest friend and describing in detail his acquaintance and relationship with another woman during the period when his wife had been in Canada. The woman remained silent and listened until the call ended.

When her husband returned home, she calmly brought up the matter and repeated the details of the

conversation. His face turned pale, and in disbelief he asked, “How did you find out?” When he heard about the accidental phone call, he broke down in tears and, in a state of deep remorse, asked for forgiveness.

According to him, until that moment no one had known about this relationship. That very day, out of guilt, he had decided for the first time to confide in his close friend—and at that exact moment, his secret was revealed in an entirely unforeseen way.

The woman understood this incident as a divine warning and a sign of unseen protection—a

response that may not have come in the form she expected, but which revealed the truth at the precise time it was needed and ultimately helped save their marriage.

Narrative 152 — The Complaint of the Snakes

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

From early youth, after I joined the Path, I became interested in catching snakes and demonstrating spiritual grace in this field. At that time, this practice was permitted for dervishes, although it has been prohibited for many years now. In any case, during

that period I carried out this work with the clear permission and explicit authorization of the Pir of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q).

In those years, one of the physicians responsible for identifying and collecting snake specimens for the Pasteur Institute frequently visited our village, and I assisted him in catching snakes. One day, he asked me in astonishment, “What have you done that snakes do not bite you?”

I replied, “I am a dervish, and I have permission from the master of the Path to catch snakes.”

Half-seriously, he asked, “If I also become a dervish, will the snakes not bite me either?”

I said, “It is not merely the name of being a dervish; authorization and spiritual connection are the conditions.”

After that, I initiated him into the Path. Then, with caution, I placed a venomous snake in his hands. To his amazement, he saw that the snake became calm and motionless in his grasp and showed no aggressive reaction. The scene was entirely unexpected for him.

One day, I placed several snakes in a basket and brought them into the

presence of the Sheikh of the Path. As soon as I opened the basket, the snakes raised their heads and began moving their bodies in a coordinated manner—like an act of respect and acknowledgment. The Sheikh smiled and said, “Masha’Allah, Masha’Allah, what beautiful snakes. Let them remain here with us.”

On another occasion, I had caught several more snakes to bring to him, but for various reasons my journey was delayed for about two weeks. When I finally arrived and opened the basket, the Sheikh, with a serious tone of admonition, said, “Why have

you kept these snakes so long? They are complaining about you."

Final Reflection

In confirmation of the idea that all creatures, in their own way, are affected by the presence and state of the friends of Allah, an incident occurred during a large Mawlid gathering attended by thousands of people. One of the dervishes was demonstrating spiritual grace with a snake. Each time he released the snake in a certain direction, contrary to expectation, it changed its course and moved directly toward the Sheikh of the Path—as though

seeking refuge within his presence and wishing to remain near him.

For those who reflect deeply, such occurrences are not merely displays of wonder; they serve as reminders that at certain levels of inner purity and compassionate presence, a human being's sphere of influence extends beyond other humans, and even animals perceive that assurance and tranquility. In such cases, the true message lies not in the miracle itself, but in the gentleness of presence and the breadth of mercy.

Narrative 153 – The Fragrance That Rose from the Water

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, we were traveling with a group of dervishes for spiritual guidance and to visit people of the heart. Among us was one of the elder khalifas—a refined old man who, despite his advanced age, moved with the group with great enthusiasm. He had removed his shoes and was walking barefoot. Some dervishes regard this as a form of spiritual discipline and a means of increasing the reward of service.

After reaching one of the villages, a local man invited us to his home. When we sat down, that khalifa turned to the lady of the house and said, “My sister, could you bring a pot of water?” After the water was brought, he washed his feet in it before everyone. The color of the water became slightly dark. Then, in a calm and assured tone, he said, “Whoever wishes may drink from this water.”

At first, the gathering was filled with laughter and astonishment. But after a few moments of silence, one of the dervishes stepped forward, dipped his finger into the water, tasted it,

then drank a cup and said, “Friends, drink—whoever does not drink will be deprived.” Gradually, the others also drank. I too drank from that water. Contrary to expectation, it had a pleasant fragrance and a delicate perfume, and a distinct taste that has remained in my memory even after many years.

This khalifa, whom I have not seen for many years, had another remarkable quality. Although he was illiterate, he would sometimes hold a blank sheet of paper in his hand and speak with such concentration and continuity that it seemed as though he were reading from a written text,

and he could continue for a long time, delivering teachings and admonitions without pause.

Narrative 154 – Poetry in the Circle of Dhikr and the Vision of the Scale

A narrative by the author of the book

One day, we had traveled to one of the cities for spiritual guidance, and a dhikr gathering was being held. In the middle of the circle, a man—who was later found to be a computer engineer attending such a gathering for the first time—suddenly took a very small notebook out of his pocket and began writing rapidly. While the dervishes were engaged in

remembrance, Sama, and movement, he stood within the circle, writing continuously in the relatively dim light.

After the dhikr ended, he showed me his notebook. Several pages of poetry had been written—verses that were rhythmic and powerful, filled with deep mystical themes about Allah, spiritual wayfaring, and the truth of the path, in a style that reminded one of the poetry of the great masters of mysticism. Some lines remained unfinished, and he himself could not read certain parts. He said, “Someone was dictating

these poems to me, and I was only writing."

He then recounted a strange story from his past. He said that about ten years earlier, in a vivid dream, he had met a luminous old man in a desert. The man raised his hands toward the sky, and a great bird brought down a golden scale to the ground. In one pan of the scale sat a man, while the other pan was empty. The luminous elder asked him to sit in the empty pan. After he sat down, the bird lifted the scale and carried them on an astonishing journey through the heavens and galaxies. Then they returned to the earth.

In the dream, he asked the elder, “Who is the man sitting in the pan of the scale?” He heard the reply, “It is you—the reality that will remain of you after death.” Then the elder instructed him to perform ablution. He said that during the ablution, he saw that wherever the water touched, it shone with a luminous green color. The elder said, “This is the light of ablution; just as it is mentioned in the traditions that believers are recognized by the luminous marks of their ablution.” Further truths about prayer and worship were also shown to him, and suddenly he awoke.

He said that immediately after that dream, the ability to compose poetry appeared within him, even though since childhood he had been averse to literature. This state remained with him as long as he stayed firm upon a proper moral path, but after committing several major sins, that gift disappeared completely. On that night of dhikr, after many years, the same state suddenly returned to him, and the writing of poetry resumed.

Several months later, one of the khalifas of the Path from another city came to our home. Without having any knowledge of this incident, he

related an account from one of the great khalifas of Kurdistan—who had recently passed away—that bore a remarkable resemblance to the engineer's dream. His account was as follows:

That khalifa had said that one day he was accompanying Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) during an inspection of the construction work of the Sulaymaniyah takiya. While they were walking, the Sheikh suddenly turned toward him and looked into his eyes. In that very moment, he found himself in a desert. A great bird, like a hunting falcon, brought

down a golden scale from the sky. In one pan sat a very luminous person whose radiance was so intense that he could not approach him. The Sheikh instructed him to sit in the empty pan. Then, together with the Sheikh and that bird, a journey through the heavens and realms took place. Afterward, they returned to the earth and landed in a region known as “Dalahu,” which the khalifa recognized immediately.

When the Sheikh gave his hand a slight shake, he returned to his normal state, while the sound of a crow he had been hearing beforehand continued

uninterrupted—as though the entire vision had occurred in a fraction of a second. Overwhelmed with astonishment and embarrassment, he thought to himself that perhaps he had experienced a hallucination. At that moment, the Sheikh looked at him and said, “Khalifa, how was Dalahu?”

His astonishment increased. He asked, “Master, was what I saw real?” He received no direct answer. He then asked, “Who was that luminous person sitting in the pan of the scale?” The Sheikh said, “Later you will understand; for now, I cannot tell you.”

These two accounts—separated in time and with no connection between the narrators—reminded me that at times unseen responses and subtle indications appear in the form of dreams, inspirations, or sudden states—not for display, but to awaken and direct the course of human beings.

Narrative 155 – The Aura in Which All Existence Was Absorbed

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

The first time I was granted the blessing of visiting Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad

Kasnazan (Q), many years had already passed since my search in the realms of esoteric sciences and metaphysical studies. Before joining the Path, I had spent nearly eight years studying those sciences under various teachers, and I myself had also been active in that field as an instructor. However, after a devastating incident, I became afflicted by the domination of unseen entities and fell into deep suffering—an ordeal that placed my soul and mind under severe strain. In that state of helplessness, I was delivered through the grace of Ali ibn abi Talib (PBUH), and shortly thereafter, in a

remarkable way, I became acquainted with the Path and repented from those perilous ways whose bitterness I had already tasted.

At that first meeting, I was sitting in the presence of the Sheikh. The silence of the gathering was filled with both majesty and tranquility. Suddenly, a subtle inner call arose within me: “Look at the light of the Pir.” The intention was to observe his spiritual aura. I knew that a probing gaze without permission would be disrespectful. Inwardly, I said, “If there is permission, please give a sign.”

At that very moment, without directing his gaze toward me, he gently turned his blessed head toward the gathering and moved it softly up and down twice—a silent gesture, yet clearer than any spoken word.

With inward concentration, I looked—and was astonished. I saw no aura at all. Neither the radiance that surrounds human beings, nor the subtle glow that can sometimes be perceived around inanimate objects and plants. It was as if before my eyes there stood a presence without perimeter, a light without boundary.

I tried to elevate my awareness further. At that moment, through a

sudden spiritual attraction, I was taken to a level of perception whose relation to my previous understanding was like that of a drop to an ocean. From that higher horizon, a reality was unveiled to me that words are incapable of expressing.

What I witnessed was not an aura surrounding a human being, but an infinite ocean of light—within which all the scattered lights of existence were immersed and absorbed. There was no longer an aura encircling a presence; the Presence itself was the horizon of light, and all other lights

were but shadows within that boundless expanse.

Narrative 156 – Between Two Fires, the Seeker's Heart Cannot Endure

A narrative by the author of the book

During one of our journeys to Sulaymaniyah to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), a woman was also traveling with our group who was known as one of the recognized spiritual guides affiliated with Sai Baba. Sai Baba, who resided in India, was at that time among the most famous spiritual figures in the world, with millions of followers across

many countries, and his shrine was constantly visited by large numbers of pilgrims. This woman would lead caravans of devotees to visit him, and she was so close to him that she would sit before him and had even received from him a ring bearing a special emblem.

On the night we arrived at the Sulaymaniyah takiya, after the ‘Isha prayer, the Sheikh granted permission for a gathering. A large crowd—hundreds of people—sat in his presence. His words flowed into hearts like clear water, and afterward, with devotional recitations and dhikr, the gathering continued until late into

the night before the attendees returned to their places of rest.

A short while later, the silence of the night was suddenly broken by the voice of that same woman. Standing at the entrance to the men's lodging area in a state of agitation, she was calling out my name. When I reached her, I saw that she was in tears, surrounded by a circle of people. She kept repeating, "He is the Messenger of Allah... he is the Messenger of Allah... I am not worthy to remain here..."

I calmed her and said, "Why this commotion at this hour of the night? Be calm and go to rest." Amid her

tears, she said, “While the Sheikh was speaking, I suddenly saw his turban turn green, his face transformed, and his beard and gaze became like the blessed face of the Messenger of God ﷺ. I cannot bear such a vision…” The intensity of her emotion left her unable to speak further.

In any case, that night we managed, with difficulty, to calm her and took her to the women’s resting quarters.

After that journey, this lady progressed in the Path and eventually attained the rank of a spiritual guide, and she invited many of her former associates to this way. Yet despite the vision she had witnessed and other

spiritual signs she experienced, she did not sever her connection with Sai Baba and his circle of followers. Many times I told her, “Remove that ring from your hand. The heart of a seeker is not a place for two directions of devotion. One who stands between two sheikhs is like one who stands between two drawn swords. On this path, one heart cannot hold two beloveds.”

This duality gradually diminished the purity of her state. A downward course began within her, and spiritual slips followed. Some time later, she contacted me and said she had seen in a dream Sheikh Shamsuddin

Kasnazan (Q)—before he had assumed the position of Sheikh of the Path—striking her with a sword. That vision marked the beginning of a period of tribulation: severe illness, spiritual suffering, distancing from the Path, and a complete return to her former way. Eventually, in a state of weakness and distress, her life came to an end.

The people of the spiritual path have said: the way is one, and the heart is also one. A heart divided between two opposing attractions receives neither light fully from this side nor from that; and the divine response comes complete and clear

only when the face of the heart is turned in a single direction.

Narrative 157 – A Fragrance from Unseen Purity

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

The first time I traveled to Sulaymaniyah to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), I found it difficult to cope with the distance and the public nature of the bathhouses. I was accustomed to bathing every day, and if even a single day passed without it, I would feel uncomfortable with the odor of my body. During that

journey, four days had passed without any opportunity to bathe. That night, exhausted, I lay resting beneath my blanket.

I thought to myself: How is it that, despite four days without bathing, I do not sense any unpleasant smell? This thought had barely crossed my mind when suddenly a sweet and penetrating floral fragrance reached my senses—a living, delightful perfume. I rose and searched around, smelling the air—there was nothing. I returned beneath the blanket. This time it was clear that the fragrance was coming from there. I smelled my hand—it was perfumed. I passed my

hand over my body, even over areas that usually develop odor quickly—all of it carried a fragrant scent.

In that solitude of the night, I realized that at times the response comes not in the form of words, but in the form of a state; and that purity is not derived solely from outward water.

Final Reflection

In the early years of the sheikhship of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q), one of the khalifas who had been very close to Sheikh Abdulkarim—a venerable elderly man known for his spiritual gifts—

was still alive. It was said that he rarely went to the bathhouse, yet he was always clean and fragrant. Whenever people asked how he could remain so pure and perfumed despite not bathing, he would reply, “The angels bathe me.”

People of spiritual understanding have said: when the inner being is washed with the water of remembrance, the outer form is not left without its share.

Narrative 158 – A Sign for Repentance

A narrative by the author of the book

In the Path, one who sincerely invites people toward God does not feel alone; he remains under divine care and the attention of the Sheikh of the Path, even in moments for which he has made no prior plan.

One day at the takiya, a group of young men entered whose appearance and manner showed that they were not familiar with the atmosphere of religious gatherings. They sat during the dhikr assembly. When the gathering ended and they were about to leave, one of them stepped forward and said in a challenging tone:

“If you want me to repent, you must show me something.”

I replied, “If you repent, you will be repenting for your own benefit, not for mine.”

He said, “That may be true, but you invite people to repentance; you should also provide some proof of the truth of what you say.”

At that moment, without any specific intention or prior thought, words flowed onto my tongue. Turning to him, I said:

“What are you really seeking? Do you place conditions upon Allah before abandoning sin? If I tell you that your friend here is twenty-seven

years and two months old, will you stop committing sins?”

The young man standing beside him suddenly paused, fell into thought, and then said in astonishment:

“That is correct! My age is exactly twenty-seven years and two months.”

This simple and unexpected sign transformed the atmosphere of the gathering. Their state changed, and the conversation continued. In the end, all of them softened in heart, repented, and entered the Path.

At times, a small indication—when it arises from sincerity and within the

course of divine invitation—can open a great door in people's hearts.

Narrative 159 – When the Rooster's Call Became Dhikr

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Before I accepted the Path, I used to observe prayer and fasting, but gradually I became cold and distant from religion. Little by little, a negative outlook and a kind of pessimism toward religious matters formed within me, and that earlier state of commitment and interest faded away.

My entry into the Path also occurred in a strange and unexpected manner, and in the end, without any prior plan, I found myself stepping onto this way.

Our home was a villa with a large courtyard. In the yard, we kept a rooster that would begin crowing every day at the time of the dawn call to prayer. Its voice was extremely irritating to me. Whenever I heard it, I would become upset and agitated; I would complain about the rooster, about the person who had bought it, and even about whoever had caused it to be brought to the house. This harshness and impatience,

regrettably, sometimes went so far that in my heart I would feel a kind of protest against the very order of creation.

But after I accepted the Path, something happened on the very first night that transformed my outlook. At dawn, when I heard the rooster's call, I noticed that it was no longer unpleasant to me. I listened carefully. This time I heard its crowing differently—so clearly that it seemed to begin with *"Bismillah al-Rahman al-Rahim,"* and then to utter sounds that carried the tone of praise and glorification of Allah.

The sound was so clear and understandable to me that it left no doubt in my heart. At that very moment, I realized that this rooster, every day from before the call to prayer until daybreak, was engaged in its own form of remembrance and glorification of Allah—and that it had been I who previously lacked the ear to hear it.

From that day, I understood that sometimes the change occurs not in the sounds themselves, but in the way we listen.

Narrative 160 – The Seal of Dervishhood

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, I was giving a massage to one of the elder khalifas of the Path. For some time, he had been suffering from severe pain in his neck and shoulders. While massaging him, I noticed marks of old, healed wounds on his shoulders. I asked him:

"What are these scars from?"

He replied, "In my youth, at a time when certain extraordinary practices and sword displays were still permitted, I used to perform sword

play extensively. These are the marks of sword strikes."

Among those marks, I saw one that looked like a round wound, about the size of a coin, near the middle of his shoulder blades. I do not remember whether it was on the right side or the left. I asked:

"My dear khalifa, is this one also from that?"

He said, "No, this one has another story."

At my insistence, he smiled and began to recount:

"When I was young, during the time of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q), I entered the Path. One day, I went to

the takiya for dhikr. I greeted one of the khalifas, and he kindly said, ‘Welcome, dervish.’

At that very moment, another khalifa approached and said, ‘Is he a dervish? In what way is he a dervish?’

These words deeply hurt me. With a heavy heart, I returned home. I wept a great deal and, in solitude, I said:

‘O Sheikh Abdulkarim, I took the Path so that I might become a dervish, a person of repentance and remembrance, yet your khalifa says to me that I am not a dervish.’

In that state of weeping, I fell asleep. In my dream, I saw a man enter

through the door of my room. I became frightened and asked, ‘Who are you?’

He said, ‘My son, do not be afraid; I am Abdulkarim Shah Kasnazan, the grandfather of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan.’

He asked, ‘What has happened that your heart is broken?’

I told him the story.

He said, ‘Do not be concerned. You are a dervish; you will live as a dervish, and you will leave this world as a dervish.’

Then he lifted my shirt, placed his blessed lips between my shoulder blades, and drew inward. When he

lifted his head, I saw something like a dark cord emerging from my body.

Once again he said, 'You are a dervish; you will live as a dervish, and you will leave this world as a dervish.'

This mark you see is the remembrance of that dream."

Narrative 161 – The Dawn Qur'an

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One night, I was extremely tired, yet despite my exhaustion, I decided to devote an hour to night worship instead of going to sleep. I said to myself that I would remain awake until the dawn call to prayer. Until

daybreak, I remained engaged in remembrance and devotion; I performed the dawn prayer and completed its prescribed invocations. After that, I decided to rest for a while.

At that moment, the sounds of birds began. In front of our home there are many trees, and every day near sunrise, birds gather on the branches and sing loudly. When their voices rise together, it becomes difficult to sleep.

That morning, I was very weary from a sleepless night. Upon hearing the birds, I thought to myself, “I will not be able to sleep now; tomorrow I

will not be able to work with concentration and will surely feel distressed.” Inwardly, I spoke to the birds: “Please go away; I am very tired and need to sleep.”

At that very moment, the voice of a nightingale that always sang there reached me in a different way. This time, its song sounded as though it began with *“A‘udhu billah,”* and then continued in a recitation of the Qur’an—a gentle, clear melody that washed the heart. A wave of calm and reassurance flowed within me.

I turned to my wife and said, “Do you also hear the sound of the Qur’an?”

With surprise, she replied, “No.”

Yet for me, the sound was completely clear and pleasing. With that Qur’an-like melody, I became calm and fell into a deep sleep.

At times, after a night of worship, the response is heard not in the words of human beings, but in the melodies of creation that reach the ear of the heart.

Narrative 162 – When the Flowers Turned Toward the Dhikr

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

After my children entered the Path, some time later a weekly gathering of

collective dhikr began to be held in our home on Mondays. The house was located in a northern district and had a small but lush courtyard. Persimmon and cherry trees had been planted there, and trumpet-shaped flowers surrounded the yard—flowers that bloom at night and stand facing the sky.

During the dhikr gatherings, I would usually stand outside the building near the courtyard gate so that if someone arrived in the middle of the assembly and knocked, I could hear and open the door, ensuring that no guest remained waiting outside. There, in the quiet, I too would

engage in dhikr, often with my eyes closed.

Several times, I noticed something that puzzled me. Each time after the gathering ended and I opened my eyes, I saw that the trumpet flowers—which normally open upward toward the sky—had tilted in an unusual way, turning in the direction of the house. I wondered to myself, “Could this change of direction be related to the dhikr gathering?”

I did not mention this to anyone and decided to observe more carefully the following week. That time, during the dhikr, I kept my eyes

open and fixed my gaze upon the flowers.

That night, I witnessed a scene I have never forgotten: as soon as the dhikr of *"Hayy Allah"* began, accompanied by the rhythm of drum and daf, the trumpet flowers, one after another, turned toward the house where the dhikr was taking place—as though all of them had oriented themselves toward the gathering.

That image remains vivid in my memory to this day—a scene of nature silently joining in harmony with the melody of remembrance.

Narrative 163 – The Passage of Light Through Hearts

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

I had only recently entered the Path, and the states and conditions of dervishhood were unfamiliar to me. I had no clear understanding of what took place during the dhikr gatherings. Sometimes I would see one of the elder khalifas, during the dhikr, utter a distinctive call, after which several people, one by one, would fall into certain states and display unusual reactions. I wondered what these states were and where they came from.

One day, I was sitting in the takiya. One of the elder khalifas, who has now passed away, would give three successive calls every few minutes—not very loud, yet deeply effective. After each call, several of those present would become transformed; some would cry out, while others would enter particular spiritual states.

I was sitting beside one of my old dervish friends. In a tone mixed with mockery, I said to him:

"What kind of artificial performance is this? As soon as that khalifa gives a call, they begin shouting one after another!"

He replied with a gentle smile, “No, it is not like that.”

Before he had finished speaking, a sensation like numbness and weakness overtook me. My body grew limp. I rested my head on his lap, and he placed his white shawl over my head.

In that state, it was as if I could see with an inner vision. A light, like lightning—blue with a silvery hue—entered the heart of that khalifa. At that very moment, he uttered his call. Then the light emerged from his heart and entered the heart of one of the dervishes, who also cried out. Next, the light passed into the heart

of my brother, who had come with me, and he too gave a call. Then it left his heart and entered the heart of my friend—the one whose lap held my head—and from there it came into my own heart.

At that instant, I felt my heart expand and throb sharply, and an involuntary cry burst forth from me—so loud that I myself was astonished by the sound of my own voice.

One thing I saw clearly was that each time this light moved from one heart to another, it became more extended and larger.

It was then that I understood that the states of dervishhood are neither artificial nor theatrical, but rather manifestations of receiving and transmitting a light that shines upon hearts.

Narrative 164 – From Opposition to Awakening

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Before I accepted the Path, I held a negative stance toward it and regarded it as a misguided way. Some of my friends, who had strict and superficial religious inclinations, repeatedly told me that this path

would distance a person from Allah and from the Ahl al-Bayt (PBUT). The constant repetition of such statements created a negative perception within me, and I opposed the Path.

Nevertheless, a day eventually came when I agreed to take the pledge.

At the moment of initiation, a state came upon me unlike anything I had ever experienced before—a profound longing for Allah and a sense of divine love that enveloped my entire being. Tears flowed from my eyes involuntarily, and I sought refuge in Allah. That state was so deep that it

cannot be adequately described in words.

I do not remember all the precise details of that moment, but one scene has remained unforgettable: when the time came to pledge allegiance to the present Sheikh of the Path, Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q), while my eyes were closed, I saw two persons approach me. They said:

"For the sake of Sheikh Muhammad, all your sins have been forgiven."

In their hands was something like a sheet of paper; they tore it before me and departed.

The initiation took place in the afternoon, and a Mawlid gathering was being held at the takiya. Until night, I remained in a special state, feeling an extraordinary lightness, as though a heavy burden had been lifted from my soul.

That same night, in a dream, I saw someone shaking me to awaken. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in the sacred shrine of Imam Ali ibn Musa al-Rida (PBUH). I rose and walked in the courtyard. I saw many people lying on the ground, while several individuals wearing distinctive garments were awakening only a small number among them.

The coldness of the courtyard tiles beneath my feet felt so real that its sensation has remained vivid in my memory to this day.

On Thursday, when I went to the takiya, I recounted this experience to a khalifa. He said:

“This Path is the Path of Imam Ali ibn Musa al-Rida (PBUH), and he is the master of this way. Those who were asleep represent heedless people; some are awakened by divine grace, while others pretend to sleep and do not accept guidance.” This explanation had a profound effect on my heart and strengthened my certainty in this path.

Narrative 165 – The Switch That Kept Turning Off

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

My wife, our two children, and I were living in a house on a farm. During winter, nighttime temperatures would drop to four degrees below zero, so we used an electric heater to warm the house. My brother brought us a more powerful electric heater than the one we already had. I connected it to a special outlet designed for high-consumption appliances, whose switch is firm and requires considerable pressure to turn on or off.

When my wife and daughter were alone at home, they noticed something strange. Several times during the night, right before their eyes, the power switch would turn off by itself with a clicking sound. This happened repeatedly. Naturally, this frightened them, to the point that my daughter became afraid to go to the bathroom at night.

I too was concerned, yet inwardly I believed that this could not be caused by any malicious entity. In one of the lectures of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q), I had heard that if a dervish completes his daily invocations, he, his family, his

possessions, and his home remain under the protection of the sheikhs of the Path for that day.

I shared the matter with an elder khalifa. He told me not to worry and said that no earthly or heavenly harm would befall a dervish who remains in remembrance. After performing the invocations following the ‘Isha prayer, I inwardly asked Sheikh Shamsuddin (Q) to resolve this matter for me.

About a month passed, during which this incident occurred four times. After that, the main protective fuse developed a fault, and we called an electrician to replace it. When the

installation of the new fuse was completed, my attention was drawn to the heater—the very matter that had occupied my mind for a month.

At that moment, I noticed that due to the improper installation of the suspended heater, its plastic casing had begun to melt, and the possibility of a fire had been entirely real. It could have caught fire while hanging in that position, or it might have fallen and caused burns or a house fire. At that instant, the matter became clear to me.

I realized that those repeated shutdowns of the switch had not been the work of any harmful force, but

rather the grace and protection of the sheikhs of the Path, safeguarding my family and home from the danger of fire. *Subhan Allah*—this Path is not merely a set of claims, but an ocean of spiritual gifts and real experiences that a dervish tastes and witnesses along the way.

Interestingly, on the very night before I began my invocations, when I opened YouTube, it displayed precisely a clip of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) speaking about the protection of a dervish who remains in remembrance, and the safeguarding of his home, family, and children—as though it were a

renewed affirmation of the belief that the sheikhs of the Path watch over us by divine light.

Narrative 166 – An Unseen Response and an All-Encompassing Gaze

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

The first time I visited Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) was in Karbchina. I had only recently entered the Path and still had no clear familiarity with its concepts or with spiritual and unseen matters. He was seated on a chair near a building under construction, and we, together

with a group of dervishes, stood in a line before him.

One by one, the dervishes stepped forward, sat on the ground, and kissed his knee. I was wearing a new black pair of trousers, and inwardly I thought to myself, “If I sit down, my clothes will become dusty.” Nevertheless, following the others, I stepped forward and observed the same etiquette. Afterward, we returned to our places in the line, and the Sheikh began to speak.

At the beginning of his words, he said that during the time of his father, Sheikh ‘Abdulkarim, some Kurdish tribes would sew new garments and

come to Karbchina, deliberately placing their clothes in its soil for blessing. After returning home, they would keep those garments so that, upon their death, they might be placed in their coffins as a source of blessing.

Upon hearing this, I realized that the answer to my hidden thought—my inward discomfort about my new clothes becoming dusty—had been given, even though I had said nothing.

Then the sermon continued. While he was speaking, although he wore dark glasses, at certain moments a state appeared in his face and gaze

that astonished me: I felt as though his eyes became so vast that they seemed to draw all existence and the entire cosmos into themselves. Each time I trembled inwardly from the intensity of that majesty, I would again see the same gentle and compassionate face of a kind elder speaking calmly. This state repeated itself three times during his discourse.

This experience was not of the ordinary sensory kind; rather, it was a condition that could only be perceived within the realm of inner awareness—a state poised between awe and love.

Narrative 167 – A Sign Before the Journey

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

My introduction to the Path has a strange and unforgettable story.

One day, one of the khalifas, accompanied by a group of dervishes, came from another city to ours for spiritual guidance. Through him I became acquainted with the Path, and it was arranged that when they would travel to Sulaymaniyah to visit the Master of the Path, I too would accompany them and, if convinced, would take the initiation.

After some time, he contacted me and said they would depart the following week. I told him that my nephew—who was also a physician—and I would come along.

That day I was working in my clinic, which was located outside the city. My car was parked in front of the clinic, and I could see it through the window. At that moment, I found myself thinking that, given the unrest in the region, the journey might be dangerous. I decided that when I returned to the city, I would speak with my nephew and try to dissuade him from making the trip.

I was driving along a mountainous road toward the city when suddenly I noticed something that looked like a piece of wood near the right side of the steering wheel. When I looked more carefully, I froze—it was a snake. It had risen from the floor of the car and was standing motionless, its head extremely close to my hand. I shouted, slammed the brakes, and jumped out. The snake quickly moved and slid beneath the dashboard.

It was a mystery to me how it had entered the vehicle; the doors had been closed, and the car had remained parked within my sight. I

stood by the roadside for a long time, hoping someone would pass and help, but no car came. Finally, I tucked my trousers into my boots, returned cautiously to the driver's seat, and drove on while constantly watching the floor near my feet.

A few tense minutes passed. Suddenly, I felt a cold sensation on my left hand. I looked—the same snake had risen again, this time on the left side of the steering wheel, motionless and facing me. Once more, I cried out, stopped the car, and jumped outside.

This time, a passing vehicle arrived. With the driver's help, we removed

the seat and used a stick to throw out a large viper, about one and a half meters long. It was a *jaffari* viper, among the most dangerous snakes, whose venom is so lethal that if it bites someone, it can cause fatal internal bleeding within minutes. I reflected that the snake had twice been in a position to strike and kill me, yet it had not done so.

In my heart, I understood this incident as a sign—a sign that I should not abandon the journey to meet the Master of the Path out of fear of danger. At that very moment, I resolved to set aside my fear and to take part in that journey.

Narrative 168 – Reading Hearts

A narrative by the author of the book

Regarding the khalifa who recounted the incident of the snake, I too must relate an account.

After that doctor and his nephew—who was also a physician—came with us to Sulaymaniyah, we went to the dervishes' lodging. Some time later, they came to me and said, "Khalifa, this place is not suitable for our stay; we would like to go to a hotel."

I asked, "What is the problem?"

They replied, "The blankets appear to have been used and may not be clean, and the lodging itself is not very comfortable."

I told them, “We have entered the house of the Master of the Path; it is not appropriate for us to leave and go to a hotel.”

They said, “Then we will remain awake tonight and not sleep on these blankets, and tomorrow morning we will return.”

I replied, “As you wish.”

That night, we went as a group to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). After his discourse and admonition, he said to me:

“Khalifa, move the dervishes to the lodging above the takiya, which is reserved for guests.”

I said, “If you permit, we prefer to remain in the general dervishes’ quarters.”

He replied, “I know that you prefer to stay there, but I am saying this for the sake of some of the guests who are with you.”

Upon hearing this, those two men were astonished and embarrassed. Later, the nephew said to the doctor:

“It seems what they say about the Master of the Path is true—that he is aware of what lies in people’s hearts. Otherwise, how could he have known that we were dissatisfied with the lower lodging?”

In any case, I moved everyone to the upper quarters, which were well arranged and suitable for honored guests. Shortly afterward, one of the dervishes entered carrying four new, sealed blankets. From among the group of forty people, he came directly to that doctor and his nephew and handed the blankets to them.

This event had a profound effect on them. Their perception of the atmosphere and spirit of the Path changed, and that very night, both of them, with full certainty in their hearts, took the initiation into the Path.

Narrative 169 – A Reply Without a Letter

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

We were to travel with a group of dervishes to Sulaymaniyah to visit the Master of the Path. Before the journey, the wife of a respected elder of our city—who, along with her daughter, had entered the Path and whom we held in great esteem—came to our home. She gave me a sealed envelope and said:

"Convey my greetings to the Master, and please deliver this letter to him. If he gives a reply, kindly bring it back to me."

After arriving in Sulaymaniyah, I went to see the Master, explained the matter, and presented the letter. He handed it to an attendant, who placed it on a shelf in the room.

Two days later, when I visited him again, I saw that the letter remained untouched in the same place.

During this time, my wife called and asked, “Was any reply given?”

I told her what had happened. She became concerned and said, “You must remind him. This family is among the most respected in our city, and if they receive no response, they will feel hurt.”

I replied, “I do not have the courage to make such a reminder.”

Several times I resolved to mention it, yet each time I refrained. Even on the day of farewell, when I went to see the Master, the letter was still lying on that same shelf. I returned home with a troubled heart, certain that my wife and that family would be displeased with me.

But as soon as I returned, that lady and her daughter came to visit me—with cheerful faces and deep gratitude. They said:

“Sheikh has given us our answer.”

In astonishment, I asked, “How?”

They explained that two nights earlier, the daughter had seen the Sheikh in a dream. In the dream, he had told her that her husband would fall back into addiction and would not provide her with a stable life, and he had advised her not to waste her years in that path but to make a firm decision.

At that moment, it became clear that the matter they had written in the letter concerned precisely this worry about their daughter's life—and that the answer they had sought had reached them in another way.

Narrative 170 – A Sign for a Hesitant Heart

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

We had traveled to Sulaymaniyah to visit Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). I had only recently entered the Path, yet I had not developed a deep conviction or firm faith in the Master of the Path, and I had accompanied the dervishes more out of curiosity than certainty.

That night, we were resting with a large group of dervishes in a spacious hall. One of the dervishes who baked pastries had sent several boxes of

cookies for the group, in two shapes—round and elongated.

In the morning, one of the elder khalifas took me aside and said:

“Eat from these round cookies. They have been blessed. Last night, Sheikh came to the dormitory, passed his hand over them, and even ate one of them.”

Inwardly, I thought to myself: How strange—how much they indulge in imagination. We were awake last night, and we saw nothing of the sort.

Some time later, another person—whom I knew to be well known in the field of occult sciences and who had

also joined the journey merely out of curiosity—came to me and said:

“Last night I saw Sheikh in a dream. He came to our dormitory, passed his hand over the cookies, and ate one of them.”

To test him, I said:

“He ate one of the long cookies, didn’t he?”

Without hesitation, he replied:

“No, he ate one of the round ones.”

This coincidence and the precise correspondence of their accounts gave me pause. For someone like me, who had been viewing everything with doubt, it was a matter worthy of deep reflection.

Narrative 171 – The Gray Falcon

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

I had heard many accounts about Sheikh Abdulqadir Jilani (Q), and his title *al-Bāz al-Ashhab*—"the Gray Falcon"—and I held a deep love for him. One night at the takiya, our khalifa announced that it was the night of his blessed birth. He said:

"These great ones do not receive gifts on the night of their birth—they give gifts. If you have a request, ask it of him."

In my heart, I wished to see him—whether in a dream or while awake. That night, after returning home, I

did dream something about him. But when I woke, I had forgotten the dream entirely, and this saddened me greatly.

After getting dressed, as I prepared to leave my apartment, I opened the door—and at that very moment I saw a large gray falcon perched upon the stair railing. Its head bore prominent feathers resembling a crown, and it sat majestically upon the wooden finial, gazing at me with a striking presence.

For a moment, I froze in fear. I closed the door, thinking perhaps I had imagined it.

When I opened the door again, it was still there—calmly watching me with the same dignified intensity. I called my father and my younger brother. Together we opened the door and all three of us stared at it in astonishment. The bird neither flinched nor moved. It simply regarded us with a noble composure.

We kept repeating in disbelief:

“A gray falcon… inside an apartment building?”

My brother went inside and brought a sheet to try to catch it. The falcon looked at him with that same penetrating gaze, and before he could approach, it suddenly moved. In a

swift motion—within only a few seconds—it passed through a small half-open window and disappeared outside.

What astonished us most was how such a large bird could pass through such a narrow opening.

That moment remained etched in my memory as a silent answer to a prayer I had made only hours before.

Narrative 172 – The Three Blessed Chocolates

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

Before relating the main incident, I must first recount a remarkable dream I had some time earlier.

In the dream, I saw myself speaking with our khalifa at the takiya. He was wearing a long black coat with a closed collar and was standing upon a carpet with a yellow background. As I finished speaking and was about to leave the room, he called me back. When I returned, he extended his hand toward me and opened it. Inside were three large chocolates. He handed them to me and said:

"This is a blessing for you and for two of your friends," mentioning their names.

With this preface, I now turn to the event that occurred about a week later.

Before joining the Path, I had little faith in Islam. I regarded it merely as a compulsory religion inherited from our parents. But after entering the Path, everything changed. When I learned that Imam Ali ibn Musa al-Rida (PBUH) is counted among the spiritual masters of the Kasnazani Path, I developed an intense love for him. I often reproached myself for previously declining my family's invitations to visit his shrine in Mashhad.

Some time later, my father fell ill. I took him to my aunt's home in Gorgan, about 600 kilometers from Mashhad, so that he could undergo surgery. That afternoon, he was prepared for the operation, which was scheduled for seven the next morning.

As I was driving back to my aunt's house, I suddenly noticed a road sign that read: "**600 km to Mashhad.**" At that instant, an overwhelming longing for Imam Rida filled my heart. Without hesitation, I thought: *I will go to Mashhad, make ziyarah, and return in time to be at the hospital by morning.*

Almost unconsciously, I pressed the accelerator and set off at high speed. By ten at night, I reached Mashhad. It was my first time there. I simply followed the traffic signs pointing toward the shrine, as though someone else were guiding the car.

Near the shrine, I entered a parking area. After parking, I began running toward the exit when suddenly a man shouted:

“Hey! How did you get in here?”

I stopped. He came running toward me.

“With my car,” I replied. “Did I do something wrong?”

“What car?” he asked.

I pointed to it. He looked astonished and said:

“You drove that here? Go touch the engine—it’s still hot!”

Then he said in amazement:

“Subḥān Allāh… I am responsible for this parking lot. It is reserved exclusively for the shrine attendants.”

I apologized and said I would move the car. But he shook his keys and said:

“The gate is locked, and I alone have the key. Where have you come from?”

When I told him, he said:

“Come with me.”

He led me inside the shrine and handed me over to another attendant, speaking quietly with him before saying to me:

“Brother, when you visit the shrine, please pray for me.”

I replied: “My dear brother, I am the one who needs prayers.”

The second attendant took me inside. He too requested special prayers from me.

As soon as I entered the inner courtyard, a white dove suddenly flew rapidly toward me, brushing against my head before disappearing. At that moment, my entire body began trembling. It took some time

before I regained composure. As I walked, the same trembling returned every few steps.

Suddenly, a tall attendant approached me and asked:

“Who taught you this way of making ziyārah?”

I said: “What do you mean?”

He replied:

“The places where you stopped are part of an ancient visiting tradition known only to a handful of senior attendants.”

I swore that it was my first visit. He said:

“Finish your ziyārah, then go upstairs to see Mr. so-and-so. He knows more about these matters.”

After completing my visit quickly, I went upstairs to the office he had mentioned. The man received me warmly and spoke with me briefly. As I hurried to leave, he called me back.

He extended his hand and opened it.

Inside were **the same three large chocolates** I had seen in my dream.

In that instant, I froze as I noticed his shrine-attendant uniform and the yellow carpet beneath his feet—it was exactly like the dream, except that his

face was different from that of our khalifa.

There was no need for questions.

I took the chocolates and ran back toward the parking area. There, the first man was speaking with several others. When he saw me, he pointed and said:

“This is the young man.”

They all approached respectfully and asked me to pray for them.

I said repeatedly: “Please leave me—I am the one in need of prayers.”

Then I rushed into my car and drove back at great speed. By six-thirty in the morning—before my

father was taken to surgery—I arrived at the hospital.

And in my hand were still the three blessed chocolates, a silent confirmation of a promise given first in a dream.

Narrative 173 – The Bird's Dhikr

A narration from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

I was a very skeptical person, and my entering the Tariqa was accompanied by many unusual events. The first of these occurred when the factory manager—who himself was a khalifa of the Tariqa—brought one of the Kurdish khalifas to our factory. When

I approached them, he introduced me to that khalifa. As I shook hands with him, something like an electric current suddenly passed through my heart and shook my entire body.

The factory manager told me that the khalifa had come with his dervishes to their takiya for guidance, and that if I was interested, I could come and meet them. At first, I agreed, but later I thought to myself that such matters might involve religious impropriety, so I decided not to go.

The next day, he repeated his invitation. I told myself that their work could not be right and that their

path could not be true. That night, I saw in a dream a luminous man dressed in black, wearing a black turban wrapped around his neck. It seemed as though diamond powder had been scattered upon his blessed beard. He said to me: “My son, go and do not be afraid. This path is true.”

I awoke suddenly. Considering what had already happened to me and this dream, I thought perhaps there was some truth in this path. I decided that the next day I would certainly go.

When I arrived at the factory in the morning, I intended to go to the manager to ask for the address, but after a while doubt again filled my

heart, and I said to myself, “Forget it. I am imagining things.” Another voice within me kept saying, “Go—it is worth seeing.” I was torn between these two voices until I said to myself: “If the manager invites me one more time, I will go.”

Before this thought had even passed, my phone rang. It was the factory manager, and he repeated his invitation once again.

That afternoon I went to their takiya and entered the Tariqa. When I did so, it felt as though a heavy burden had been lifted from my heart. I began the dhikr and experienced a very good state. The

factory manager, who was also our khalifa, had emphasized that we should wake up for the dawn prayer and recite the prescribed dhikr after it. Although I had not even prayed before, I began doing this every day, yet doubts about losing my faith continued to trouble me.

One morning, when I had gone to the balcony to recite the dhikr after prayer, a nightingale came and sat upon the railing. I was reciting, and the nightingale was singing. Its singing was as though it too was engaged in dhikr.

I began to weep involuntarily at this scene. I was reciting dhikr, and this

bird also seemed to be reciting. I stretched out my hand toward the bird and said: “O bird of God, if this path is truly for the sake of God, then come and sit upon my hand.”

Suddenly, the nightingale rose from the railing and, with remarkable calmness, settled upon the palm of my hand.

These are only some of the extraordinary events that happened to me. There are others as well, but for now I will suffice with this much.

Narrative 174 – Fuel at the Moment of Need

A narration by the author of the book

I was traveling in a personal car with a group of dervishes on a journey for guidance. On our return, it was around two o'clock after midnight. Everyone was tired and exhausted as we continued along the road. The fuel in the car was also running low, and the gas stations along the way were either closed or had no fuel.

In the final moments, as we continued forward with growing concern about running out of gasoline, we reached a gas station. A long line of vehicles was waiting outside, yet inside the station there were no cars to be seen. We entered the station, stopped beside one of the

pumps, and began refueling in the usual manner.

Suddenly, the drivers who had been waiting in line outside hurried toward us in surprise and asked, “How were you able to get gasoline?” We replied, “Just as usual.”

At that moment, the station guard, who had been inside the office, rushed out anxiously and asked, “How did you turn on the pump? This station is shut down!” He explained that because the fuel had run out, the station manager had turned off the pumps and left, and all the vehicles were waiting until morning for a fuel tanker to arrive.

An atmosphere of astonishment and commotion arose. The guard contacted the station manager and informed him of what had happened, and he too expressed surprise over the phone. After we finished refueling, other vehicles entered the station area, but despite the pumps appearing to be on, no gasoline came out of them any longer.

Narrative 175 – The Hidden Fragrance of Service

A narration by the author of the book

I had taken a large number of educated individuals—including dental students and engineers—to

Sulaymaniyah for a visit to Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan. It was the second day of our stay. According to the previous day's schedule, the Sheikh was expected to be present in the dhikr courtyard at ten-thirty in the morning, and we were to go there along with the other dervishes of the takiya to meet him.

About ten minutes before the appointed time, one of the takiya's service staff came to us and requested that a few people be sent to help carry the garbage. Since everyone was already prepared for the visit—having performed ablution and

dressed appropriately—naturally no one was inclined to go at that moment. Nevertheless, four people from among the group volunteered.

About ten minutes later, when we went to the dhikr courtyard for the visit, I saw those four individuals there as well. At first I thought they had not gone to do the task, but after speaking with them, they recounted an astonishing incident, the essence of which was as follows:

To move the garbage, they had to carry large plastic containers from beside the kitchen area to the far end of the takiya grounds. To work more quickly, each person placed a

container on his shoulder and hurried along the path. Because some of the containers were cracked, liquid waste spilled onto their clothes, so their bodies and garments became soiled.

After finishing the task, they said to one another that they would no longer be able to attend the visit, since their clothes were dirty and they would need to wash and take a shower, and by that time the meeting would have already ended.

But suddenly they noticed a pleasant, fragrant scent—like the perfume of flowers—coming from their bodies and clothing, a fragrance

which, as they themselves described, they had never encountered before. With amazement and joy, they regarded this state as a divine favor and quickly headed toward the dhikr courtyard.

Another surprising matter was that when they arrived, they saw that the Sheikh had not yet come, and that he entered only a minute or two after they reached the courtyard. This was despite the fact that they themselves believed, due to the distance and repeated trips, that they had spent at least half an hour working. Yet when they checked the time, it became

clear that the entire task had taken no more than seven to eight minutes.

Narrative 176 – Rescue on the Downward Slope

A narration by the author of the book

Two days before the Eid holidays, the family of the late Khalifa Arif—whom I have mentioned many times in this book—contacted me and informed me that his condition was not good. Without delay, I set out toward Kurdistan to bring him and take him to a specialist physician. After about twelve hours of driving, I reached his home, which was located in a mountainous village.

His wife insisted that I stay the night there and depart in the morning, but I declined, since with the beginning of the Eid holidays it would become difficult to access a specialist doctor. That very night, I took Khalifa Arif and his eighteen-year-old daughter into the car and began the return journey at the highest possible speed.

Near dawn, I suddenly awoke to the sound of loud impact and violent shaking of the car. I saw that the vehicle was moving along the sloped shoulder on the left side of the road, and Khalifa Arif, his daughter, and I were all calling out together: “O

Messenger of Allah, O Messenger of Allah." I immediately turned the steering wheel to the right and, regaining control, brought the car back from the steep incline onto the highway.

It appeared that I had momentarily fallen asleep while driving, and the car, traveling at about one hundred kilometers per hour, had veered off the main road and descended the embankment beside the highway. Yet in a remarkable manner, without overturning or suffering a serious collision, it had continued moving, and neither the vehicle nor its passengers sustained any harm.

Narrative 177 – The Lasso of Guidance

A narration from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

Several months after I entered the Tariqa, I went to the lodge to participate in the collective dhikr. In the midst of the dhikr, while my eyes were closed, a state resembling a spiritual vision came over me. I saw myself standing atop a mountain; below it were scattered wild animals, ferocious creatures, and sinister faces.

When I looked ahead, another mountain appeared. Upon its summit stood a large, majestic throne. A noble man was seated upon it holding

a staff, and behind him the sheikhs of the Tariqa stood in rows.

Later, when my knowledge of the Tariqa increased, I came to understand that this luminous figure was the great saint, Sheikh ‘Abd al-Qadir al-Jilani.

In that state, I observed that the Great Sheikh, by a gesture, instructed the master of the time—Sultan Muhammad al-Muhammad al-Kasnazan—to take hold of me. Sultan Muhammad then cast a large rope toward me, approximately five centimeters in thickness. The rope looped around my waist, and he drew me toward himself, together with the

mountain upon which I was standing. As I approached, the two mountains merged into one, and I came into his presence.

Final Reflection

Being drawn by a rope has been witnessed by many dervishes, and for this reason it is referred to as “the lassoing.” Regarding the matter described here, another account may also be mentioned.

One day, a dervish said: “Last night I saw myself with Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad al-Kasnazan upon an island surrounded by foul water. I was carrying a thick coil of white rope

over my shoulder. A certain dervish was drowning, and his head kept rising above the water. I said to the Sheikh: ‘May I throw him the rope?’ He replied: ‘Leave him—he is not worthy.’”

When I heard the name of the drowning dervish, I became deeply thoughtful, for he had been among the best dervishes of our lodge. Unfortunately, after some time it became clear that he had fallen into a very serious decline, and the vision that had been seen proved to have corresponded to what later occurred.

Narrative 178 – Sheikh Shamsuddin Nahro, the Light of All the Sheikhs

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

At dawn on a Thursday, at the time of the Fajr call to prayer, I saw in a dream that Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q) was standing in a very vast open square. Before him was an immense crowd of dervishes, khalifas, guides, elders and youth, and people from various sects and ethnicities—so numerous that they could not be counted. The space was dark, but the light emanating from his presence illuminated the enormous gathering.

With a serious and angry expression, He raised his hand and said:

“Whoever does not obey Sheikh Nahro has not obeyed me, and his claim of love for me is false. Twenty years before my passing, I declared that after me, your Sheikh would be Sheikh Nahro. Many khalifas were present at that time, yet they did not act upon this testament. Now some khalifas, under the pretext of their great love for me, refuse to accept Sheikh Nahro; however, their love is not sincere—it is hypocrisy. Do not follow them. The true friend is the one who follows the commands of

the Sheikh. Whoever obeys Sheikh Nahro has obeyed us, for all lights are from the Muhammadan Light, and Sheikh Nahro is the light of all the sheikhs. Whoever does not obey him will be deprived of this light."

After these words, he concluded his speech.

Narrative 179 – A Warning from the Sheikh of the Tariqa

A narrative from one of the khalifas of the Path (male)

One day, when Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q) was in Iran, a well-known merchant in Sanandaj hosted a large gathering in honor of His

Holiness, attended by many people. A sheikh from another tariqa, who had many followers, was sitting near His Holiness. The Sheikh turned to him and said: “So-and-so! What is this ‘playing at being a sheikh’ that you have set in motion? On the Day of Judgment, in the presence of Allah and the Messenger ﷺ, you will be disgraced.” The sheikh turned red, and a deep silence fell over the assembly.

Years passed, and Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) became the successor of his father as the Sheikh of the Tariqa. During the Iranian Revolution, that sheikh’s

followers were killed, their takiyas were destroyed, and he fled to Iraq.

One day, I was in Baghdad in the presence of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad when that sheikh came to visit him. Tea was brought for him. I sat beside him and greeted him. He said, “Your face seems familiar to me.” I replied, “Yes—do you remember that in such-and-such year, in Sanandaj, at the gathering hosted by that merchant, we were in the presence of Sheikh Abdulkarim (Q)?” He thought for a moment, and suddenly his face turned as white as chalk. After a few minutes of silence,

he apologized to the Sheikh and left the gathering.

Narrative 180 – A Disciple in the Fire of Hell

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For two years, I was a disciple of a sheikh whom I later learned had been one of the khalifas of Sheikh Abdulkarim Kasnazan (Q). However, after his passing, he did not accept the succession of Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q) and instead declared himself a sheikh. This person was so arrogant and strict that we did not dare approach him

directly, and we mostly remained in contact through one of his khalifas. We believed that this khalifa was also among the great saints of Allah.

Suddenly, that khalifa died of a heart attack, and we mourned his loss. On the seventh night, I saw him in a dream, trapped in a great fire, crying out: *"By Allah, this sheikh is lying... By Allah, this sheikh is lying."*

This dream shattered all my beliefs. I went to see the sheikh. Many people were present. In a very arrogant tone, he said, "Dervish, what do you want?" I replied, "Sir, I have seen a dream that I wish to tell you." He said, "Speak." I said, "Sir, I must tell it

privately." He said sternly, "I tell you to speak—we have nothing private." So I described the dream in front of everyone.

The sheikh's face suddenly turned pale, and his lips began to tremble. After a brief pause, he said, "By Allah, I tell them that I am not a sheikh; they are the ones who have made me a sheikh."

After that dream, I never returned to him, and after some time of searching, I came to know the Kasnazani Tariqa quite by chance. However, I later heard that this sheikh continued his previous activities. Some years later, the

authorities arrested him, shaved his long hair, and his followers dispersed. He then suffered a stroke and became paralyzed.

One day, when he had been taken to a park for fresh air, his condition suddenly worsened. The police and emergency services were called, but, surprisingly, for nearly an hour no help arrived, and he died there in his wheelchair.

Despite all this, after his death, his son gathered followers around himself through propaganda and, claiming that his father had appointed him as a sheikh, they continue that tariqa to this day.

Narrative 181 — The Reality of the Seven Heavens

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

I had often heard from the sheikhs of the Kasnazani Tariqa that if a seeker properly observes the instructions of the Tariqa and remains faithful to his pledge, on the Day of Resurrection his hand will be placed in the hand of the Noble Messenger of Allah ﷺ. For those who may doubt this statement, I recount a dream I saw after my father's passing.

My father was one of the devoted khalifas of the Kasnazani Tariqa who returned to the mercy of Allah

several years ago. After his passing, my mother was extremely distressed and wept constantly. One night I saw my father in a dream. He said to me, “Tell your mother not to grieve so much; I am in the presence of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ, but because of her intense sorrow I am compelled to return frequently to the lower realm.”

When I told my mother about this dream, she became calmer, and her deep grief and restlessness diminished. Some time later, I saw my father again in a dream and asked him about the seven heavens. He said, “Yes, the existence of the seven heavens is a reality. The seventh level

is the light of Allah and the Messenger of Allah ﷺ. The sixth level is for the prophets of Allah and certain special saints. I am in the fifth level—not because of myself, but due to the grace of the Sheikhs of the Tariqa. I am also permitted to visit the Messenger of Allah ﷺ."

Narrative 182 – The Search for an Unknown Master

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (male)

For many years, I had belonged to another spiritual path, and the master of our order—who was a man known for his spiritual gifts—passed away. At

that time, I had absolutely no knowledge of the Kasnazani Path, nor did I know that its master was Kurdish. Yet from that very period, something occurred that caused me to feel an inner compulsion to search for a Kurdish spiritual guide—someone who could assume responsibility for me in the way after my late teacher. Deep in my heart, I was certain that this future guide would hold a rank higher than that of my deceased master.

The story was as follows:

Three days before his passing, our master had told his children and family members that he would depart

from this world on a specific day. He instructed them that after his death, they should keep his body in his room, because three individuals would come to see him. They were to allow these three people to enter the room and remain alone with him for some time; only after they left should the body be taken for burial.

He passed away exactly at the time he had foretold. About half an hour later, the doorbell rang. An elderly Kurdish man, accompanied by two large, strong young men dressed in Kurdish attire, entered the house. Without unnecessary explanation, they said they had come to see the

master. They were guided to his room and locked the door from the inside.

After about twenty minutes, they emerged. The elderly man said:

“Bring water and washing materials—we will wash your master.”

With the help of male relatives, they washed the body.

While the master’s body lay uncovered upon the bed, the elderly man turned to his sons and said:

“Do you recognize him?”

One of the sons, weeping, replied:

“Of course—we know him. He is our father.”

The old man said:

“No—you do not know him.”

The son, distressed, responded:

“How can we not know our own father? And you claim to know him?”

At that moment, the old man reached toward the cloth covering the master’s private area. Suddenly, the lifeless body moved, and its hands reached toward the cloth. Those present screamed in terror, and one person fainted from fear.

The elderly man then said calmly:

“If you had the strength to bear it, he would sit up and speak with you.”

After these words, the three men departed without answering any of the family’s urgent questions about

who they were or what they had done with the master.

What astonished everyone was that in that region, Kurdish people were rarely ever seen. At the time, I concluded that they must have been sent by someone of higher spiritual rank than our master, and that their private meeting with him was related to matters concerning his spiritual station. Years later, in a strange and unexpected way, I became acquainted with the Kasnazani Path and visited Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad (Q). In my heart, I said to myself:

"This is the very person I have been searching for all these years."

Narrative 183 – The Unexpected Return of the Laptop

A narrative from one of the seekers of the Path (female)

One day my brother and I left home to have my laptop repaired. For several hours we went from shop to shop hoping someone could fix it, but we did not succeed.

We had become very tired and hungry. Apparently, I had left the laptop in one of those shops, but strangely I never felt that my laptop bag had become lighter, so it never occurred to me that the bag might be empty.

When we returned home and I opened the bag, I realized the laptop was not inside. We became very upset and worried. We began calling every shop whose card or number we had, asking whether we might have left the laptop there.

I was so distressed and exhausted that I no longer felt like going to the Thursday dhikr gathering. Moreover, I had a language exam two days later. I said to myself: “I have already attended one dhikr gathering this week. I will not go tonight. My laptop is lost, I have an exam in two days, and I am tired. It is better that I sleep early tonight.”

But suddenly I felt within myself that I must overcome this thought. I said to myself: “Be ashamed of yourself! Go to the dhikr gathering.” In my heart I apologized to the Master of Tariqa for my thoughts and my laziness. I performed ablution and prepared to leave for the gathering. At that very moment I heard my brother shout: “Hey! Come here!”

I was startled and quickly ran toward him. I saw that he was standing there in astonishment. He said: “This must certainly be from the blessings of the Path!”

I looked and saw that the laptop was exactly in the place where we had been sitting about an hour earlier. The laptop was on the living room sofa—
even though we had already looked there many times and searched that very spot.

Narrative 184 – The Verse That Found Its Place

A narrative by the author of the book

One day we had traveled with a group of dervishes to Sulaymaniyah to visit Hadrat Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). I had also brought a gift with me: a tile artwork

on which verse 5 of Surah al-Qasas was written in a distinctive, modern calligraphic style:

وَنُرِيدُ أَنْ نَمُنَّ عَلَى الَّذِينَ اسْتُضْعِفُوا فِي الْأَرْضِ وَنَجْعَلَهُمْ أَئِمَّةً وَنَجْعَلَهُمُ الْوَارِثِينَ

Before we reached the presence of Hadrat Sheikh, one of the khalifas who was responsible for the dervishes' guest residence saw the artwork. Although he had memorized a large portion of the Holy Qur'an, it took him some time to read the verse correctly because of the unusual style of the script.

After reading it, he said:

"This verse is very suitable for the dervishes. Ask Hadrat Sheikh to allow

this artwork to be placed in this residence where we are staying."
There were several guest residences for the dervishes in that place.
Shortly afterward we entered the presence of Hadrat Sheikh. As soon as his eyes fell upon the artwork, he immediately recited the verse and said:
"This is a very beautiful piece."
After the meeting ended, I returned to the residence and went to see the same khalifa. Only a few minutes had passed when suddenly two men entered carrying the artwork and a drill. Without any explanation, they installed the artwork on the wall

directly above the place where that khalifa usually sat.

The khalifa happily thanked me and said:

“Thank you for asking Hadrat Sheikh to have this artwork installed in this residence.”

With surprise I replied:

“I did not even have the opportunity to make such a request from Hadrat Sheikh.”

In reality, Hadrat Sheikh had given the instruction to install the artwork without me saying anything.

Narrative 185 – The Return of the Lights

A narrative by the author of the book

One day we had traveled with a group of dervishes to Sulaymaniyah to visit Hadrat Sheikh Muhammad al-Muhammad Kasnazan (Q). During that visit, Hadrat Sheikh received a group of us in his home. However, because of limited space, some of those who had come with us could not enter and therefore returned to the guest residence.

When I came out of Hadrat Sheikh's house, I saw one of the dervishes who had come with us

standing outside and crying intensely. I went to him, tried to comfort him, and said:
“Insha’Allah tomorrow an opportunity will arise for you to see Hadrat Sheikh.”

Late that night, while I was at the residence, I saw the same dervish enter, still with tears in his eyes, and come directly toward me. Excitedly he said:

“I said in my heart to Hadrat Sheikh: If you do not see me tonight, I will stand here until morning and will not leave this place.”

He then continued:

“Suddenly two green lights appeared in front of my feet—one about ten centimeters in diameter and the other about five centimeters. These two lights began circling around me.”

He said that such a state of joy and spiritual ecstasy came over him as he had never experienced in his entire life. He was so overwhelmed that he fell to the ground and touched the lights. After a few minutes, the lights disappeared.

From the following day onward, although he had also seen Hadrat Sheikh among the gathering, every

night he would return to that same spot and repeat the same request in his heart. But the lights did not appear again. Each night he returned to the residence with sadness, came to me in tears, and wished that the Master of the Path would grant him that spiritual state once more. Yet during the four days we remained there, nothing of the sort happened again.

On the fifth day, in the afternoon, we were all seated in the bus in front of the takiya, ready to depart. That young man was sitting near me, looking deeply sorrowful.

Suddenly he stood up, jumped out of the bus, and began running quickly.

About half an hour later he returned, weeping, and came to me saying:

“Suddenly I heard in my heart that Hadrat Sheikh said to me: Come to that same spot.”

He said that when he reached the place, the same two green lights appeared again, circled around him for a few minutes, and then disappeared.

Final Appendix of the Book On How to Read, Attribute, and Ethically Approach the Narratives

This book is a collection of lived narratives—accounts in which human experience, supplication, trust in God, and the sense of divine presence in everyday life converge. For this reason, it is appropriate at the end of the book to draw attention to several points.

These are not a repetition of theoretical discussions of the Tariqa, nor an explanation of concepts such as miracles or spiritual wonders; rather, they concern the proper way

of engaging with the narratives themselves.

First, these narratives are not primarily meant to be “subjects of debate,” but “subjects of reflection.” Their principal function is to awaken questions within the human being, not to provide definitive external answers.

This book does not seek to construct a closed worldview; rather, it aims to open the reader’s inner space to seeing, listening, and thinking more deeply.

Second, mystical narratives are inherently tied to personal experience. Experience is not

something that can be fully transmitted to another; only signs or traces of it can be conveyed. Therefore, each narrative is a shadow of a truth, not its entirety. The reader should keep this subtle distinction in mind: what is being read is a reflection of an experience, not the experience itself.

Third, this book is not a substitute for practical spiritual discipline, religious ethics, or commitment to the sacred law. No narrative, however powerful, can replace prayer, honesty, trustworthiness, purity of intention, or moral responsibility. If a reader ever feels that these narratives

distance them from fulfilling their duties, they should recognize that they have moved away from the spirit of the book.

Fourth, the publication of mystical narratives always carries responsibility. Many spiritual experiences are essentially meant for the private space of the individual and their relationship with God. What has been included in this book are only those accounts that possess an educational, inspirational, or invitational dimension. This does not mean that every experience is suitable for public narration; in many

cases, silence itself preserves the sanctity of divine experience.

Fifth, attributing matters definitively to God always requires caution. In the mystical tradition, humility in interpreting experiences is a fundamental principle. A true seeker is more inclined to say, “This is what passed over me,” rather than “I saw,” and more likely to say, “This is how I understood,” rather than “I knew.” This humility is itself a sign of a sound path.

Sixth, the reader should not feel obliged to accept every narrative. This book is not a text of imposed belief. A reader may resonate with

some accounts, reflect thoughtfully on others, and remain uncertain about some. This process is entirely natural and is not incompatible with a genuine spiritual search.

Seventh, the ultimate function of these narratives is to cultivate a “sense of God’s presence in life,” not to construct an image of extraordinary individuals. If, after reading this book, a person’s relationship with supplication becomes more intimate, their trust in God more genuine, and their hope in divine mercy deeper, then the book has fulfilled its purpose. Finally, this book was not written to define truth, but to direct

the human being toward it—a truth that cannot be confined within words, limited by narratives, or exhausted by books. A book is only an indication; what truly matters is the path that begins in the reader's heart after these pages are closed.

In conclusion, it should be noted that this book was not written to explain the structure of the Tariqa or to present its educational teachings. The narratives are merely reflections of lived experiences and are not a substitute for a systematic understanding of the path. For this reason, detailed theoretical, historical, and instructional discussions of the

Tariqa have intentionally been omitted from this work.

Those who wish to become more precisely, reliably, and systematically acquainted with the Qadiri-Kasnazani Tariqa may refer to the Qadiri-Kasnazani website at: www.qadiri-kasnazani.com, where more comprehensive information about its foundations, history, structure, and programs is available.

This book seeks only to open a window toward spiritual experience; it is not intended to replace educational resources or official introductions to the Tariqa.

Dear Reader,

If these pages spark a question, invite reflection, or awaken a quiet movement within your heart, I would be honored to hear from you. Your thoughts, inquiries, and personal reflections are always welcome. I will be pleased to guide you toward further writings and resources related to this path, according to your interest and need.

You are welcome to contact me directly through the channels below:

WhatsApp:
https://wa.me/9647731718421

Telegram Channel:

https://t.me/Toward_thelight

Email:

hamidrezaansari1103@gmail.com

With sincere regards,

Dr. Hamidreza Ansari